Dec. 25, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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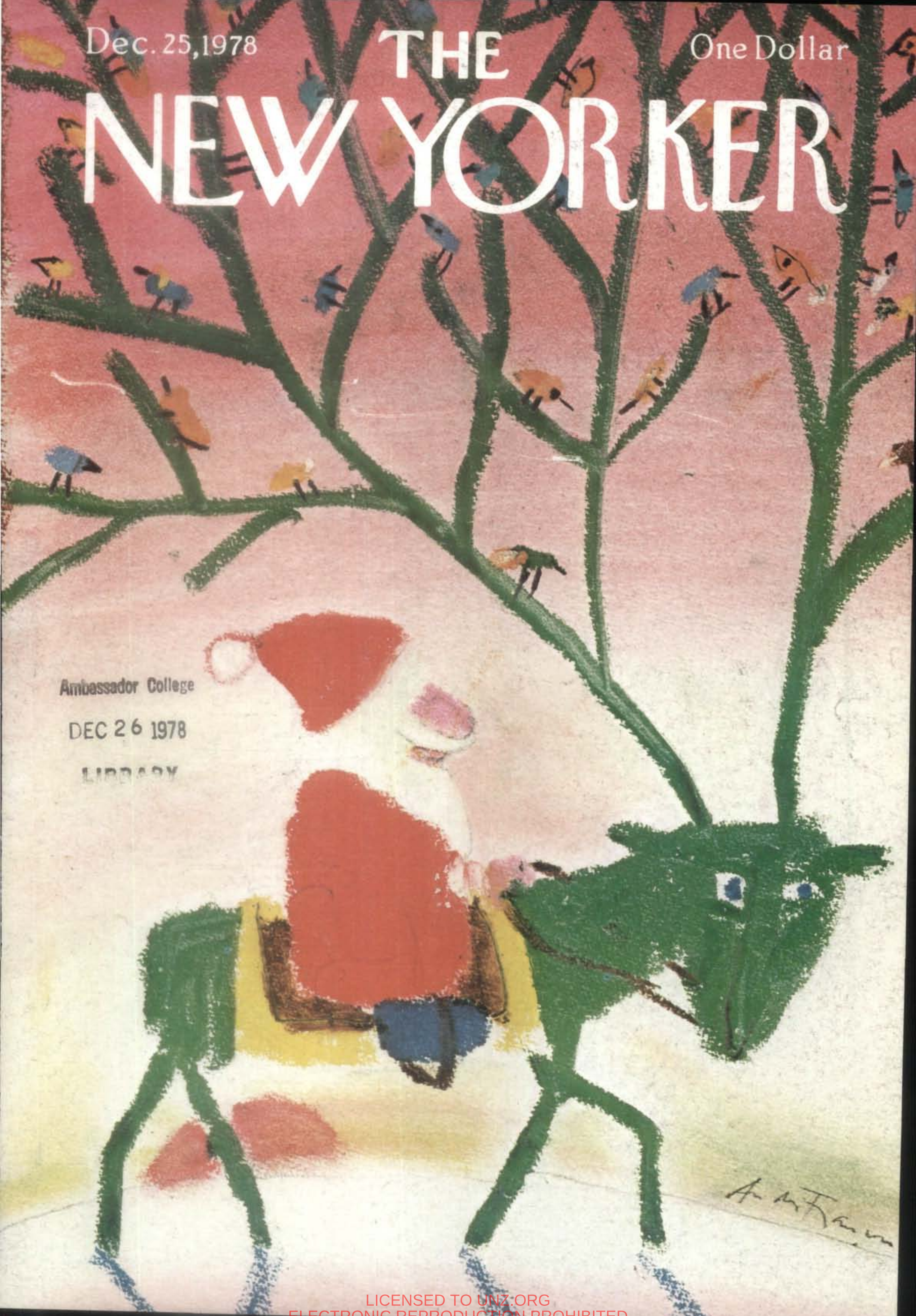

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—A musical based on the television play "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," by Jerome Kass, who also wrote the book for this show. Billy Goldenberg composed the music, Alan and Marilyn Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. Directed by Michael Bennett. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Broadway Musical—As the title states, with music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, a book by William F. Brown, and a cast that includes Warren Berlinger, Gwyda DonHowe, and Irving Lee. Directed by Gower Champion. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 21. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy by James Farrell, **IN THE RECOVERY LOUNGE**, is the second in this season's series. It's a non-play about patients in a city hospital, and while it has a few amusing moments, most of the time it is aimless and pointless. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31. (12/18/78). . . .¶ The second late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is **TOTAL RECALL**, by Martin Halpern. Tuesdays through Thursdays and final performance Friday, Dec. 29. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Colonnades Theatre Lab—Two plays in repertory. **MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF**: Adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 20-22, and Saturday, Dec. 30. (3/20/78). . . . **THE BALLROOM IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL**: A loosely knit, episodic, but rather interesting play, by Louis Phillips, about a Greek-American family in a Massachusetts town, at the end of the Second World War. What plot there is hinges on a little boy who lies dying in a hospital, but there is much humor along with the sadness. Michael Lessac deftly directs the large cast, and Louis Giambolvo gives a fine performance as the child's father. Saturday, Dec. 23, through Friday, Dec. 29. (12/11/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

Dancin'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eubie!—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of

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COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber, James Stevenson, Frank Modell, J. B. Handelsman, Edward Frascino, Mischa Richter, Ed Fisher, Bernard Fuchs, Donald Reilly, Edward Koren, Warren Miller, Al Ross, Lee Lorenz, Eldon Dedini, Henry Martin, Jack Ziegler, Arnie Levin*

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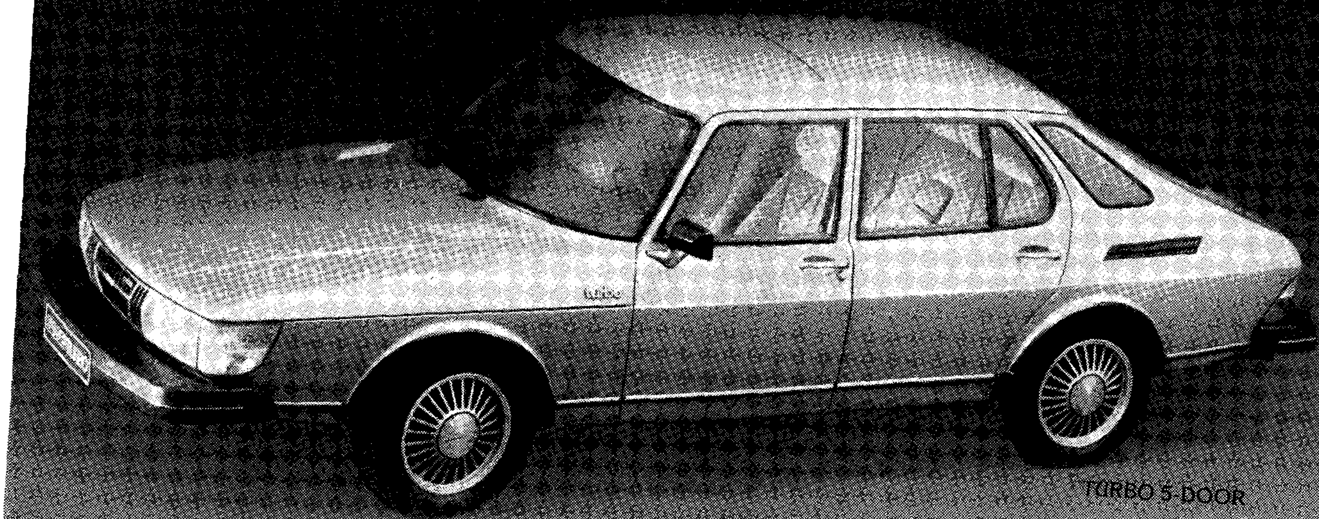

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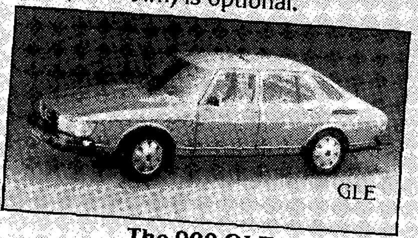

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gimme Shelter—A trio of interrelated one-act plays by Barrie Keeffe. The initial offering of the Dodger Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Final performances Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, at 8.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Splendid Error—William Branch's play is the third in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 24.)

The Kingfisher—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing comedy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

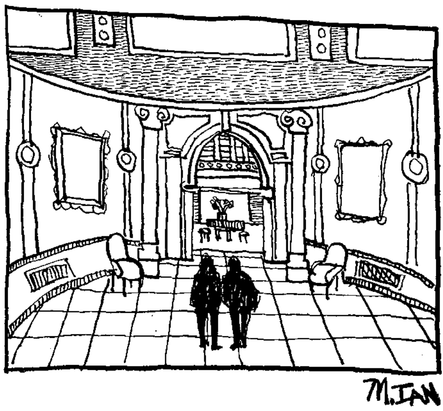
Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND** is the second in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Man and Superman—Shaw's play (including the "Don Juan in Hell" act) has George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, and Philip Bosco heading the cast. Directed by Stephen Porter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **THE DAUGHTERS OF THE MOCK**, by Judi Mason. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 20, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 7. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Touching Bottom—Three one-acters by Steve Tesich: "The Road," "Baptismal," and "A Life." With Harold Gould and Lois Smith. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. Starting Friday, Dec. 22, Laurence Luckinbill will replace Mr. Groh. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and also Thursday, Dec. 21, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,752 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 28, at 3.)... **THE GIN GAME:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Dec. 20, and Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2. Additional matinées Sunday, Dec. 24; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26-27; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and also Wednesday, Dec. 20, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 28, at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 30.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 26, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays, except Dec. 26, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2.)... **RUNAWAYS:** Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

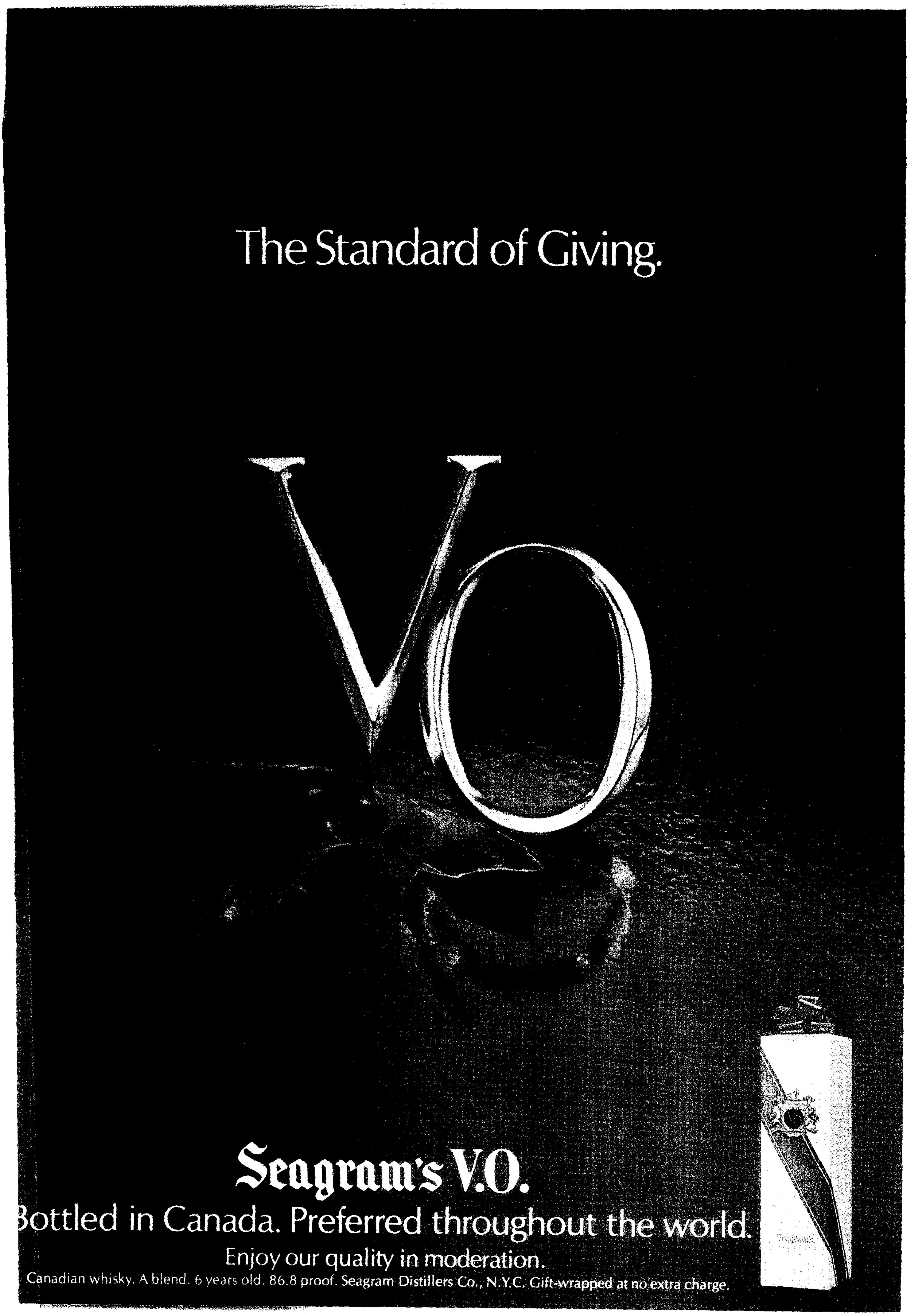
Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 26, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinées Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28, at 2.)

IceDancing—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. (12/18/78, under "Dancing") (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

Chinese Acrobatic Circus of Taiwan—A cast of forty clowns, acrobats, comedians, Chinese dancers, jugglers, magicians, and Kung Fu experts in a two-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 22, at 7:30; Saturdays and also Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays and New Year's Day at 1:30 and 5:30.)

London Savoyards—The first half of each evening program is made up of highlights from eight Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; the second half is a condensed version of one of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The Morgan Bank

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

them, as indicated below. The matinée programs consist of two shortened operettas. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8: "The Pirates of Penzance."...¶ Sunday, Dec. 24, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."...¶ Monday, Dec. 25, at 8: "The Mikado."...¶ Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."...¶ Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 8: "The Yeomen of the Guard."...¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."...¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore."...¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Closes Thursday, Jan. 4.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, at 6; Friday, Dec. 22, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 26-29, at 1; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

José Limón Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 20: "The Traitor," "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," "Déjà Vu," and "The Green Table."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 21: "Carlota," "Suite for Erik" (première), "Figura," and "There Is a Time."...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 22: "The Traitor," "Brahms Waltz," "Liebestraum," "Spear Dance," "Japonesque," "Soaring," "Suite for Erik," "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," and "The Green Table."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 23: "The Traitor," "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," "Suite for Erik," and "The Green Table."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 23: "Carlota," "Suite for Erik," "Figura," and "There Is a Time."...¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 24: "Psalm," "Brahms Waltz," "Liebestraum," "Spear Dance," "Japonesque," "Soaring," "Figura," and "There Is a Time." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer Rashied Ali. Saxophonist Rene McLean heads up a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 23; on Tuesday, Dec. 26, clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON**, who has worked with Archie Shepp, Gunter Hampel, and Dave Brubeck in the past, will arrive with a trio. Mondays now belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A comfortable glassed-in corner restaurant. The interior is one large room that covers three levels and includes a bar; consequently, there is a bit too much going on for one to be able to see and hear the wonderful singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** from all but a few tables. More speakers or better amplification might help. Dardanelle sings in her startlingly pure, clear, effortless way Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. Musical-comedy singer Larry Kert is here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

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Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. **HELEN HUMES** comes across as an old-fashioned bouncy, ever-smiling performer, and she's here singing delicate ballads and authoritative blues through Saturday, Dec. 23. On Wednesday, Dec. 27, bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream band, the Rising Sun, will take charge. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup begins with four bands, cast in the British new-wave mold and travelling together as the "Be Stiff Route 78 Tour," on Wednesday, Dec. 20; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, the Aztec Two-Step, a folkie duo, will trade sets with comedian Richard Belzer; and on Friday, Dec. 29, Redd, Hedwig, and Crossley (formerly of the Harlettes, who used to sing backup vocals for Bette Midler) will come in for a three-night visit. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, except on Wednesday, Dec. 20, when they begin at seven-thirty and midnight; and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

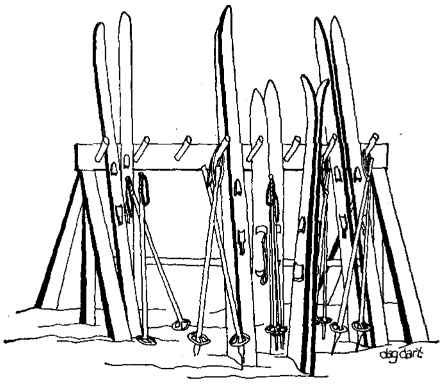
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** is here right now, seven days a week, playing and singing for his numerous admirers. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An authentic-sounding Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—plays nightly, except Mondays, from eleven, and after a set of Bonfas, Jobims, Gils, and Gilbertos, one actually feels capable of dancing the samba. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight....¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** and her bassist, **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, weeknights, except Christmas, from nine until one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.



CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This punk-rock headquarters is known affectionately to its patrons as CBGB's, but very few of them probably remember that CBGB stands for country, bluegrass, and blues, since there has been little if any bluegrass or country music played here in years. Artsy rocker John Cale will bring in his band on Thursday, Dec. 28. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ**, a young trumpeter who cultivates a style that comes out of the swing era and earlier, plays with a trio during dinner (from six to eleven) Tuesdays through Fridays. Jambalaya crawfish pie and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, will take a brief leave from this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano and all the customers are usually very attentive—on Saturday, Dec. 23. He works from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday and Christmas from nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sunday, Dec. 24, from seven to ten, pianist Joe Derise and Miss Sherman will join forces. Weeknights from seven to ten pianist Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**MICHAL URBANIAK**, an electric violinist and composer, leads a quintet through his arrangements of tunes built of jazz, rock, and Polish folk melodies through Saturday, Dec. 23. Starting Monday, Dec. 25, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will take over. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—A view with a room. Guitarist **AL GAFA**, who spent years playing bebop with Mr. Gillespie, leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. Closed Christmas.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** collaborates with his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays. The music is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can actually hear what Taylor and Gaskin are playing—no mean achievement in the night-club business. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Singer and songwriter Ronee Blakley is here through Thursday, Dec. 21; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 25-26, Kinky Friedman, a singer and a Texas-Jewish-cowboy comedian, will be present; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, have been set aside for singer Billy Joe Shav-

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er. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, *211* E. 55th St. (758-*2272*)—This club is now holding an adult-education course—George Gershwin 101. The professor is pianist and archivist and lecturer **DICK HYMAN;** he is aided by four other faculty members—clarinettist **JOHNNY MINCE,** trumpeter **PEE WEE ERWIN,** drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN,** and bassist **MILT HINTON.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. **CORNELL DUPREE,** perhaps the most placid-looking guitar player to come along since Basie rhythm guitarist Freddie Green, will be on hand with his quartet on Wednesday, Dec. 20. Dupree concocts beautiful, understated rhythm-and-blues solos as he sits on a stool, puffing occasionally on a bent Italian pipe. The Thursday-through-Saturday slot will be filled by violinist Noel Pointer. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. **THE PERSUASIONS,** an impressive a-cappella rhythm-and-blues quintet, will be performing here Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22-23, and from Wednesday, Dec. 27. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, *126* W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An assortment of young singers performs here nightly until Tuesday, Dec. 26, when singer and actress Ellen Greene will arrive. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, *21* Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 21-24, South African pianist **DOLLAR BRAND** (Abdullah Ibrahim) works with his quintet; on Tuesday, Dec. 26, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and saxophonist **MIKE BRECKER**—they are co-proprietors of this place—will ascend their own stage with their band. Music from ten to two nightly. On Sundays, from seven to nine, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** leads a big band. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—**GERRY MULLIGAN** guides a wonderfully enthusiastic thirteen-piece band Wednesdays through Saturdays. Nearly everything it plays moves along at least at a canter, and the solos are terse, melodic, and not at all self-indulgent. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** is in charge of a quintet through Saturday, Dec. 23; on Wednesday, Dec. 27, pianist Mike Nock will bring in a quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY,** a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo—Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings—will perform Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Acoustic pianist **MC COY TYNER** plays sustained, repetitive, rumbling, crashing chords, which have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like effect. He will move into the Top of the Gate with his sextet on Friday, Dec. 22. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays. Music from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from about nine other nights.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Singer **BETTY CARTER** winds up a stint with her trio on Sunday, Dec. 24; on Tuesday, Dec. 26, tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays belong to **THAD, MEL,** and their seventeen-piece band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Trumpeter Franc Williams leads his Swing Four nightly; things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DON CHERRY—Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Friday, Dec. 22, at 10:30, and Saturday, Dec. 23, at midnight.

SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—The free concerts continue with Rita Gardner singing the songs of Cy Coleman and of Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28, at 6.)

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

DIRECTIONS—Jack DeJohnette, John Abercrombie, Lester Bowie, and Eddie Gomez. (Circle in the Square Downtown. Friday, Dec. 29, at 10:30, and Saturday, Dec. 30, at midnight.)

AL JARREAU and **THE PAT METHENY GROUP**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 8.

JAZZ AT THE SYMPHONY—The Cecil Taylor Unit and Sun Ra & His Arkestra. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8 and midnight.)

ART

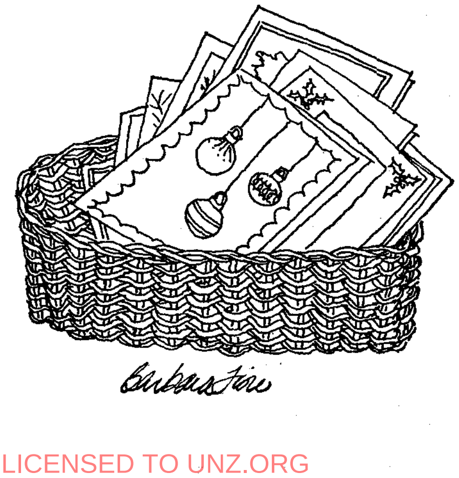
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Some, as indicated, will be closed on various days during the holiday season, and some will close early on Saturday, Dec. 23.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

WILLI BAUMEISTER (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Jan. 27. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

EMILE BRANCHARD AND WILLIAM FELLINI—Paintings by two self-taught artists who worked in the first half of the century. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

STAN BRODSKY—Pastels and large oil paintings that qualify as abstracts but could also be taken as literal representations of what inspired the abstractions—the clouds and sunsets and beaches of the North Shore of Long Island and the expanse of the Sound beyond. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)



ROBERT CROWL / BRITISH POTTERY '78—Impeccable figure studies in pencil, mostly of nudes in classical attitudes, plus a couple of drawings with colored pencils. / Bold new shapes and textures in a show of fine pottery, ranging from fragile sea anemones by Ursula Morley Price to some relatively solid shapes by Val Barry. Through Thursday, Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

ROBERT DASH—Quiet landscapes of small-town life, in this instance Sagaponack, Long Island. Through Jan. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closes Friday, Dec. 22, and Friday, Dec. 29, at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN (1880-1954)—Twenty paintings, dated 1923 to 1950. Through Friday, Dec. 22. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Jan. 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

JOHN DUFF—A two-gallery sculpture exhibit of open geometric forms, mostly polygonal. Drawings and table-size pieces made of copper rods, the largest thirty-four inches long, are at the Willard, 29 E. 72nd St., and bigger ones, made of welded-steel rods (the largest piece is eight feet long, six feet wide, and five feet high), are in a showroom on the third floor of 623 Broadway, just north of Houston St. (opens at noon). Through Saturday, Dec. 23.

PETER GOURFAIN—Paintings and drawings based on seascapes, plus sculptures. Through Jan. 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon. Closed after Friday, Dec. 22, for two weeks.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Small watercolors and oils of pears and flowers, including a number of bouquets done in oil on paper. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Fifty-odd drawings and watercolors in a retrospective that shows this master draftsman in top form, depicting café life and brothels in Paris, a mule-and-horse exchange in Tampa, colorful Cuban vistas, and so on. Through Jan. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Late acquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG—Literal play with words. For instance, fragments of cutout letters are fixed to acetate sheets hanging one behind the other and so arranged that when the viewer gets himself (or the sheets) properly aligned, the fragments fit together and form letters, words, and even sentences. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

SIDNEY SIMON—Representational sculptures in wood, glass, metal, and polyester. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

WALASSE TING—Stylized, voluptuous nudes, some all but smothered by falling blossoms, and others set off by colorful parrots. Through Jan. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—Early works: Liz, Marilyn, Elvis. Through Jan. 13. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

JOHN WESLEY—Gouaches on paper—seascapes and landscapes, for instance, done in series, which fit together or can be hung separately, and still-lifes—all the product of a recent six-month visit to France. Through Jan. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed after Saturday, Dec. 23, for a week.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Philip Guston's Abstract Expressionist painting entitled "To B.W.T." (1952) is the highlight of a show that also includes works

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by Caro, Dine, and others. Through Jan. 11. . . . KNOWLTON, 19 E. 71st St.: American landscapes in which the attention of the artists is caught by something beyond mere geographical details. For instance, one of the houses in Robert Birmelin's view of lower East Side rooftops has caught on fire; Bonnie Sklarski's canyon, the water that flows through it, and some nudes on a ledge near its base are all painted in arsenical green; and Seymour Rosofsky's "Lady of the House" materializes within the walls of a rose-covered residence watched over by a trumpeter angel. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . MC KEE, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Stuart Diamond, Katherine Porter, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 20. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday, Dec. 26.) . . . TOUCHSTONE, 118 E. 64th St.: Works by fourteen artists who use paper as their principal medium. Among the exhibitors: Mon Levinson, Winifred Lutz, Michelle Stuart. Through Saturday, Dec. 30.

SCULPTURE—Figures in metal, stone, and wood by Bruno Lucchesi, Susan Smyly, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Abstract works on paper covering the twenty-five-year period the artist has been associated with the gallery, which, coincidentally, is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with this show. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Tall, free-standing abstract sculptures made of Styrofoam painted in bright colors, plus acrylic paintings on paper. Through Jan. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

ALICE BABER—Abstract oil paintings in which striking colors are glimpsed through small openings in a snowy blanket. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Three large oils in which she makes her observations about the passing scene in Union Square, where she has been a bystander for nearly half a century, plus working drawings for the paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MIRIAM BLOOM / STEPHEN LARESE—Hollow sculptural works—essentially bowl shapes—in several materials, including papier-mâché, and concrete and pigment over metal lath. / Paper boxes, uniform in size but done in a wide range of colors, inside and out, and lined in some instances with folded-paper surprises. Through Jan. 6. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 26-28; otherwise closed.)

MARY CALLERY (1903-77)—Small, antic sculptures made of welded steel painted in lively colors by an American-born artist who spent most of her creative years in France. One of the pieces is a study for a large work depicting figures in the fables of La Fontaine and commissioned for P.S. No. 34, on East Twelfth Street. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—A mystic grove consisting of fourteen trios of oak and maple saplings arranged in a ring that occupies the entire gallery space, some rising from floor to ceiling and others dropping from ceiling to floor. Through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Smaller works (papier-mâché covered with gesso and graphite) and drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Pretto, 15 Park Row. Closed Saturdays.)

FLEUR COWLES—Beatific leopards, tigers, and horses in flower-filled settings, and other paintings. Through Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

BILL DAVISON—Collages, mostly in shades of gray, made of such diverse components as flocked aluminum, sheet lead, limestone, acetates, graphite, and oil crayons. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

SUZI GABLIK—Collages touched up with original painting and fairly teeming with life. Everything from tapeworms to field flowers is crowded in, but most of the items are undersea growths—finger coral, sea fans, anemones, sponges, eel grass, phosphorescent shrimp. Through Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

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DENISE GREEN—Three seven-foot-square paintings in oils and wax crayons on canvas, by an artist who concentrates on the divisibility of things as opposed to their unity: in every case, the canvas is divided into two parts. Also smaller works. Through Jan. 27. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed after Saturday, Dec. 23, for a week.)

MICHAEL ISEN—A hat rack, a free-standing hall tree, and a chair, each weighted down with brilliantly colored polychrome wearing apparel (jackets, scarves, hats, and so on), are among the sculptured objects in this exhibit. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JESS—The San Francisco artist who operates under this name makes collages of antique steel engravings, anatomical studies, postcards, fine-arts-magazine illustrations, and the like. Also oil paintings. The tone is surrealist. Through Jan. 6. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

STEVE KEISTER—Small polyhedrons painted with fluorescent colors and hung from the ceiling so that they shine when a light beam is focussed on them. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER (1896-1965)—Drawings, sculptures, and other works. Through Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

PETER TODD MITCHELL—Oil paintings of Turkey. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

REE MORTON (1936-77) / **MERRILL WAGNER**—Architectural details of Chicago buildings (particularly a bit of ornamentation by Louis Sullivan) were the inspiration for this series of acrylics, whose horizontal placement on the wall produces a friezelike effect. / Large works involving acrylic or pastel drawings done on masking tape and then applied to Plexiglas. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Jan. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

PAUL NARKIEWICZ / PATI HILL—Landscapes of Italy characterized by broad areas of flat color. / A new series of this artist's photocopy legerdemain. Through Jan. 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

JO ANNE SCHNEIDER—Large canvases given over to studies of empty mailbags and outsize kitchen pots and pans, plus pencil drawings of eggbeaters, electric sockets, and other household effects. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—New sculptural works, including several variously colored nudes entering or leaving doorways, and the piece entitled "In Memory of May 4, 1970, Kent State: Abraham and Isaac." Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES SELIGER / DAVID FINN—Abstract drawings in which paper coated with hardened gesso is scrubbed with black graphite and then touched up with chamois and kneaded eraser to bring out lighter areas. / Photographic studies of Canova's neoclassical sculptures in Italy, France, and here. Through Jan. 6. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—Large wall pieces made up of several layers of collaged fiberboard painted in bright acrylic colors. Most of the pieces seem to be of floral inspiration. Through Jan. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed after Saturday, Dec. 23, for a week.)

LOWELL TOLSTEDT—Graphite drawings in which such subjects as a barely budding sprout or a single drop of water dangling from a stretched cord are seen against a Stygian background. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Among the works by twenty-one artists are drawings by Saul Steinberg and Claes Oldenburg; a four-foot-long ceramic representation of a wrecked mine head by Raymon Elozua; and a map projection, in which North and South America together come out looking like a sausage, by Agnes Denes. Through Jan. 6. . . . HEIDENBERG, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Saul Steinberg, Fernando Botero, Karel Appel, and others. Through Jan. 20. . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Americans—the works date from 1770 to 1978—including Edward Hicks, James McNeill Whistler, Ben Shahn, and Ruth Gikow. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.) . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Feb. 3. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 23.) . . . SUMMIT, 101 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Judith Shahn, Byron Browne, and others. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays, except Christmas, through Fridays, except Dec. 22, from 12:30 to 5:30.)

SCULPTURE—Maquettes for larger works by Louise Bourgeois, John Willenbecher, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

BRUCE CHAO / THOMAS MACAULAY—"Attack Angels" is the title of an installation in which the angels are represented by large panes of glass (seventy-six inches by thirty-seven), which are anchored to the ceiling of a darkened gallery but seem to be winging in on the viewer in overwhelming numbers, row upon row. (There are forty-nine of them.) / Small geometric balsa-wood forms—they suggest architectural maquettes—laid out on the floor, each lighted by a hanging lamp directly overhead. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

GREG CONSTANTINE / LARRY BLIZARD—Representational paintings centered on Jackson Pollock: his house, his shoes, himself at work. Superimposed on these canvases are Pollock-like all-over abstractions. / Humorous paintings and drawings of bananas in everyday situations—riding the subway, getting a haircut, on a boat ride. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

LORETTA DUNKELMAN—Two large works in which pencil and crayon patterns of seashells are drawn on the outermost of several layers of vellum. Also Minimalist drawings. Through Jan. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

ERTÉ—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973 by this elfin artist who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Thanksgiving Day and is still busy designing for the theatre. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Christmas and Sunday, Dec. 24, noon to 6.)

ROYDEN RABINOWITCH / LUCIO POZZI—Long, narrow pieces of floor sculpture made of sand-blasted sheet steel folded and refolded and ironed out flat. / Small, elegant watercolors of scenes in Tortola, Jamaica, Italy, Greece, and Long Island. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

CY TWOMBLY—Ten large abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases, that tell the story of the Iliad all over again. Through Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Closed after Sunday, Dec. 24, for a week. Hours: noon to 8.)

MARGARET WHARTON—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Through Jan. 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the CALDWELL, 383 West Broadway: Works on paper include what is described as a novel by Jake Berthot, written in pen-and-ink abstracts that seem on the very edge of being clear to everybody; lithographs of water, earth, clouds, and the night sky, by Viji Celmins; and pages from a strange catalogue, one of them devoted to Egyptian items, by Maria Scotti. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A new crop of drawings selected from the thousands submitted to the center for appraisal. Three of the eleven artists whose works are being shown are Gary Falk, who makes Minimal drawings of architectural forms, and Jane Kaplowitz, who draws lively interiors with colored pencils, both of New York City; and Robert Kitchen, of Chattahoochee County, Georgia, who paints watercolors of china vases decorated with flamboyant roses. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8; closed Saturday, Dec. 23.). . . **GREEN MOUNTAIN** and **BOWERY**, 135 Greene St.: A joint show entitled "From the Imagination" contains works by forty-five artists, among them Robert Beauchamp, Mary Frank, Robert Henry (who organized it), and Peter Passuntino. Through Jan. 4. (Opens at noon.). . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A showing of major new works by gallery regulars includes a large fantasy in oils by Malcolm Morley (a medieval Venetian waterfront scene is bridged over by an American freight train); a handsomely carved bicycle chained to a parking meter by Fumio Yoshimura, the whole done in lindenwood; and a deceptive wall sculpture by John Okulick that seems to project far out into the room but actually goes only a few inches. Through Jan. 11. (Closes Friday, Dec. 22, at 3; closed Saturday, Dec. 23.)

OTHER GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACIA**, 28 E. 4th St.: The gallery wall is an integral part of all the works in this show. Liliana Porter, Pedro Lujan, and Anne Elliott are among the eleven artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **47 BOND STREET GALLERY**, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and the Bowery: Drawings, mostly, by a number of artists, including John Grillo, Alice Neel, Budd Hopkins, and Bill Pellicone. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **NOHO**, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by gallery members and others, among them Lois Dodd, Fred Gutzeit, and Erma Martin Yost. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Sunday, Dec. 24, noon to 6.)

HILLA AND BERND BECHER / DEBORAH TURBEVILLE—Photographs of grain elevators, cooling towers, blast furnaces, coal bunkers, and water towers. / Photographic collages, with text, by a *Vogue* photographer. Through Friday, Dec. 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

KARL BLOSSFELDT (1865-1932)—High-contrast photographs of microscopic details of plants, recently printed from his glass plates, some of them more than seventy-five years old. Through Jan. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71)—Photographic essays made for *Fortune* and *Life* between 1933 and 1957. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

MARK COHEN—Precisionist prints in black-and-white and in color. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

MICHAEL DE CAMP AND ANNE AND DAVID DOUBILET—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

SHEILA METZNER—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-26.)

JOAN MYERS—Photographs of nudes and landscapes which have been hand-tinted and have the soft look of watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

VICTOR SCHRAGER—Contact prints of arranged objects—bottles, rocks, postcards, pieces of wood. Through Jan. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St. Closed after Saturday, Dec. 23, for a week.)

AARON SISKIND—Recent works. Through Friday, Dec. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. . . . ¶ José Rubén Gaztambide's color photographs of life in Puerto Rico and in Hispanic communities in Manhattan. . . . ¶ Mexico today as seen by Rafael Doniz, Graciela Iturbide, Jose Angel Rodriguez, and Jesus Sanchez Uribe. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.). . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nineteenth-century photographs of Egypt by Maxime du Camp, Francis Frith, August Salzmann, and others. Through Jan. 20. (Closed after Saturday, Dec. 23, for a week.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Little Egypt uptown. To begin with, there's King Tut, who hardly got this kind of attention when he was alive. Then there's the recently opened second segment of the museum's own Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 380 B.C.—in seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. And finally there's the Temple of Dendur itself, which is almost outdone by the vast hall that houses it. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45. However, the four special exhibitions—Treasures of Tutankhamun, the costume show, the Dresden show, the Temple of Dendur—are open weekdays, 10 to 8:45, Sundays, except Dec. 24, from 11 to 8:45. To repeat: closed Mondays.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. Closes Sunday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a nontraditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Feb. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of nineteen works (by Alan Sonfist, Jackie Winsor, Deb-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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orah Butterfield, and others) made from tree branches, rocks, clover, mud, and other particles of nature. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays, except Christmas, through Fridays, 11 to 3. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 26.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-two artists (among them Elsie Manville, Robert Kulicke, and Carl Nicholas Titolo) are exhibiting paintings and drawings in the thirtieth annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about one-third of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of the works of William Grooper, John Koch, and Abraham Rattner. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Saturday, Dec. 30.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Sunday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ The downstairs gallery has an exhibit of a hundred and fifty shopping bags from all parts of the world. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays and Sunday, Dec. 24. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of Japanese folk art spanning six centuries. Many periods and cultures are represented: Arita porcelains dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; a nineteenth-century lacquered food box used for picnics and made of woven paper string; a *bandori* (back pad), whose intricate design was woven from straw, yarn, and cloth, made for carrying a bridal chest to a wedding (also nineteenth century); more than a dozen seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Ōtsu-e* folk paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Christmas, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Andreas Feininger's photographs of New York in the forties. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 23-24. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

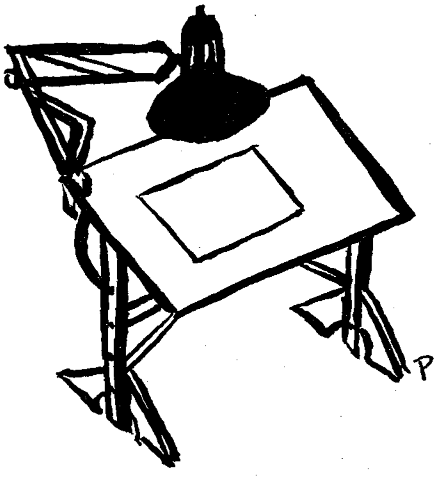
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. (226-3970)—Michael Smith (performance with video and musical accompaniment), Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; Mel Andringa (performance with props), Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. (925-4671)—Norma Jean Deak (performance with audio tape), Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8:30; the "Nightclub," a cabaret setting for comedians, rock bands, singers, filmmakers, and others, Fridays and Saturdays, Dec. 22-23, and 29-30, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format, by Shea Gordon, Karen Shaw, and Jenny Holzer, Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6, through Saturday, Dec. 30.



The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615)—Jill Kroesen (performance with video and music), Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 21-23, at 8:30; Steina (video), Tuesdays, except Dec. 26, through Saturdays, 1 to 6, through Jan. 4.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. (784-2084)—Collaborative works by eight pairs of artists (Nam June Paik and Shigeko Kubota, and Helen and Newton Harrison are two); projects, installations, and environments by Diana Agrest and Marios Gandelsonas, Hilmar Boehle, Melvin Edwards, Kristen Gerber, John A. Giordano, Pieter Holstein, Nicholas Hondrogen, Bernd Jansen, Kenneth Juon, Arnold Kramer, Pat Oleszko, Roland Poulin, Martin Rosz, Ed Rothfarb, Louise Stanley, Anthony Thompson, and Irene Young; ongoing dance rehearsals, with Senta Driver; photographs of dancers. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6, through Jan. 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Paul Franke; conducted by Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Andrea Velis; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, John Alexander, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 25, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Andrea Velis; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Paul Franke; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Fernando Corena, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno.

The Play of Daniel—The cast of this twelfth-century musical drama includes Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Arthur Burrows, baritone; and Anthony Tamburello, bass. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 5. For information about tickets, call 678-6888.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 20-21, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 22, at 2 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30 (with Ashley Putnam, soprano). . . . ¶ After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Jan. 3.

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Dec. 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Sunday, Dec. 24, at midnight: With Maureen Forrester, contralto; Isaac Stern, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Samuel Sanders, piano; and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 29, at 8: With violinists Jaime Laredo, Shlomo Mintz, and the Messrs. Stern and Zukerman.

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610," with an orchestra of early instruments played by members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. With Thomas Bogdan, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Sing-In at Avery Fisher Hall—Handel's "Messiah," directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Eleanor Bergquist, soprano, and Benjamin Matthews, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Friday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Candlelight Christmas Concert—Dino Anagnost directing members of the Cathedral Choir, the Orpheon Chorale, the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society, the Cathedral School Children's Choir, and the American Symphony Orchestra. With Sheryl King-Lazzarotti, soprano; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Dunnell, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Holy Trinity Cathedral, 319 E. 74th St. 288-3215. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 7.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program entitled "Music of Advent and Christmas." (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

William Matthews—Guitar and lute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo and Felix Galimir, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Michael Tree, viola; and Sharon Robinson and Jules Eskin, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Christemasse in Anglia," composed of English, Irish, and Scots thirteenth- to seventeenth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Joseph Schwartz—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts of Renaissance music for the holiday season. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Monday, Dec. 25, at 4. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Dec. 30, at 1:30. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Houston, Wednesday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Friday, Dec. 29. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Friday, Dec. 22, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; through Monday, May 21. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 23. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30 (on this day only, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1). . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 20.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON *PAGE 15. FILMS PLAYING* AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
A program of films by Georges Méliès. (No showings on Wednesday, Dec. 20, and Monday, Dec. 25.) Friday through Sunday, Dec. 22-24, three of *L. Frank Baum's* "Oz" pictures—silent, dating from around 1915—will also be shown.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 21: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Dec. 22: "The Boys from Brazil."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 21: "Foul Play" and "Black Sunday."
From Dec. 22: "National Lampoon's Animal House" and "Slap Shot."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. *21*: "A Wedding."
From Dec. 22: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Oliver's Story."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"*Movie Movie*."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Oliver's Story."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 21: "The Deer Hunter."
From Dec. 22: "Moment by Moment."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 24: "Interiors."
From Dec. 25: "Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 21: "Midnight Express."
From Dec. 22: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Brink's Job."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 21: "Death on the Nile."
From Dec. 22: "California Suite."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 21: "Comes a Horseman."
From Dec. 22: "Midnight Express."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Dec. 21: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Dec. 22: "Brass Target."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 24: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Dec. 25: "Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"King of the Gypsies."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 21: "Interiors."
From Dec. 22: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 21: "Foul Play." From Dec. 22: "Force 10 from Navarone."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Dossier 51."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Midnight Express."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 21: "A Wedding." From Dec. 22: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 21: "Interiors." From Dec. 22: "A Dream of Passion."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 21: "The Big Fix." From Dec. 22: "Brass Target."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 21: "Foul Play." From Dec. 22: "Days of Heaven."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (279-4200; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 23: Two films by Meredith Monk—"Quarry" and "Mountain Piece."
Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25-26: "Uncle Vanya" and "Three Sisters."
Dec. 27-28: "Crime and Punishment" and "The Idiot."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Just Crazy About Horses."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Uncle Joe Shannon."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 21: "Days of Heaven."
From Dec. 22: "Movie Movie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Dossier 51."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Rain and Shine."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Dec. 21: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Dec. 22: "Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: "Magic."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 21: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From Dec. 22: "The Wiz."
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 21: "A Wedding." From Dec. 22: "Brass Target."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through Dec. 21: "Interiors."
From Dec. 22: "A Dream of Passion."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 24: "Saturday Night Fever" and "American Hot Wax."
From Dec. 25: "Wilderness Family, Part 2."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 24: "National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)
From Dec. 25: "Wilderness Family, Part 2." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Death on the Nile." (†) From Dec. 25: "National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 21: "Foul Play." (†) From Dec. 22: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Oliver's Story." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Dec. 21: "Magic." (†)
From Dec. 22: "California Suite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Dec. 21: "Paradise Alley."
From Dec. 22: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Dec. 21: "Up in Smoke."
From Dec. 22: "Force 10 from Navarone." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Every Which Way but Loose." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Dec. 21: "Goin' South." (†)
From Dec. 22: "Brass Target." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 20: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Wedding in White" (1973), directed by William Fruet, with Donald Pleasence and Carol Kane.
Dec. 21: "Lucia" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas.
Dec. 22-23: "Cría!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and "Furtivos." (†)
Dec. 24: "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan.
Dec. 25: "Shall We Dance" (†) and "The Gay Divorcée." (†)
Dec. 26: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
Dec. 27: "Adam's Rib" (†); and "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.
Dec. 28: "Donkey Skin" (†); and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 20: "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Ernest Torrence, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "Nazarin" (1958), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal.
Dec. 21: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon.

Dec. 22: "The 400 Blows" (†) and "Jules and Jim." (†)

Dec. 23: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March.

Dec. 24: "Shall We Dance" (†) and "The Gay Divorcée." (†)

Dec. 25: "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan.

Dec. 26: "Bugsy Malone" (†); and "The Little Colonel" (1935), directed by David Butler, with Shirley Temple, Bill Robinson, Evelyn Venable, and Lionel Barrymore.

Dec. 27: "Anchors Aweigh" (†); and a program of Chuck Jones cartoons.

Dec. 28: "Sons of the Desert" (†); and ten Tex Avery cartoons.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 21: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978), directed by Steve Rash, with Gary Busey; and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.

Dec. 22-23: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice." (†)

Dec. 24-25: "Finian's Rainbow" (†) and "Camelot." (†)

Dec. 26: "The Cocoanuts" (†); and "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers.

Dec. 27-28: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 23: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price.

Dec. 24-26: "The Threepenny Opera" (†) and "The Blue Angel." (†)

From Dec. 27: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Dec. 21: "I Want to Live!" (1958), directed by Robert Wise, with Susan Hayward and Simon Oakland; and "Smash-Up" (1947), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Susan Hayward, Eddie Albert, Lee Bowman, and Marsha Hunt.

Dec. 22-23: "The Ascent" (1977), in Russian, directed by Larisa Shepitko; and "The White Ship" (1977), in Russian, directed by Boltbek Shamshiev.

Dec. 24-25: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†); and "Something to Sing About" (1937), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with James Cagney and William Frawley.

Dec. 26: "Destry Rides Again" (†); and "River of No Return" (1954), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Dec. 27-28: A program of animated films.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25-26: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday." (†)

Dec. 27: "A Letter to Three Wives" (†); and "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.

Dec. 28: "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dietrich, with William Powell and Kay Francis.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 21 at 2:30: "I Bambini Ci Guardano" (1944), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Luciano De Ambrosis, Isa Pola, and Emilio Cigoli; no English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Bert Wheeler, and Robert Woolsey.... ¶ Dec. 21 at 8:30: "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.... ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Rio Rita."... ¶ Dec. 22 at 6: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest" and "Cupid's Pranks" (with D. W. Griffith as an actor).... ¶ Dec. 23 at noon: "Anne of Green Gables" (1934), directed by George Nicholls, Jr., with Anne Shirley.... ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Rockabye" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Joel McCrea, and Paul Lukas.... ¶ Dec. 23 at 5: "Our Betters" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, and Anita Louise.... ¶ Dec. 24 at noon: "Anne of Green Gables."... ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Symphony of Six Million" (1932), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez.... ¶ Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Our Betters."... ¶ Dec. 26 at 6 and Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Melody Cruise" (1933), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Phil Harris, Charles Ruggles, and Helen Mack.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Phantom of Crestwood" (1932), directed by J. Walter Ruben, with Ricardo Cortez, H. B. Warner, and Anita Louise.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 8:30: "Friends and Lovers" (1931), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Laurence Olivier, Adolphe Menjou, Lili Damita, and Erich von Stroheim. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"It's No Use Alberto" (1978) and "Lunch Hour Tapes" (1977), videotapes by Ida Applebroog. Showings every hour from noon until 5 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Starting Dec. 28: "We Are Arab Jews in Israel" (1977), in French, directed by Igaal Niddam; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ADAM'S RIB (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently, Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer-neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 27.)

AMERICAN HOT WAX—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (Olympia; through Dec. 24.)

ANCHORS AWEIGH (1945)—This Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra musical has so much energy and spirit that you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi—like maybe turn Terry Southern loose on them. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock in trade of the producer Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless, and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood who get involved with Grayson, a singer working as an extra and living with her chubby-faced angelic little brother (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullably" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed, Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 27.)

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Baronet.)

THE BIG FIX—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With F. Murray Abraham, Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (10/23/78) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

BLACK SUNDAY (1977)—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers, a half-crazed Vietnam War veteran (Marthe Keller is his accomplice). The gadgets and cleverness of the movie amount to the haul of a gang of super-buyers run amok in F.A.O. Schwarz; the effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 21.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film; he had directed Jannings in "The

Last Command," one of the two American silent films that had won Jannings the Academy Award in 1927-28, and Jannings wanted him to guide his first sound film. They set in motion the Marlene Dietrich myth that was eventually to surpass their fame. Adapted from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film deals with the breakdown of an authoritarian personality. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich's Lola Lola is a rather coarse, plump young beauty; as she sings "Falling in Love Again," her smoldering voice and sadistic indifference suggest sex without romance, love, or sentiment. The pedant becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge; he travels with the café troupe, hawking dirty pictures of his wife. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level; the sexual humiliation gets very heavy in the scenes in which the teacher, now a clown, returns to his home town and to his old classroom. With Hans Albers as the manager of the troupe. In German. (Regency; Dec. 24-26.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 22.)

Brass Target—With Sophia Loren, John Cassavetes, and George Kennedy, directed by John Hough. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting Dec. 22.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 21.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Gemini 2, and Criterion.)

Bugsy Malone (1976)—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and, among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

California Suite—From the Neil Simon play, with Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Michael Caine, and Maggie Smith. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East, and National; starting Dec. 22.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, and Laurence Naismith as Merlyn. (Cinema Village; Dec. 24-25.)

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Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Cinema Village; Dec. 26.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (11/13/78) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 21.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Marcel Aymé's adaptation has clarity and power; the director, Pierre Chenal, uses the controversial but interesting technique of conveying the characters' disassociation from their environment by a slight distortion in the settings. As Raskolnikov, Pierre Blanchar is older, more eccentric than one expects: he emphasizes the tortured isolation, the near madness, of the character. It is in Harry Baur's performance as Inspector Porfiry that the film achieves its stature; Graham Greene long ago described the performance as "the finest in the cinema this year, with his tortoise movements, his streak of cruelty, his terrible good humor." It is one of the great performances of any year. In French. (Harold Clurman; Dec. 27-28.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americaness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema 3; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 22.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Cinema Village; Dec. 22-23.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 24.)

The Deer Hunter—The Michael Cimino film, with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, and Meryl Streep, is playing briefly to qualify for awards; it will open for a regular run in February. (12/18/78) (Coronet; through Dec. 21. Nightly at 8.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—"Marlene Dietrich! . . . When you wear feathers, and furs, and plumes, you wear them as the birds and animals wear them, as though they belonged to your body."—Jean Cocteau. "She possesses the rarest of civilized virtues, irony."—Kenneth Tynan. These two gifts were combined in her classic comedy role as Frenchy, the quixotic harlot of a frontier saloon. George Marshall directed this satiric revitalization of the Tom Mix Western, based on a Max Brand novel. By taking her spangles and feathers into the Old West and dropping her sultry voice to a howling baritone, Dietrich revitalized her own career. James Stewart is charming and even a little bit sexy as Destry. With a large group of people who all contribute to the flavor, some in good-sized parts—Mischa Auer, Brian Donlevy, Charles Winninger, Una Merkel, Samuel Hinds—and in lesser parts—Jack Carson, Allen Jenkins, Irene Hervey, Warren Hymer, and Billy Gilbert. (Thalia; Dec. 26.)

Donkey Skin (1975)—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film, with pretty music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 28.)

Dossier 51—Directed by Michel Deville. In English and French. (8th St. Playhouse, and Cinema Studio 1.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; starting Dec. 22.)

Every Which Way but Loose—With Clint Eastwood, directed by James Fargo. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Finian's Rainbow (1968)—Some of the whimsy in this message operetta is hard to take, but considering the ponderousness of the whole project, Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; however Fred Astaire is miscast, and Tommy Steele doesn't know how to scale down his thumping stage personality. (Cinema Village; Dec 24-25.)

Force 10 from Navarone—With Robert Shaw Harrison Ford, Barbara Bach, Edward Fox Franco Nero, Carl Weathers, and Richard Kiel; directed by Guy Hamilton. (R.K.O 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Dec. 22.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (St. Marks Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through Dec. 21.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Furtivos ("Poachers")—José Luis Borau, one of the rare directors who give meaning to th idea of a Spanish New Wave, has here made a film that belongs with the first-rate. The story could be taken as an Oedipal tale about a clamp-faced mother (Lola Gaos), jealous of the love that her poacher son (Ovidi Montllor) has for a girl who has fled reformatory school (a waif played by Alicia Sánchez). Inflections about the nature of a totalitarian Spain are present in the person of a provincial governor (played by the director himself) who likes hunting deer, which he does with monumental silliness. In Spanish. (3/27/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22-23.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most poetic expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that haven't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Goin' South—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's prankish performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping; Nicholson jumps, all right, but the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright and John Belushi. (12/11/78) (Victoria; through Dec. 21.)

The Idiot (1947)—The young Gérard Philipe is an extraordinarily sensitive Prince Myshkin, and Edwige Feuillère, that remarkable mistress of the language of gesture, is a spectacular Nastasya in this emotional, surprisingly effective version of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Harold Clurman; Dec. 27-28.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 24.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—With Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams; directed by Philip Kaufman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli; starting Dec. 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy; an enchantress, she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"That way she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does), she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier); Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated*. He explores the medium and plays with it. He overlaps scenes; uses fast cutting, in the manner of "Breathless," and leaping continuity, in the manner of "Zero for Conduct;" changes the size and shape of the images, as Griffith did; pauses for Jeanne Moreau to sing a song (Boris Bassiak's "Le Tourbillon"). Throughout, Georges Delerue's music is part of the atmosphere. Adapted from Henri-Pierre Roché's autobiographical novel; with Marie Dubois as Thérèse. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Just Crazy About Horses—A documentary, directed by Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple. (Guild.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

The Last Wave—With Richard Chamberlain, directed by Peter Weir. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards in 1949 for Best Screenplay and Best Director as a result of this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. From a story by John Klempner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 27.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no light or happy range and doesn't show a capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ National; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 22.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screen-

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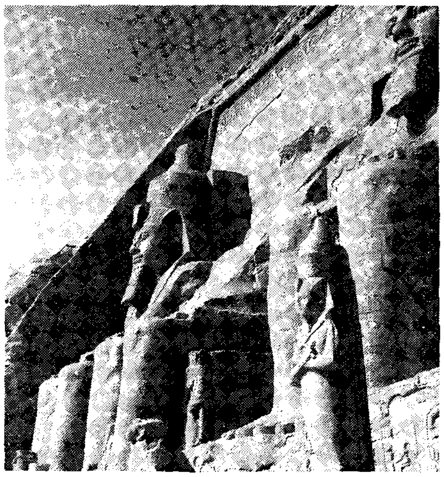

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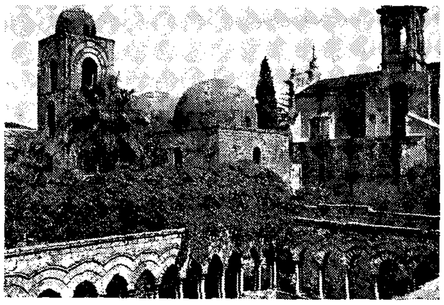

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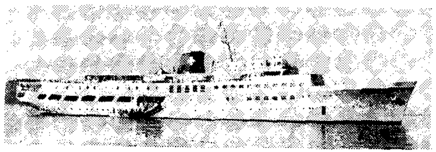

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writer, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Dec. 22.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet; starting Dec. 22.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. As the night-school law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin makes an agreeable début, and as the wriggling night-club performer who corrupts him, Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. In the second, Barry Bostwick, who plays the singer-composer hero, has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself; Rebecca York is his saucer-eyed true-blue Ruby Keeler. With Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere who has a tickling charm in the first but is totally miscast in the second. The film is too tame and too dependent on mismatched metaphors, and the second "feature" sags, but it's generally friendly and enjoyable. (12/4/78) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Dec. 22.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Embassy 1; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 25.)

Oliver's Story—A sequel to "Love Story," with Ryan O'Neal again in the role of Oliver Barrett IV. Also with Candice Bergen; directed by John Korty. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and Loews State 2.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Rain and Shine—Directed by Ferenc András. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director, William Wyler, did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until this neophyte actress has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 25-26.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what the writer, Bernard Slade, and the director, Robert Mulligan, have done. If someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book. From Slade's two-character one-set Broadway hit. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

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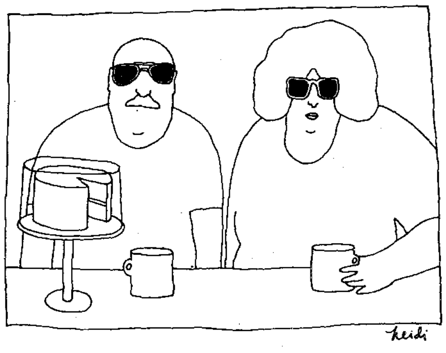
Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Olympia; through Dec. 24.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big M-G-M musical, adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women;" it's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is noteworthy for its ambitious use of dance, and is unusual in featuring male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. The choreography is by Michael Kidd. (Regency; starting Dec. 27.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Slap Shot (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 22.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. The film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner, and it never once lands on target. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)



Sons of the Desert (1933)—Laurel and Hardy at their peak. The title refers to a lodge rather like the Masons, and there is a great convention sequence. With Charley Chase. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28.)

Superman—With Christopher Reeve in the title role. Also with Marlon Brando, Susannah York, Gene Hackman, Glenn Ford, and Jackie Cooper; directed by Richard Donner. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Regency; Dec. 24-26.)

Three Sisters (1974)—From Anton Chekhov's play. With Alan Bates, Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, and members of the National Theatre Company of England, directed by Olivier. (Harold Clurman; Dec. 25-26.)

Uncle Joe Shannon—With Burt Young, Doug McKeon, Madge Sinclair, and Jason Bernard; directed by Joseph C. Hanwright. (Festival.)

Uncle Vanya (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (4/18/77) (Harold Clurman; Dec. 25-26.)

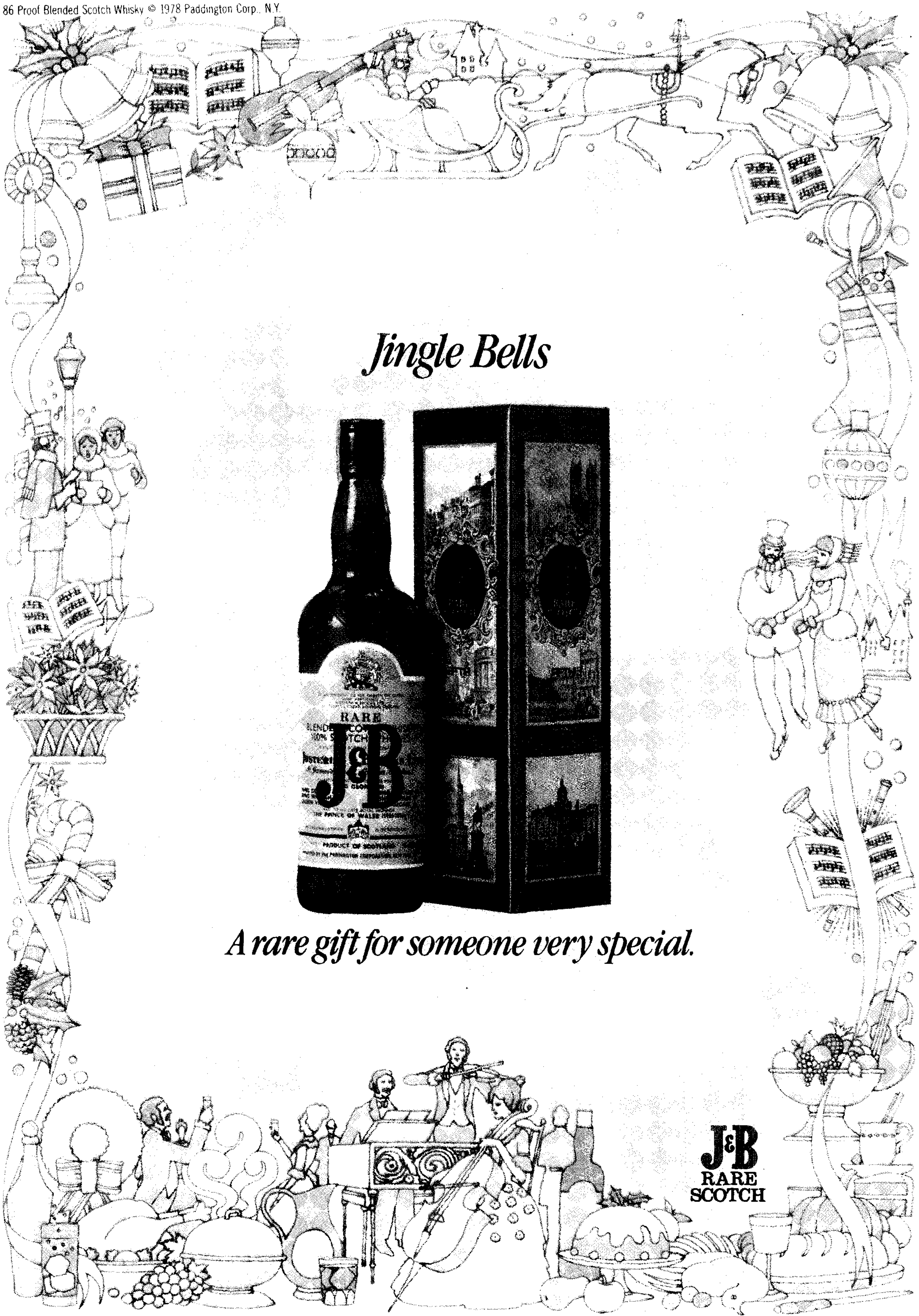
A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Gramercy, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 21.)

Wilderness Family, Part 2—With Robert Logan, directed by Frank Zuniga. (D. W. Griffith, U. A. East, Olympia, and Embassy 1; starting Dec. 25.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot, growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Plaza, and Forum. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 22.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical, well directed by Michael Curtiz. Made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unself-conscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the soggy plot turns hardly bother one. He gets to dance more in this movie than in any of his previous films, and though he was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. (He took the Academy Award for Best Actor.) With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, and Frances Langford. The cinematography is by James Wong Howe. (Thalia; Dec. 24-25.)

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE dropped in at the Stanhope the other day for a conversation with H.R.H. Tutankhamun, last pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty, just as his much-mitted extravaganza "Treasures" was about to open at the Met, a sellout before the first customer hit the noble steps. We found the boy king in the pale-pink sitting room of his suite, wearing a Turnbull & Asser djellabah and sipping Perrier, the delicate sadness on his face transformed for the moment by something like opening-night fever.

"We did very well out of town," he said. "A million three in Seattle. A million four, give or take, in Chicago. Total U.S. attendance may break seven mil. I'm nervous, of course—New York is *the* experience. But they've booked us into a class place. I stand outside the Met and think, Zowie! Look on my works, ye Mighty! I mean, they've got one of our temples *under glass*, man. It's amazing."

We asked the slight, dark monarch if his spectacle had a theme.

"Yes. It's about gold, man. Heavy metal. I mean, I'm quite comfortable with gold. I was into gold very early. I was into gold when there was none of this two-hundred-and-thirty-dollars-an-ounce nonsense. Gold doesn't *unnerve* me. But I'm not most people. Most people, they see a little gold—I mean, a little gold that's not in a *wristwatch* or something—they begin *shedding skin*, man. Γ&&r jλλ AAk JJ."

We said we hadn't quite got his last remark.

"That's glyph for '*Mein Gott im Himmel*,' " he said. "I like to zetz in a little glyph now and then. It glyphs people out. Anyhow, gold is the *main* thing but not the *whole* thing. This stuff is *old*, man. Time abolished. Or, from another perspective, time encapsulated. People just stand there and *feel* time. And then, of course, there's the mummy thing, and the *curse* thing. We've got quite a lot going for us, really."

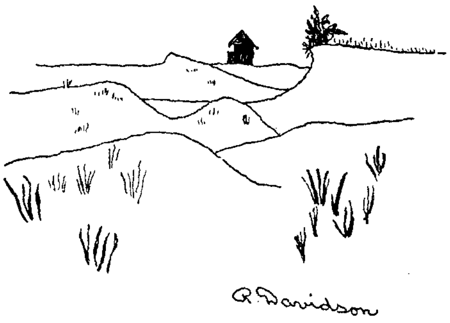
We inquired if the curse, said to have caused a number of mysterious deaths among people associated with the opening of the tomb, was still operative.

"Well, when I walk down the street I don't step on any cracks myself," he replied, smiling. "The old let-the-hand-raised-against-my-form-be-withered. You understand, *I* placed no curse. You always have a passel of priests around wanting to slam a curse on this, slam a curse on that. I guess it keeps them off the streets."

We asked if the proliferation of Tut-related sales objects annoyed him in any way.

"They say that there's a Tut madness, a Tut mania, that the show has been overcommercialized. Sure, we're peddling a few little items. But they're class knockoffs, man—beautifully reproduced, for the most part. I mean, if Rocky can do it, why shouldn't we? The Frisbees, the T-shirts, the Tut beer mugs—I just regard those as kind of light, kind of kicky. I think of the show as sort of an ambassadorial sort of thing, don't you know. Sort of a good-will sort of thing. Did you see what Tom Hoving said in the *Times*?"

He picked up a clipping and began to read aloud. " 'People by the millions see the exhibition and they think, Well, Egypt really has some sort of incredible and great culture.' " The king paused. "And that's absolutely the story. Egypt really *has* some sort of incredible and great culture, and we want folks to know that."



We took our leave then, and he showed us to the door, pressing a ten-inch polyester-resin canopic jar into our hands as a parting gift. "A λittλ& som&Γhing Γo r&m&mb&r m& 6y," he said.

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New Uses

IT was too expensive to tear down the old torpedo factory on the Potomac in Alexandria, Virginia, because the walls were built to stay standing even if one of the torpedoes went off at the wrong time. What could be done with such a place? The building now provides studio space for a couple of hundred painters, printmakers, sculptors, photographers, jewellers, and stained-glass makers, and there's enough room left over for four galleries, which display the work of twelve hundred artists a year. Three hundred and fifty thousand people flock to the old eyesore every year now to peer, appraise, poke around, and buy. Was there any point in saving six old Quaker Oats mill buildings and an adjacent small forest of one-hundred-and-two-foot-high grain silos built long ago in Akron, Ohio, by Ferdinand Schumacher, the oatmeal king? What could be done with such a place? Well, if some of the old equipment was sold off, and some other interesting-looking stuff—say, the conveyor-belt gears and the man belts that moved mill hands from one floor to another—was left in place, and if everything was polished and scrubbed, and the old floors were varnished, and you put in some stained-glass windows from some old buildings in town that were going to be torn down anyway, then, just maybe, a few lawyers or small businesses would like to lease space on the top floor, and a housewares store and an ice-cream parlor and a leather worker and a scarf seller and a cookie baker could open up on the ground floor, and a restaurant might set up in the basement, where Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice used to be shot from guns. Done! Quaker Square now houses fifty businesses, including the world's largest model-train layout; four hundred locomotives pulling eleven hundred cars tootle over a mile of track, and there are real, life-size old dining cars on nearby sidings which can be rented for parties or conferences. Three and a half million people come to Quaker Square every year to shop and stroll; and, meanwhile, in nearby downtown Akron ninety per cent of the businesses that had closed their doors a few years ago when word got around that downtowns were a thing of the past have reopened, and an old bank that didn't reopen has become a jazz club. In Las Cruces, New Mexico, an old hotel that was once an adobe fortress, with walls three feet thick to keep out the Apaches, has become a bank. In Jersey City, an old bank has become an apartment house. In Mobile, Alabama, a general hospital has been turned into government offices, while in Brooklyn the old American Machine & Foundry Company buildings, on the waterfront near Bush Terminal, have been turned into the Lutheran Medical Center, a five-hundred-and-thirty-two-bed teaching hospital.

Two weeks ago, Phyllis Lambert, the woman who when she was just out of college persuaded her father to hire Mies van der Rohe to build the Seagram Building, came down to New York from Montreal, her native city, to talk to the chairman of our Landmarks Preservation Commission and the chairman of our Landmarks Conservancy and an official of our Municipal Art Society about getting started on her latest project, the preservation of old Montreal. The mayor of Kansas City called up the director of the Institute of Museum Services in Washington, a federal agency that gives museums money to help defray operating expenses, with a question: he wanted to turn his railroad station into a museum, but should he install an American Indian exhibit or a museum of science and technology? (Lee Kimche, the director, told him that she couldn't presume to say what Kansas City people would like but that museums of science and technology are now the fastest-growing and most popular in the country.) And last week four hundred and twenty-five architects, city planners, bureaucrats, bankers, businessmen, newspapermen, builders, developers, curators, artists, and professors, along with a member of Congress and our mayor, gathered at the Museum of the City of New York for a picnic lunch and a day-long symposium called "Buildings Reborn: New Uses, Old Places" to talk about a phenomenon that has ignited interest so quickly around the country that it doesn't yet have a single name—some call it renovation, others rehabilitation, or remodelling, or recycling, or retrofitting, or environmental retrieval, or extended use, or the adaptive reuse of old buildings. As architect talked to banker over cold lemon chicken and ratatouille and apricot mousse, as planner and builder shared giant gingerbread cookies fashioned in the beautiful old shape of the soon to be adaptively reused former Police Headquarters on Centre Street, a common theme of the conversations was that a meeting like this one would have been unimaginable a few years ago, when only a handful of people wanted to save old buildings, when only a gnat's weight of people were thinking not just about saving buildings but about putting them to sensible uses.

Jay Solomon, the head of the General Services Administration, and thus the rental agent of the federal government, which manages some two hundred million square feet of floor space in two thousand federally owned and seven thousand federally leased buildings, told Lew Rudin, the New York builder, that it was now definite that twenty-five million dollars would be included in the G.S.A.'s budget request for 1981 to remodel the Cass Gilbert Beaux-Arts United States Custom House so that federal workers could move back into it. Lew Rudin pinned a golden apple pin on Mr. Solomon's lapel. "Here I am, helping save downtown," Jay Solomon said, "and I'm a man who used to make a living building suburban shopping centers."

"It makes sense to reuse wherever we can," Gerald Turetsky, the G.S.A. regional head, said, and, turning to Barbaralee Diamonstein, the symposium chairperson and the author of the just published book "Buildings Reborn," he added, "Because it takes us from six to ten years to build a new federal building."

"How did you get interested in preservation?" a bearded young mayoral advance man asked Representative John Brademas, of Indiana, the majority whip, a Brasenose College, Oxford, graduate, and the keynote speaker of the day.

"Because it was drummed into me when I was little that there are things that need preserving," said Brademas. "My dad was from Greece and always told me I was an heir of Phidias and Praxiteles. And my mom's dad, a college history teacher and a school superintendent, had a library of five thousand history books in Swayzee, Indiana. In grade school, I read a book about the Mayas, and as a result I almost became an archeologist. When we obliterate the places of our past, we are insensitive to what we were and disdainful of what we still, in part, are."

And a young woman said, "This movement couldn't have happened at a better time. I keep thinking of swords and plowshares. We all know that the energy crisis is going to get worse, so why throw away the energy that went into building these old buildings in the first place? Making do—my grandmother used to talk about that. My boyfriend's an architect, and he says that taking someone else's building and scrunching it around to make it work another way is the most exciting problem in his business. The older architects in his firm don't agree—they still want to build their own buildings. My uncle says that we're in for a rollback of technology—that my grandchildren will ask me, 'What was air-conditioning like, Grandma?' My uncle says, 'People always said New York would be nice if they finished building it. I'm going to live to see it finished.' And he says he'll be able to walk down the street without the dread that when he turns the corner some old friend of a building will be gone. But I look at it slightly differently. There's a building near me that has been turned from a sweatshop into studios. It's a handsome enough old building on the outside, and now it's been spruced up with a new coat of paint, and that's fine. But the change is on the inside. They gutted the building completely, and where it was dark and cramped it's light and open and polished and gleaming. Whenever I change something in myself—well, sometimes I get a new coat or a new dress, and people say how nice I look, but they don't necessarily see that inside I've gone on to something else and I'm no longer the person I was.”

In Translation

TRANSLATION is an unobtrusive, delicately balanced art that requires a broad spectrum of linguistic skills, innate precision of thought, rigorous intellectual discipline, and regular infusions of cash. We decoded this message recently while attending a meeting sponsored by the Translation Center, an outfit, with headquarters in the Mathematics Building of Columbia University, that acts as a clearing house for publishers who want to find translators and for translators who want to find work. The purpose of the meeting, which was organized by the center's executive director, Dallas Galvin, was the presentation of the center's first gold medal to Willard Trask, a seventy-eight-year-old poet and scholar, who is the unofficial dean of contemporary translators-into-English. As Trask friends and colleagues assembled in a large, high-ceilinged room decorated in Academic Anonymous (beige walls, fake-wood-topped tables, black-plastic-upholstered chairs), we acquired a drink and a potato chip, and searched out William Weaver, a cherubic, gray-haired translator, who is the acting director of the center.

“Most of us started translating because we wanted to make some money or because we wanted to share with our friends some writing that we liked very much,” said Mr. Weaver, who translates novels and opera librettos from Italian into English. “But once you've done a translation that really works you come to realize that it can be an immense source of creative satisfaction. A good translation is the equivalent of a good picture frame. It must enhance the subject without dominating it. If the frame is *too* marvellous—if you are more aware of it than of the picture—then it is not accomplishing its purpose.”

Mr. Weaver introduced us to Robert Payne, a ruddy-faced, white-haired English writer and translator, who told us that he was currently writing a novel about China during the Second World War (“Five hundred pages and no end in sight”), and to Helen Wolff, an elegant woman in black, who, with her late husband, Kurt, had published a number of Mr. Trask's translations, and who recalled, “When Willard was working on the twelve volumes of Casanova's memoirs for us, I prayed *constantly* for four years that he wouldn't get sick.”

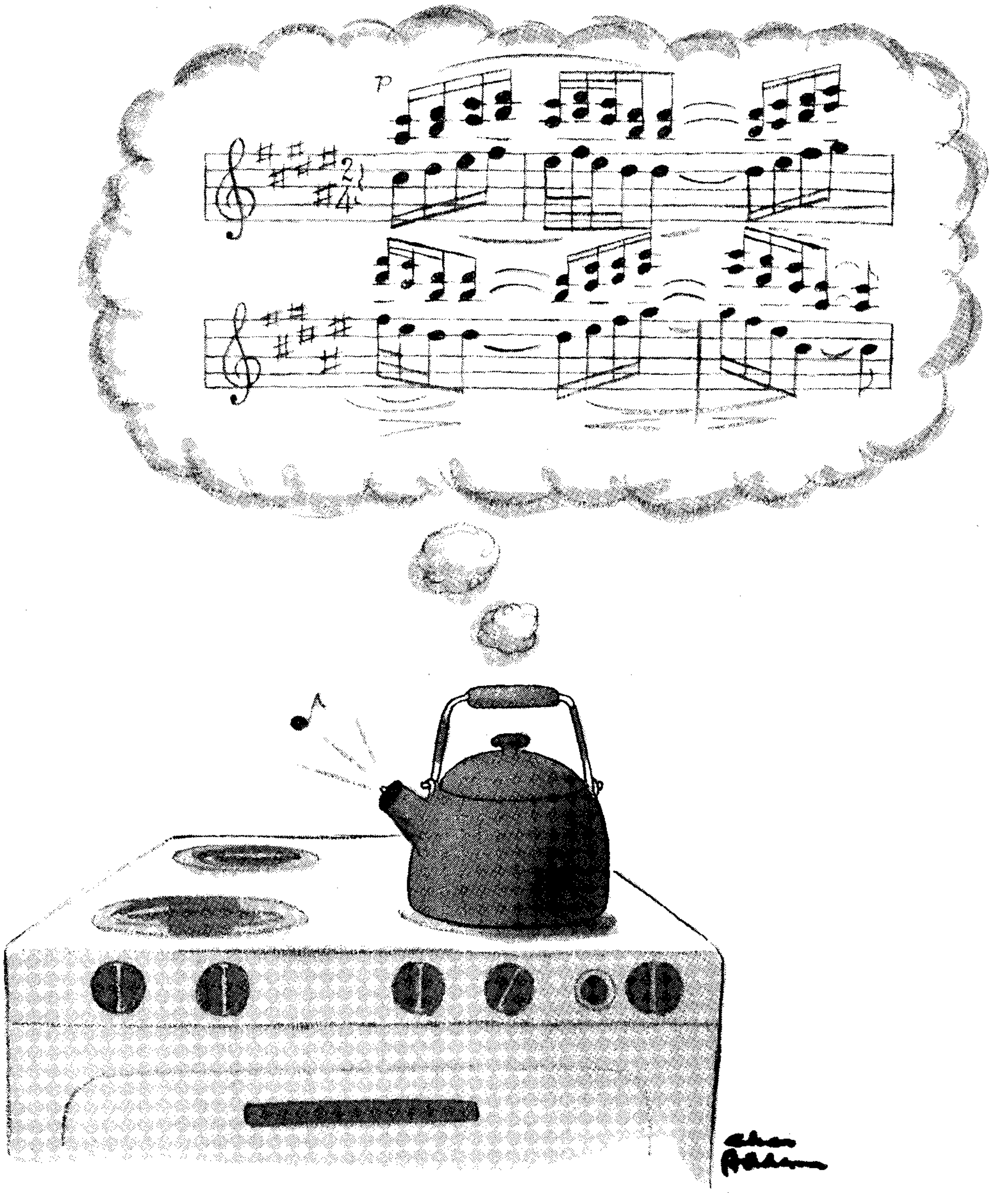
A few minutes later, when Mr. Trask, a slight, scholarly man with aquiline features and brown hair, appeared at a table next to the rostrum, the ceremony began. There were several speeches. Mr. Weaver said, “This evening is particularly gratifying to me as a translator, because I think this is the first gold medal ever given to anybody in our profession—unless St. Jerome got one.”

Muriel Rukeyser, the poet, praised Mr. Trask as a poet of translation. “He has given us the friends of new languages, and we thank him for it,” she said.

Mr. Payne, who is a member of the center's board, remarked that the translator is sometimes the mother of literature, sometimes the midwife, and sometimes the neglected stepchild. “Willard Trask is a master of an art that is stupendously difficult and studiously ignored,” he said.

Grace Schulman, the poetry editor of *The Nation*, spoke of Mr. Trask's extraordinary ability to capture the exact “voice” of a certain place and time in his translations.

Just after Mr. Trask received his medal, a startled expression crossed his face. Walking rapidly to the back of the room, he extracted an ancient copy of a magazine from an overcoat pocket, and then he returned to face the audience. “I'm extremely grateful for the medal, because translation is, unfortunately, a lonely and rather neglected profession,” he said, speaking precisely, in a soft, cultivated voice. “When I have taught the subject at various places and people ask what I do, I always say that I have not, and express not, any theories. Poetry for me is the supreme challenge for the translator, but I always feel very uneasy about translations into verse.” Opening his magazine, Mr. Trask added that he would express his thanks by reading two prose translations that he had published a number of years before—a sonnet by the fifteenth-century Italian poet Boiardo and a “girl's song” written by King Denis of Portugal. Of the lat-



"We knew you'd be safe, but we had no idea you'd be a plus!"

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ter, he said, "It's from the end of the thirteenth century. The freshness and simplicity of its language still speak to us across the gulf of the centuries."

A few days after the ceremony, we visited Mr. Trask and, having studied a list of fifty-odd major translations he has done, asked him to tell us something about the characteristics of the various languages he has worked with.

"German is the hardest to translate, because it can be written with less precision than any other language," Mr. Trask said. "French was the language of diplomacy—until the end of the nineteenth century—and its main characteristic was that you said what you meant in it. Classic French was pretty well frozen into position from Racine to Anatole France. Then, since no one wanted to go on being Anatole France forever, Marcel Proust chose to break away and write in a different style. Realizing that French could be changed only by an infusion from outside, Proust chose to imitate an English writer—John Ruskin. Spanish and Portuguese are particularly colorful and expressive nowadays, because they're changing rapidly. I think that the next great literature is probably going to come out of South America, because the influence of environment—climate, and the exposure to the remains of Indian cultures—has opened up both languages enormously. They are in a state of ferment comparable to that of English in the Elizabethan period. Classical Latin is, of course, clear and compressed. Most of my translations from Latin, however, have been from medieval Latin, which had lost some of its structural rigidity and had absorbed characteristics of the languages of various European peoples. Medieval Latin poets also had to accommodate themselves to Christian subject matter. No Roman poet ever wrote about humility, for God's sake."

We asked Mr. Trask about Galician-Portuguese, a little-known medieval language, which has been the source of his favorite translations.

"What is now the Spanish province of Galicia was in the Middle Ages a part of Portugal, and the language was Galician-Portuguese. This language was used for lyric poetry not only on its native heath but also by poets in other parts of the Iberian peninsula, such as Castile. The great bulk of the poetry in this language was, however, written in its native land. We have hundreds of love poems, a few hundred satires, and a genre especially loved and cultivated by the Galician-Portuguese poets—the 'girl's song.' About five hundred of these have come down to us, but, unfortunately, we have the music for only six of them."

We asked if medieval secular music had survived in other parts of Europe.

"The earliest secular song we have is a fragment from Guillaume de Poitiers, an eleventh-century Provençal poet," replied Mr. Trask. "But from the next generation there is quite a lot of German and French music; we have, for example, the tunes for two hundred and sixty Provençal songs. There is one great mystery about this period, however. Although we have the texts for several hundred Italian songs from the Middle Ages, not one piece of secular Italian *music* has survived. Dante, in 'The Inferno,' talks to a musician and says that the man sang him a *canzone*, so we know there *was* secular music in Italy, but we have no idea what a medieval Italian *canzone* sounded like."

"What is your next project?" we asked.

"I recently finished the first volume of Mircea Eliade's 'A History of Religious Ideas,' and I am about to embark on Volume Two, which has just been published in Paris," Mr. Trask replied. "Eliade is a Rumanian who teaches the history of religion at the University of Chicago. He writes in French, and I translate him into English. Volume One dealt with religious ideas from the Stone Age to the Eleusinian Mysteries. Volume Two picks up after the Mysteries and continues down to the triumph of Christianity—the fourth century A.D. Eliade and I work primarily by correspondence, although we do meet once in a while when we're both in New York. One of the nice things about being an established translator is that, with a few books and a typewriter, you can go north in the summer and south in the winter."

"How do you relax when you're deep in a difficult translation?" we asked.

"I watch birds," Mr. Trask replied, "and I translate Galician-Portuguese lyrics for my own pleasure. Translation is a humble profession that is full of unexpected rewards."

Bags

LUNCH (sandwiches, apples, and cheese and crackers) came in a paper bag. Wine (Écu Royal Blanc de Blanc) was drunk from plastic cups. People talked about paper and plastic and function and design. This was at a luncheon we attended one day last week, in a lower-level room of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, at Ninety-first Street and Fifth Avenue, that marked the opening of an exhibition called "The Shopping Bag: Portable Graphic Art," which will run through January 27th. To quote from a thirty-four-page catalogue that goes with the exhibition: "The shopping bag is closely associated with the pedestrian rather than the motorist. Thus, the most densely populated pedestrian areas of our cities, such as 'downtown' and shopping centers, often seem to be the site of a kinetic sidewalk exhibition of graphic design, one that embodies the drama and hustle-bustle of commerce. . . . Perhaps the most ebullient bags are those that are purely pictorial, and which emphasize a striking and fetching visual image, occasionally at the expense of a conventional verbal identification."

At our table, the conversation was striking, fetching, and sometimes unconventional. On our left was Augustus W. Bachman, Jr., vice-president of the Interstate Bag Division of the Champion International Corporation, in the upstate town of Walden. He was wearing a brown suède jacket, a blue shirt, a brown-and-blue tie, brown-and-blue plaid trousers, brown socks, and brown shoes, and he spoke warmly about paper shopping bags, telling us that their natural color is brown. "Only three companies in this country produce paper shopping bags, and ours is the largest in the world," he said. "Interstate turns out hundreds of millions of them a year, but I can't give you the exact figure, because we don't want the competition to have it. Shopping bags have been around a long time—the first one we made was by hand in 1906. In 1939, we patented the first machine for automatically attaching the handles to bags. The handles of shopping bags are made of the same paper the bags are made of, twisted. Shopping bags are so strong partly because the load is spread across a large expanse of paper. Many companies use an unbleached brown bag, but all sorts of other things are possible, what with clay coatings, polyethylene coatings, lamination, inserts, lids, and a variety of printing processes. I've been told of a study done some years ago in the New York area which showed that, on the average, a woman will reuse a shopping bag seven times, while a man will reuse a shopping bag only three times. No one is certain what this means."

At another table, a bearded young man rose. He was Richard Oliver, the museum's curator of contemporary architecture and design. "We're here to celebrate the opening of the shopping-bag exhibition," he said. "It's a very upbeat show. It also signals the formal beginnings of a sort of shopping-bag archive."

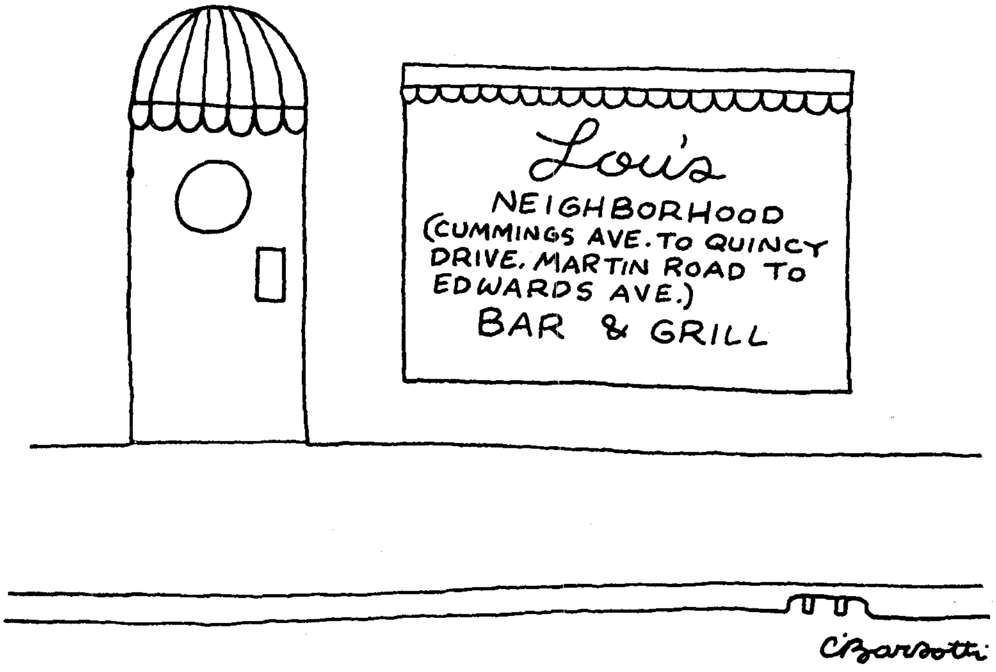
After lunch, we walked into an adjoining room and looked at bags. Most of them were paper, and some of them were splendid. Among our favorites: ACME SUPER SAVER (a many-colored paper extravaganza showing bread, ham, asparagus, and other viands); Neiman-Marcus Christmas 1978 (paper; a cat stealing a decorated Christmas tree in a red-blue-and-white frame); BOUDIN. SOUR DOUGH FRENCH BREAD (a heraldic design in red, yellow, and blue on white paper); Ginza Hakubotan (a floral design in tan on white coated paper); BERNIE'S (three multi-colored cowboys riding multicolored horses on tan-and-aqua coated paper); and Remember Your Teeth (a white paper bag showing a toothbrush with a knot in it in shiny black, put out by the British Dental Association Dental Health Campaign).

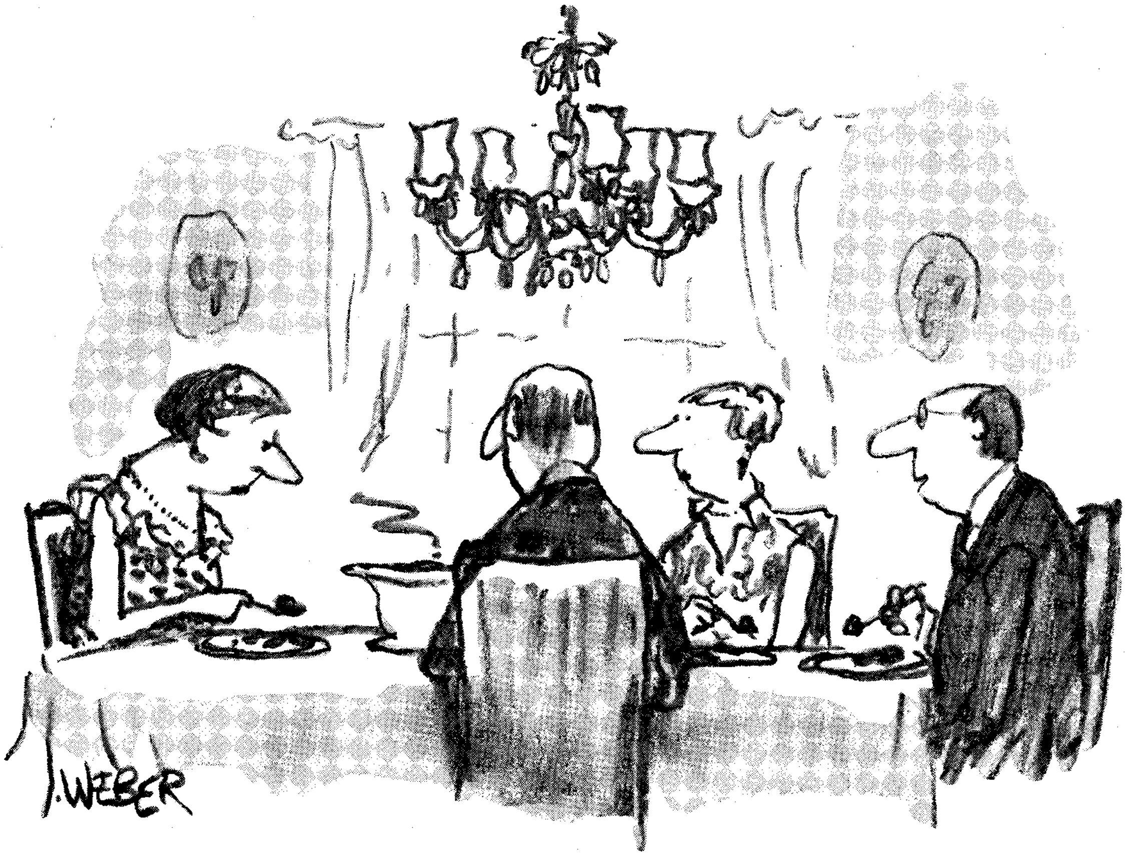
From the bags, we were whisked away to the cellar by Lisa Taylor, the museum's director. She told us that she wanted to show us the boilers and furnaces that had been used in the building when it was the home of Andrew Carnegie. (In 1972, the Carnegie Foundation gave this building and an adjacent one to the Smithsonian Institution, which in 1976 opened the Cooper-Hewitt as its only non-Washington branch.) Brass sparkled and black paint gleamed. The pumps looked striking. The boilers looked striking. The furnaces looked ebullient. There, in the depths of the old house, we found what we thought was the most fetching design of the day. It was exquisitely hand-engraved on a brass plate on a furnace door, and it read "60 4″ TUBES—16 FT. LONG—12 WIDE 5 HIGH—2-36 DRUMS—7/16 THICK—19-7 LONG—BRAND O.H. STEEL 56 000 LBS. BUILT TO CARRY 200 LBS. PRESSURE. 1053454—1900."

Good-Looking

AT The Players, on Gramercy Park, one night recently, a group of people assembled to honor Eubie Blake, the good-looking man of ninety-five who composed the music for "Shuffle Along" in 1921, for "Elsie" in 1923, for "The Chocolate Dandies" in 1924, for "Blackbirds of 1930," and for "Shuffle Along of 1933," and who is currently represented on Broadway by a show that is called simply "Eubie!" Mr. Blake, who is calm in the face of all festivities, was dressed in a handsome blue suit. He sat, for the first part of the evening, at a table. He sat in a particular way. There was no attempt to preside. There was no attempt not to preside. He sat with that air of wicked assurance which is the prerogative of people who have been good-looking all their lives. "People ask me—I've got to be honest, it's mostly white people—people ask me, 'Do you read music?' " Mr. Blake said. "I've been reading music since I was six. I tell them I've been reading music since I was six. 'Do you read music?' Now, why do you suppose they ask that?"

The festivities involved the release of a record—the original-cast recording of "Eubie!" Members of the cast of "Eubie!" were there, and people from


Lou's
NEIGHBORHOOD
(CUMMINGS AVE. TO QUINCY DRIVE, MARTIN ROAD TO EDWARDS AVE.)
BAR & GRILL



"It's not a disaster, dear. Everybody who thinks it's not a disaster say 'Aye.'"

Warner Brothers Records, which is releasing the album. Jerry Wexler, the distinguished producer who last year supervised the music of the film "Pretty Baby," also supervised the production of the "Eubie!" record, and he was there. "Howard Singer, who is a lawyer, a very persuasive lawyer, kept calling me," Mr. Wexler said. "I was in the Hamptons. I flew down to see the show in Philadelphia when it was there. I took a little one-lunger from the Islip airport, and I signed it up."

Cynthia Laverty, who sings in cabarets, was there. Someone asked her what it was like to sing in cabarets. "It's a jungle out there, take it from me," she said.

The party was held in the Howard Lindsay Room of The Players, which is a fine old room with a stage. After a while, Mr. Blake went up on the stage. "I wrote the score for 'Shuffle Along,'" he said. "I wrote the score for 'Chocolate Dandies.' These were *Broadway* shows, by the way. Then there was a white show. 'Elsie' was a white show. My partner Noble Sissle and I were the first Negroes to get a white show. I'm proud of that, too. I should be, the trouble we had getting it. Before those shows, I had been with James Reese Europe and his Society Orchestra. You people don't know him, because he was assassinated. He was a big enough man for me to use that word. He played in all the millionaires' homes. 'Shuffle Along' was a big success. Now, Irving Berlin had a show called 'Watch Your Step.' He had twenty-two songs and twenty-two hits. Now, some of those songs were *stage* hits. Sometimes *stage* hits don't sell. He had twenty-two songs and twenty-two hits. I had twenty-two songs and twenty-one hits. I used to tell people I only wrote three songs for 'Shuffle Along.' That's because I had been writing songs all along. I sent them out, but the people on Broadway said they were no good. I took all the numbers that Broadway said were no good and I put them in 'Shuffle Along.' My fourth show was Lew Leslie's 'Blackbirds of 1930.' I wrote that with Andy Razaf. He was one of the greatest lyricists. I don't mean to take away from my partner Noble Sissle. But I class Andy Razaf with Larry Hart and several other fellows I know. So 'Eubie!' is the fifth show, and people ask 'Are you excited?' and I say, 'No. It's my fifth show. I can't be excited five times.'" Then Mr. Blake sat down at the piano and played "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and some of his other songs, with some of the cast members singing along.

Robert Kimball was there. Mr. Kimball is the author, with William Bolcom, of the book "Reminiscing with Sissle and Blake." "There are more than five shows, of course," he told us. "He's skipping over a couple. And he got the order a little wrong. 'Elsie,' the white show, was done in 1923, before 'Chocolate Dandies.' 'Shuffle Along,' by the way, was not a revue. That myth keeps on being perpetuated. It was a book musical. The plot has to do with an election. Two crooks are running for mayor. And then there is a reformer called Harry, who finally wins the election. In 1948, the Metropolitan Police Band in Washington was looking for a song to play for Harry Truman when he returned from his first whistle-stop tour, and they played 'I'm Just Wild About Harry,' and that is how the song came to be associated with him."

Mr. Blake came down from the stage. "They had me play those tunes in keys I never played in," he said. "They had me playing in the key of C. I never played those tunes in the key of C before. That's all right. I played in cabarets all my life. In cabarets, you have to know how to play in every key."

"What did he say about cabarets?" Cynthia Laverty asked.

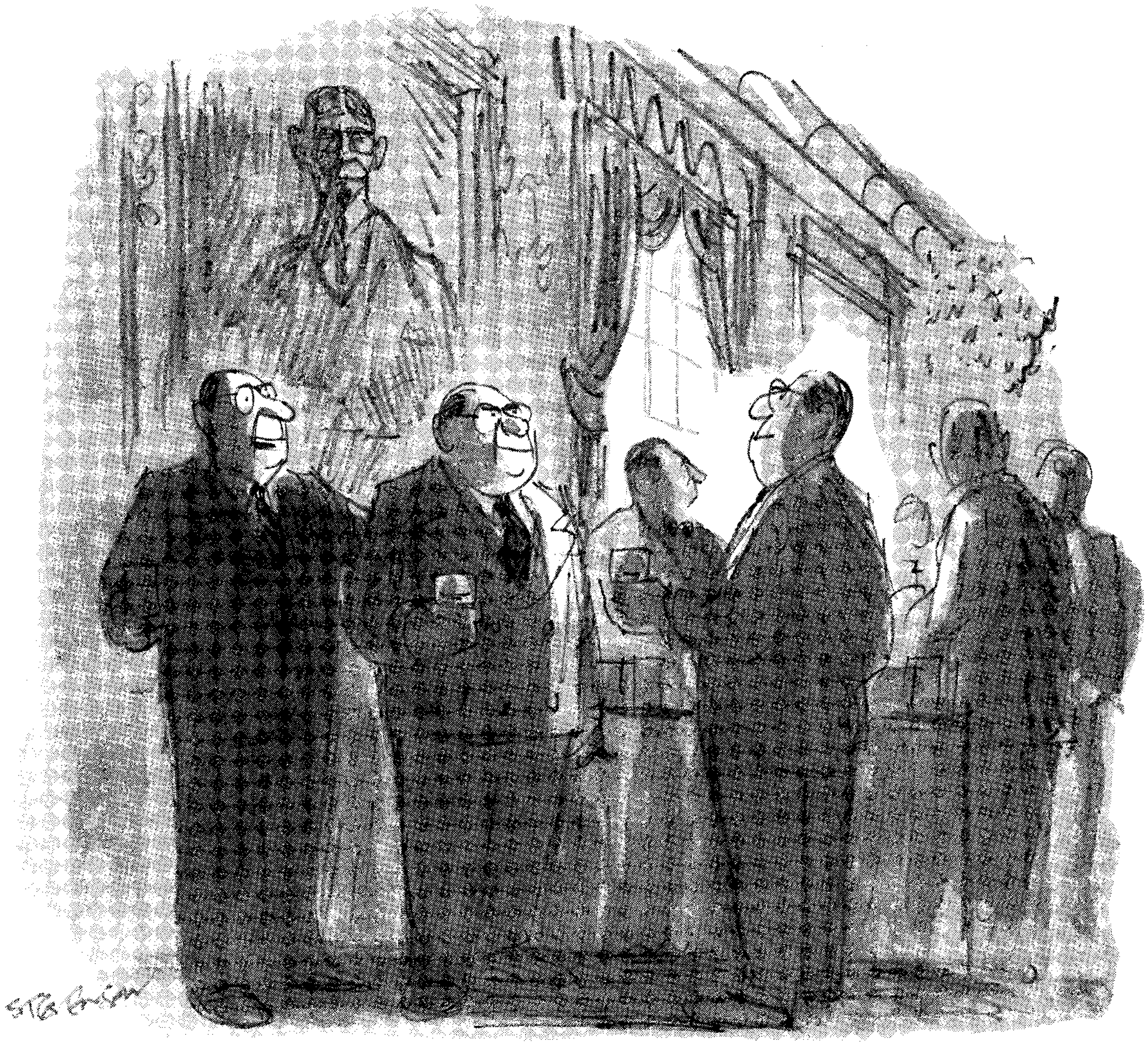
"He said you have to play in every key," a man said.

Then Mr. Blake took his seat at his table again. People sat around him. He talked about musicians of important ability from the first years of his career. He talked about the late William Grant Still, the black classical composer. "Who do you think wrote *this*?" Mr. Blake said, and then he hummed the first bars of a song by Irving Berlin. "*That* was Still," Mr. Blake said. "Don't get it wrong. Irving Berlin didn't have to steal from anybody. But Still was playing this all the time and it just stuck in Izzy's head. It stuck in *my* head. Get it right. Izzy Berlin didn't have to steal from anybody. But it stuck in his head because he heard it all the time. *I* heard it all the time. Get it right, because I put Izzy Berlin ahead of everyone. You call him Irving, but I call him Izzy. I put him ahead of everyone."

HOW I DID IT

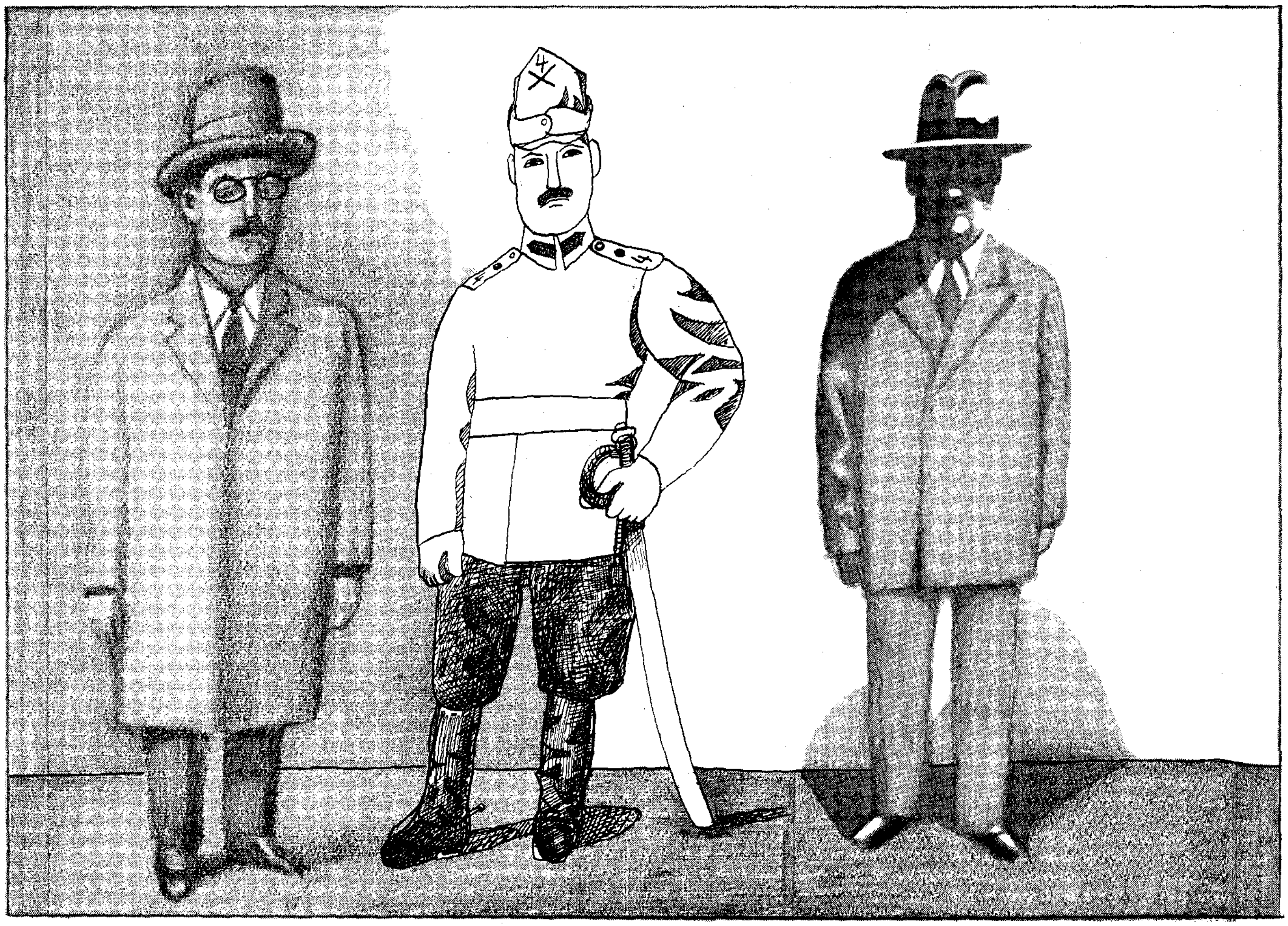
I KNEW first that you have to have faith you're going to get the cards when you aren't getting the cards, and second that when you do get the cards you have to *bet it up*. Plus I figured it works for him, it'll work for you, so I just went out and copied him, got the exact same technique, the exact same timing—everything. I practically traced him. This wouldn't have worked any other day, either, wouldn't have worked any other time, but you know the way the road gets kind of wide there by Herrick Park where they made the turnaround for the road-grading equipment—well, I figured that at this time of day, with the tide being twenty minutes later on the Gulf side, there would still be just enough water to float us over but not enough for those big federal boats, and with the sun just hitting the horizon they're going to have the light right in their eyes when we go over. They had signals that they shouted, and suddenly I realized after I'd heard it for the fourth time that they were calling an audible, where Bev and Marsha aren't both going to be able to ride home with Roy and you remember how much Marsha has always wanted to go to the Tennessee Tap but Roy would never let her, so I said, "I've got to stop to the Tap for a minute but then I'll run you on home," and of course she bit. Another thing that didn't hurt at all was the fact that a lot of these people came from really poor backgrounds and didn't have even one-tenth the advantages I had—their mothers feeding them Nugrape instead of formula and vitamins and not knowing anything about nutrition probably knocked their college-board scores down a hundred points right there. So that made it easy—all I had to do was copy it all down on my ankle and then razor the pages out of every book in the library. It was beautiful. It was really beautiful. I noticed that the birds always seemed to go up right after we'd broken our guns to climb a fence, so when we got to a part of the field where it looked good I broke my gun without ejecting the shell and then closed it quietly and stood there ready, and sure enough after about fifteen seconds I'm positive she's going to walk away without saying anything but then she turns to me and looks at me for a long time and then she hands me a paper plate with her telephone number written on it. Luckily, when I took my license out of my breast pocket the highway patrolman wasn't looking and I was able to palm the cannister and instead of trying to chuck it away I just held it in my hand and although they searched everywhere I knew the man was a new man and he still wasn't comfortable acting so hard and letting his position keep him from everybody else so I offered him a piece of chewing gum and we got to talking and suddenly I realized that their entire left flank was up in the air! It wasn't up against a mountain or river or anything and there was no cavalry to protect it so I went out and bought an entire new suit and a new pair of shoes and got a fake I.D. made up and then all I needed was an official insignia for the I.D. and then it came to me: a model-car kit would have decals in it about the right size so I bought one and it fit perfectly and as I was standing there I said to myself, "Oh God, they know I'm lying, they know I'm a fake," and then the lady comes up to me and says, "Your table is ready now, Mr. Selznick," and I felt so great. The grayout from the force of the Gs began to fade and my vision returned and I saw maybe four thousand feet below me two of the A-37 strike force that had come out with us barrelling along back to the base with their afterburners going and then it hit me—*A-37s don't have afterburners!* And that's when I realized that they were MIGs, so I walked over to them and said, "Miss—or Mrs., as the case may be—would you care to dance with me?" and that was when I knew that I totally had them.

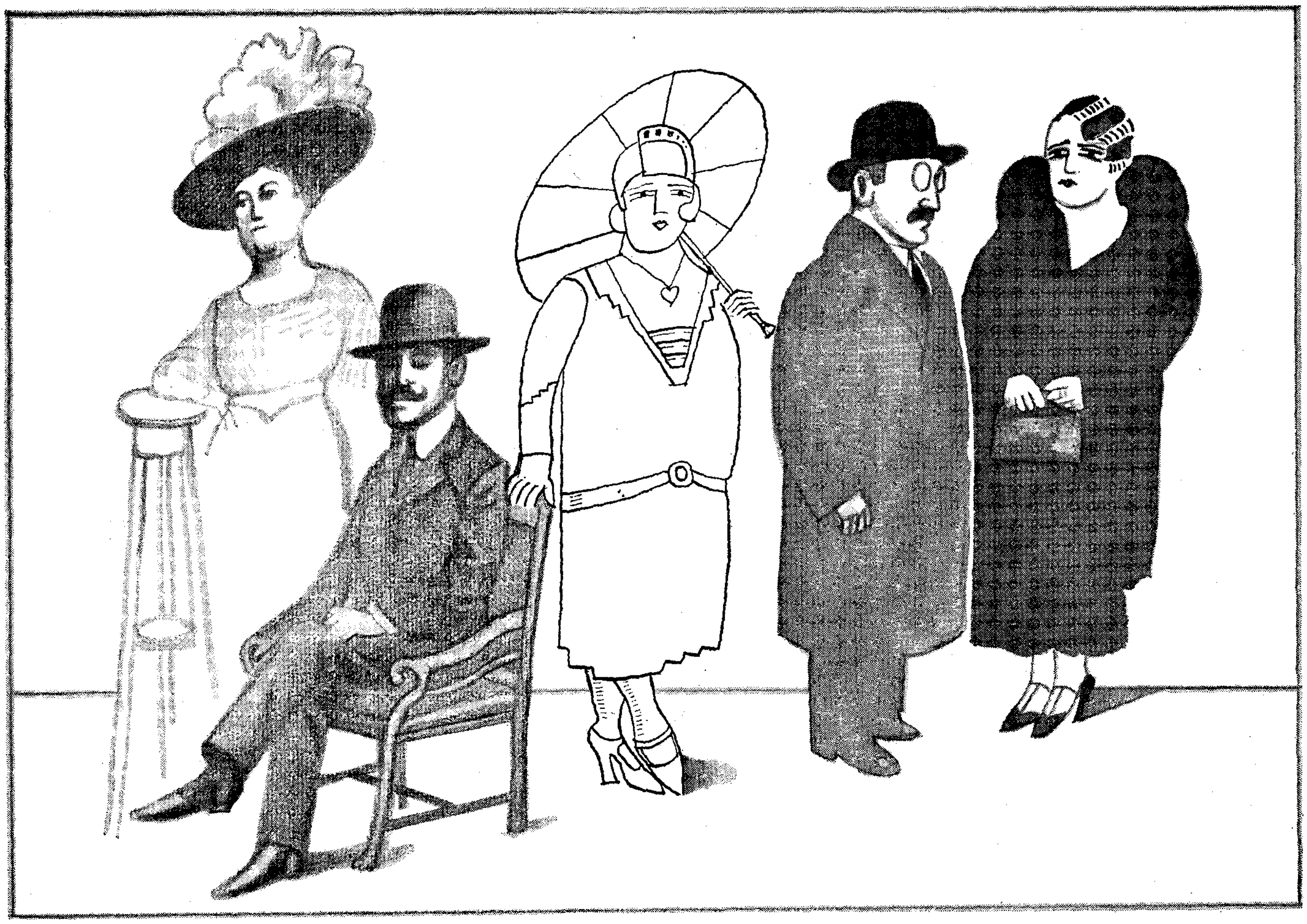
—IAN A. FRAZIER

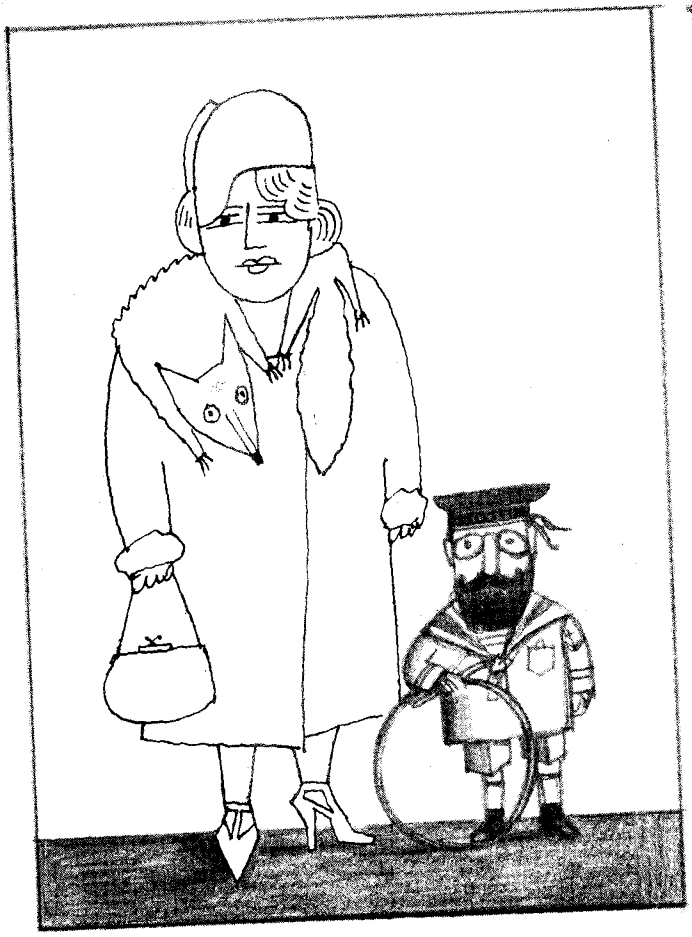


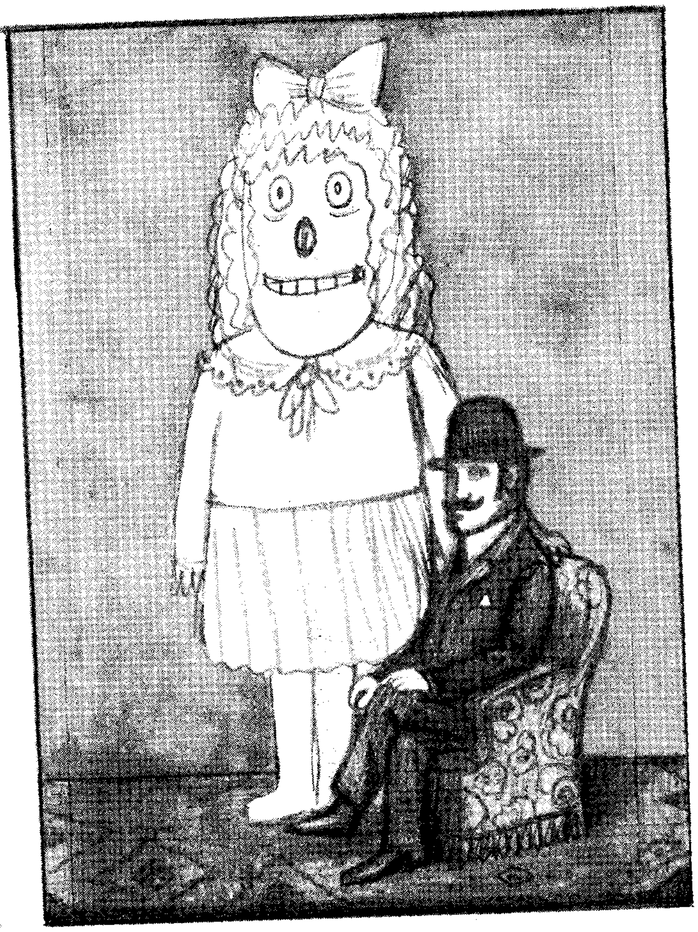
"Carl here leapfrogged eight V.P.s at Allied."

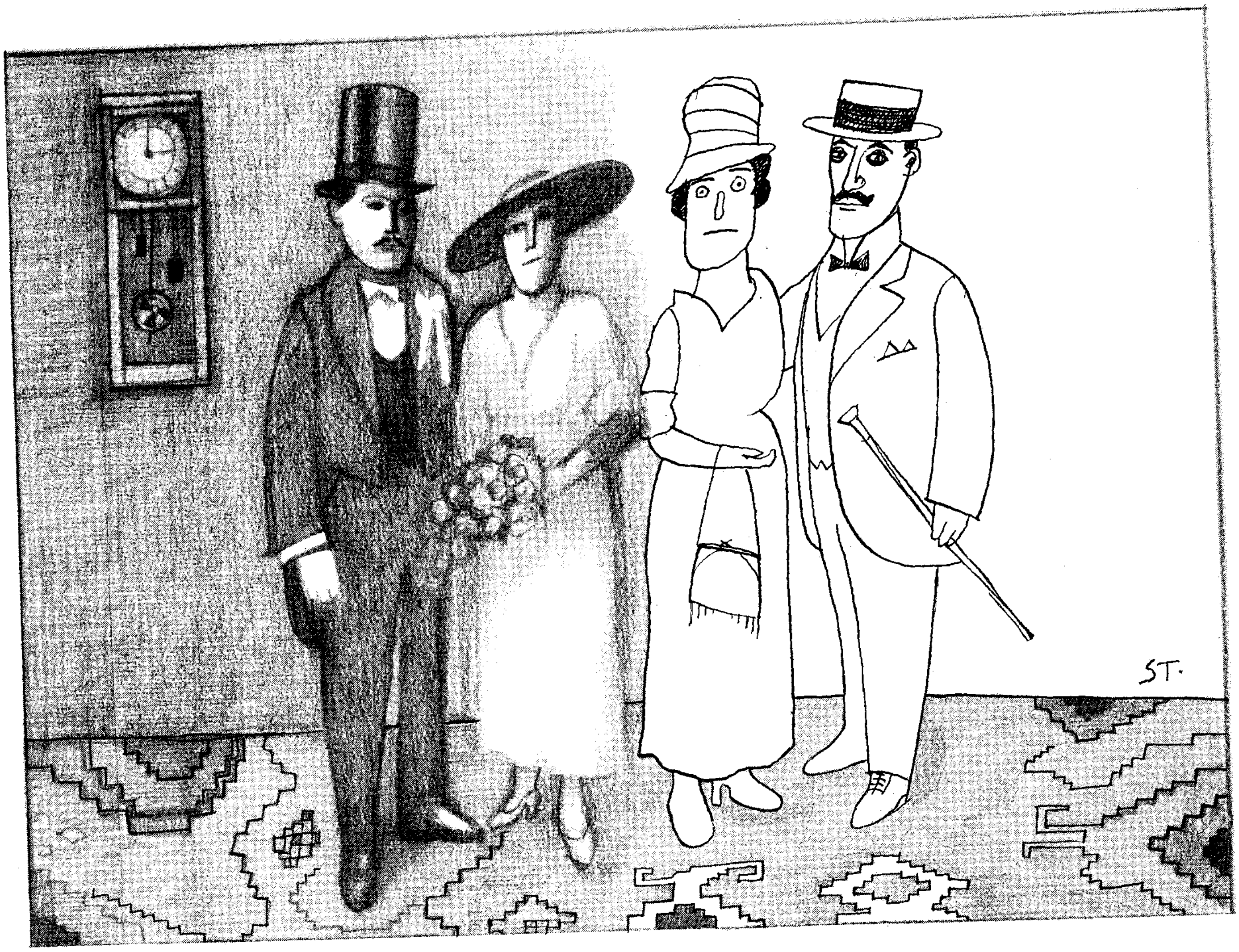
UNCLES










ST.

FAR AWAY IN AUSTRALIA

I LOVED my mother, but nevertheless I was glad when the time came to go to her mother's house each summer. It was a little house in the mountains and it commanded a fine view of the valley and the great lake below. From the front door, aided by a pair of very old binoculars, one could see the Lough Derg studded with various islands. On a summer's day, I would be put standing on a kitchen chair while someone held the binoculars, and sometimes I marvelled, though I could not see at all, as the lenses had not been focussed properly. The sunshine made everything better and, though we were not down by the lake, we imagined dipping our feet in it or seeing people in boats fishing and then stopping to have a picnic. We imagined lake water lapping.

I felt safe in that house. It was different from our house, not so imposing, a cottage really, with no indoor water and no water closet. We went to the well for buckets of water, and there was a different well each summer. These were a source of miracle to me, these deep cold wells, sunk into the ground in the kitchen garden or the paddock or even a long distance away—wells that had been divined since I was last there. Nearby there was always a tin scoop so that one could fill the bucket to the very brim. Then, of course, the full bucket was an occasion of trepidation, because one was not supposed to spill. I often brought the bucket to the very threshold of the kitchen and then, out of excitement or clumsiness, water would get splashed onto the concrete floor and there would be admonishments, but they were not like the admonishments in our own house; it was not momentous.

My grandfather was old and thin and hoary when I first saw him. He was the color of a clay pipe. After market day, he would come home drunk in the pony-and-trap, and as soon as he stepped out of the trap he would stagger and fall, into a drain or whatever. Then he would roar for help, and his grandson—my cousin Joe, who was in his twenties—would pick him up, or, rather, drag him along the ground and through the house, up the stairs to his feather bed, where he moaned and groaned.

The bedroom was above the kitchen and in the night we would be below, around the fire, eating warm soda bread and drinking cocoa. There was nothing like it. The fresh bread would only be an hour out of the pot, cut in thick pieces and dolloped with butter and greengage jam. The greengage jam was an Easter present from the postmistress, who gave it in return for the grazing of a bullock. She gave marmalade at Christmastime and a barmbrack at Halloween.

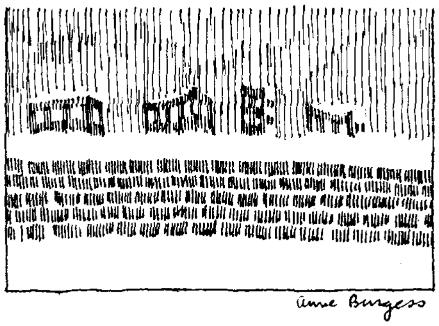
My grandfather moaned upstairs, but no one was frightened of him, not even his own wife, who chewed and chewed and said, "Bad cess to them that give him the drink." She meant the publicans. She was a minute woman with a minute face, and her thin hair was pinned up tightly. Her little face, though old, was like a bud, and when she was young she had been beautiful. There was a photo of her to prove it.

SITTING with them at night, I thought that maybe I would not go home at all. Maybe I would never again lie in bed next to my mother, the two of us shivering with expectancy and with terror. Maybe I would forsake my mother.

"Maybe you'll stay here," my aunt would say, as if she had guessed my thoughts.

"I couldn't do that," I would say, not knowing why I declined, because indeed the place had definite advantages. I stayed up as late as they did. I ate soda bread and jam to my heart's content; I rambled around the fields all day, admiring sally trees, elder bushes, and the fluttering flowers; I played "shop" to my heart's content; or I played "teaching" in the little dark plantation, where no one interfered or told me to stop doing it.

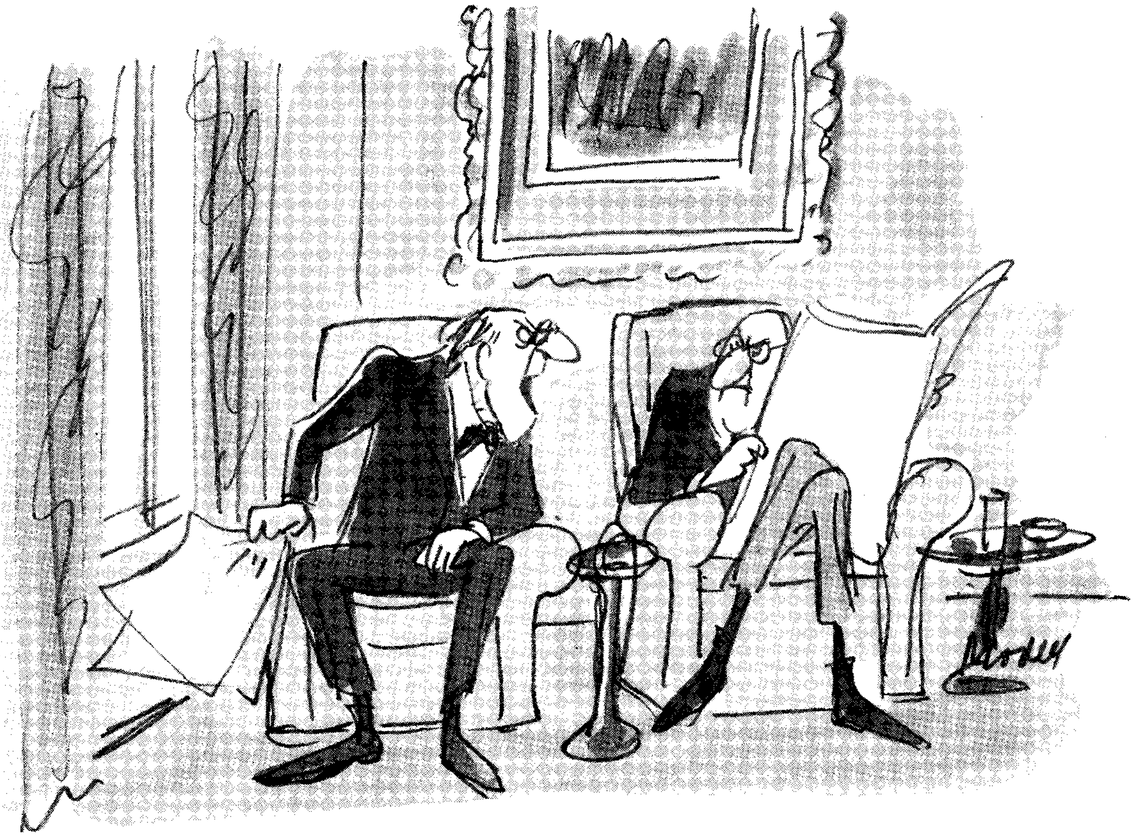
The plantation was where I played secrets and yet knew the grownups were within shouting distance if a stranger or a tinker should surprise me there. It was pitch dark and full of young fir trees. The ground was a carpet of bronzed fallen fir needles. I would kneel on them for punishment, after the playing. Then, when that ritual was done, I would go into the flower garden, which was a mass of begonias and lupines. Each bed had its own color, as my aunt had planned it that way. I can see them now—those bright reds, like lipsticks, and those yellows, like the cloth of a summer dress, and those pale blues, like old people's eyes—with the bees and the wasps luxuriating in each petal and each little bell or flute, and the warmth of the place, and the drone of the bees, and my eyes lighting on tea towels and flannel drawers spread out on the hedge to dry.



The sun garden they called it. My aunt got the seeds and just sprinkled them around and these various and marvellous blooms sprang up. They even had tulips, whereas at home we had one diseased rambling rose on a silvered arch and two clumps of devil's pokers. Our garden was sad and windy. The wind had made holes and indentations in the hedges, and the dogs had made further holes where they slept and burrowed. Our house was larger and there was better linoleum on the floor; there were brass rods on the stairs and a flush lavatory. But it did not have the same cheeriness; it was full of doom.

Still, I knew that I would not stay at my grandmother's forever. I knew it for certain when I got into bed and then desperately missed my mother—missed the little whispering we did and the chocolate we ate and the smell of our bedclothes. Theirs were gray flannel and tickled the skin, as did the loose feathers with the pointed ends. There was a gaudy red quilt, which I thought would come to life and turn into a sinister Santa Claus. But then they had told me that there was no Santa Claus. My aunt told me; she insisted. There was my aunt and her two sons, Donal and Joe, and my grandmother and grandfather. Donal had gone away to England, to be near a girl. My aunt and Joe would tease me each night, say that there was no Santa Claus, until I got up and stamped the floor and in contradicting them welled up with tears, and at last, when I was on the point of breaking down, they would concede that there was. I was eight at the time and still believed in him.

Then one night they went too far. My aunt and Joe said that my mother was not my real mother. My real mother, they said, was in Australia: I was adopted. I would not be told that word. I began to hit the wall and screech, and the more they insisted the more obstreperous I became. My aunt went into the parlor, in search of a



"Don't give me that. I wasn't born yesterday, you know."

box of snaps she said had a photo of my real mother, and came out triumphant at having found it. Laughing, she showed me a postcard with a photo of a woman in knickerbockers with a big floppy hat. I would have thrown it in the fire, so violent was I. My aunt and Joe watched for each new moment of panic and furious disbelief; then they got the wind up when they saw I was getting out of control. I was getting convulsions.

I began to shake like the lightning conductor on the chapel chimney and my teeth chattered; before long, I was just this shaking creature, unable to let out any sound and seeing the room in a whirl. I felt their alarm almost as I felt my own. My aunt took hold of my wrist, to feel my pulse, and my grandmother held a spoonful of iron tonic to my lips, but I spilled it. The tonic was called Parishes Food and was the color of cooked beetroot. My eyes were roaming. My aunt put a big towel around me, sat me on her knee, and, as the terror lessened, my tears began to flow and I cried so much that they thought I would choke from the tears going back down my throat. My aunt said I must never tell anyone and I must never tell my mother.

"She *is* my mother," I said, and they all said, "Yes, darling."

That night, I fell out of bed twice and my aunt had to put chairs around it to keep me in. I always slept in her room, and often at night I would hear her crying for her dead husband and begging to be reunited with him in heaven. She used to talk to him and say, "Is that you, Michael, is that you?" I would hear her body striking against the headboard, or her heavy movements when she got up to relieve herself. In the daytime we used the fields, but at night we did not go out, for fear of ghosts. There was a gutter in the back kitchen that served as a channel, and twice a week she put disinfectant in it. The crux of the problem in the daytime was finding a private place and not being found or spied on. It entailed much walking and then much scouting, so as not to be seen.

THE morning after the fright, they pampered me, scrambled me an egg and sprinkled nutmeg over it. It was heaven. Then along with these dainties my aunt announced a surprise. Our workman at home had sent word by the mail-car man that he was coming to see me on the Sunday, and the postman had delivered the message. Oh, what a glut of happiness. Our workman was called Carnera and I loved him dearly. I loved his rotting teeth, his curly hair, his strong hands, and his big stomach, which people referred to as his corporation. He was nicknamed Carnera after a boxer. I knew that when he came he would have bars of chocolate and maybe a letter or a silk hankie from my mother, and that he would lift me up in his arms and swing me around and say, "Sugarbush."

How many hours were there until Sunday, I asked. Yet that day, which was a Friday, did not pass without event. We had a visitor—a man. I will never know why, but my grandfather called him Tim, whereas his real name was Pat. But my grandfather was not to be told that. Tim, it seems, had died and my grandfather was not to know, because if any of the locals died, it brought his own death to his mind and he dreaded death strenuously, as did all the people in our family. Death was a journey that you made alone, unbefriended, once you had snuffed it.

When my aunt's husband had died—in fact, had been shot by the Black and Tans—my aunt had to conceal the death from her own parents, so irrational were they about the subject. She had to stay up at home the evening her husband's remains were brought to the chapel, and when the chapel bell rang out intermittently, as it does for a death, and they asked who it was, again and again, my poor aunt had to conceal her own grief, be silent about her own tragedy, and pretend that she did not know. Next day, she went to the funeral with the excuse that it was some forester whom her husband knew. Her husband was supposed to be transferred to a barracks a long way off, and, meanwhile, she was going to bring her infant sons and live with her parents until her husband found them accommodations. She invented a name for the district where her husband was supposed to be—it was in the North of Ireland—and she invented letters that she had received from him and news of the Troubles up there.

Eventually she told them, and I expect they collapsed and broke down. The man who brought these imaginary letters would have been Tim, since he had been the postman, and it was of his death my grandfather must not be told. So there on the porch, in a worn suit, was a man called Pat answering to the name of Tim, and providing the news that a Tim would have, such as how his family was, and what crops he had put in, and what cattle fairs he had been to. I thought that it was peculiar that he could answer for another, but I expect that everyone's news was identical.

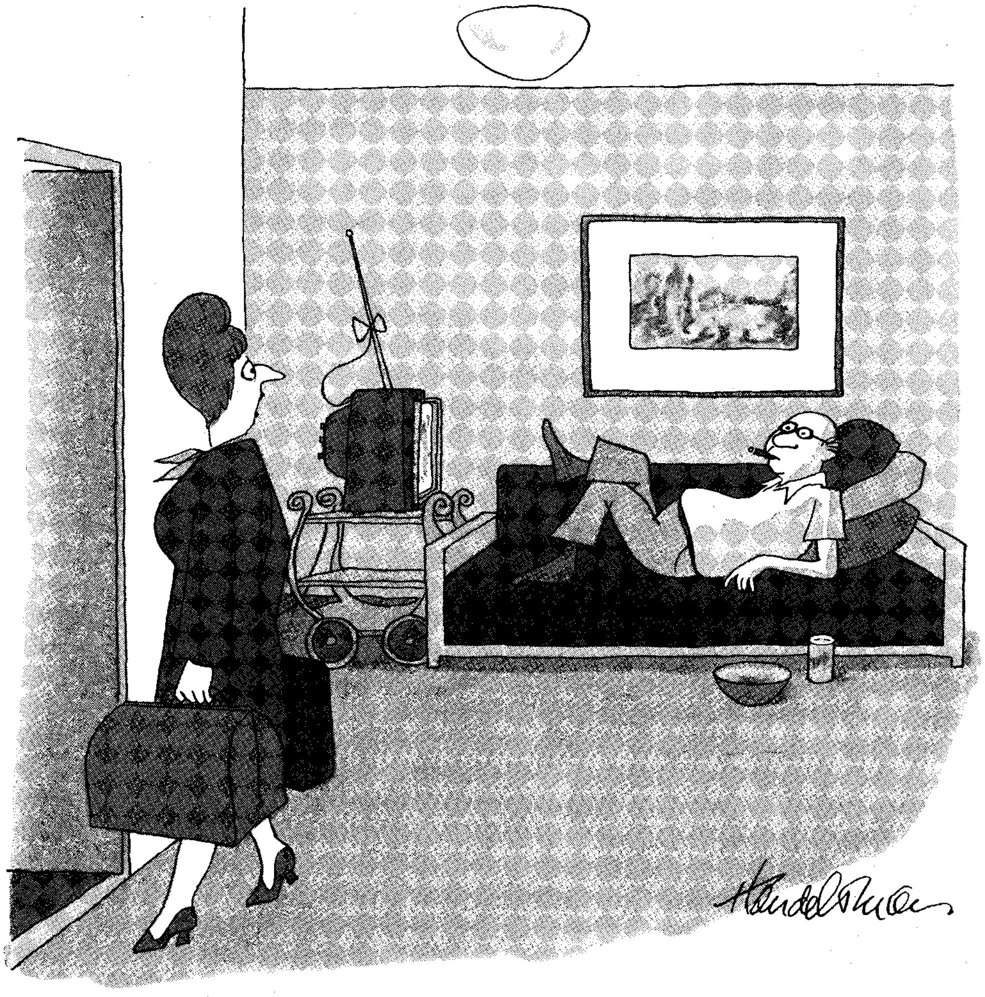
Sunday, after Mass, I was down by the little green gate skipping and waiting for Carnera. It often happens the expected one arrives just when we look away. The cuckoo called, and, though I knew I would not see her, I looked in a tree where there was a shambling bird's nest and at that moment heard Carnera's whistle. I ran down the road and at once he hefted me up onto the crossbar of his bicycle.

"Oh, Carnera," I cried and there was both joy and sadness in the reunion. He brought me a bag of tinned sweets and the most beautiful present. As we got off the bicycle, near the little gate, he put it on me. It was a toy watch. It was the most beautiful red and each bit of the bracelet was the shape and color of a raspberry. It had hands, and though they did not move, that did not matter. One could pull the bracelet part by its elastic thread and cause it to snap in or out. The hands were black and frail, like eyelashes. He would not say where he had got it. I had only one craving—to stay down there by the gate with him and admire the watch and talk about home news. I could not talk to him in front of them, because a child was not supposed to talk or have any wants. He was puffing from having cycled uphill and began to open his tie; taking it off, he said, "This bloody thing." I wondered who he had put it on for. He was in his Sunday suit and had a fishing feather in his hat.

Oh, Carnera, turn the bike around and take me home with you: such were my unuttered and unutterable hopes. Later, my grandfather teased me and said was it in his backside I saw Carnera's looks and I said no, in every particle of him.

That night, as we were kneeling saying the Rosary, my grandfather let out a shout, fell forward, knocking over the wooden chair and hitting himself on the rungs of it, then hitting the cement of the floor. He died delirious. He died calling on his Maker. It was ghastly. Joe was out and only my grandmother and aunt were there to assist. They picked him up. His skin was purple, the exact color of my tonic, and his eyes rolled so that they were seeing every bit of the room, from the ceiling to the whitewashed wall to the cement floor to the settle bed to the cans of milk. He bucked like an animal and then let out a most beseeching howl, and that was it.

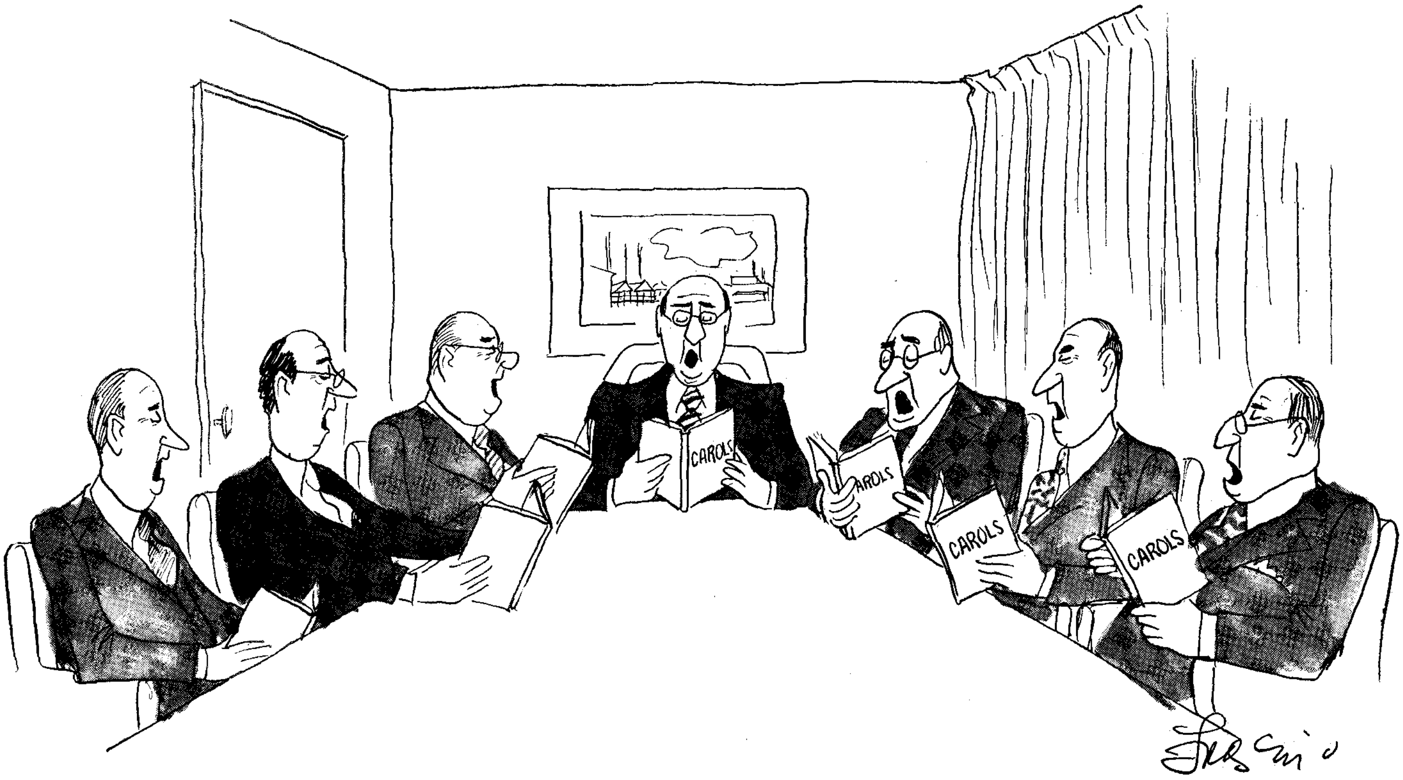
At that moment, my aunt remembered I was there, and told me to go into the parlor and wait. It was worse in there, pitch dark, and I in a place where I did not know my footing or my way around. I'd only been in there once, to fetch a teapot and sugar tongs when the visitor, Tim, came. Had it been in our own house, I would have known what to cling to—the back of a chair, the tassel of a blind, the girth of a plaster statue—but in there I held on to nothing and thought how the thing he dreaded had come to pass.



"It's no use, Marvin. We tried tenderness and we tried Valium and you're still impossible."

"MAY he rest in peace, may the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace." It was that for two days, along with litanies, mourners smoking clay pipes, plates of cake being passed around and glasses filled. My mother and father were there, among the mourners. I was praised for growing, as if it was something I myself had caused to happen. My mother looked older in black, and I wished she had worn a georgette scarf—something to give her a bit of brightness around the throat. She did not like it when I said that, and sent me off to say the confiteor and three Hail Marys.

Her eyes were dry. She did not love her own father. Neither did I. Her sister and she would go down into the far room and discuss whether to bring out another bottle of whiskey or another porter cake, or whether it was time to offer the jelly. They were reluctant. The reason being that some provisions had to be held over for the next day, when the special mourners would come up after the funeral. That night, half the parish was there. My grandfather was laid out upstairs, in a brown habit. He had stubble on his chin and looked like a frosted plank lying there, gray-white and inanimate. As soon as they had paid their respects, the people hurried down to the kitchen and the parlor, for the eats and the chat. No one



"And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing . . ."

• •

wanted to be with the dead man, not even his wife, who had gone a bit funny and was asking my aunt annoying questions about the food and the fire and how many priests were going to serve at the High Mass.

"Leave that to us," my mother would say, and then my grandmother would retell the world what a palace my mother's house was, how it was the nicest house in the countryside, and my mother would say, "Sh-h-h," as if she were being disgraced. My father said, "Well, Missy," to me twice, and a strange man gave me sixpence. It was a very thin old sixpence and I thought it would disappear. I called him Father, out of reverence, because he looked like a priest, but he was in fact a boatman.

The burial was on an island in the Shannon. Most of the people stayed on the quay, but we, the family, piled into two rowboats and followed the boat that carried the coffin. It was a jolting ride, with big, dark waves coming in over us and our feet and shoes getting drenched. The island itself was full of cows. Our sudden arrival made them bawl and race about, and I thought it was quite improper to see that happening while the remains were being lowered and buried. The island was totally desolate, and, though my aunt sniffled a bit and my grandmother let out ejaculations, there was no real grief and that was the saddest thing.

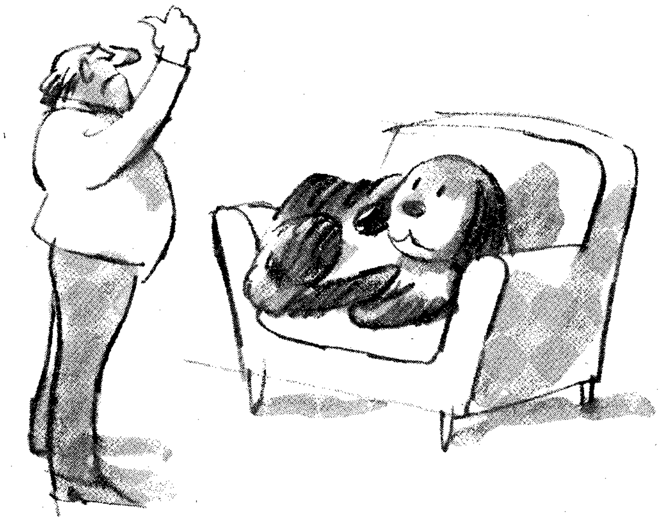
Next day, they burned his working clothes and threw his muddy boots onto the manure heap. Then my aunt sewed black diamonds of cloth on her clothes, on my grandmother's, and on Joe's. She wrote a long letter to her son in England and enclosed black diamonds of cloth for him to stitch onto his effects. He worked in Liverpool, in a motorcar factory. Whenever they said "Liverpool," I thought of a whole mound of bloodied liver, but then I would look down at my watch and be happy again and pretend to tell the time.

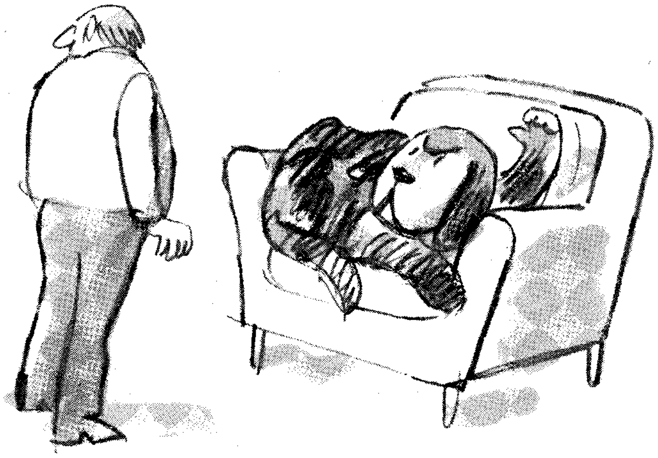
The house was gloomy. I went off with Joe, who was mowing hay, and sat with him on the mowing machine and fell slightly in love. Indoors was dismal, what with my grandmother sighing and recalling old times, such as when her husband tried to kill her with a carving knife, until she would snivel and miss him and say, "The poor old creature." My aunt was sullen, too, and asked where would the money for the funeral and the High Mass come from. Six priests had to be paid a pound each, and that was no laughing matter.

Out in the fields, Joe tickled my knee and asked was I ticklish. He had a lovely long face and a beautiful whistle. He was probably about twenty-four, but he seemed old, especially because of his slouch hat and because of a pair of trousers that were several times too big for him. When the mare passed water, he nudged me and said, "Want lemonade?" And when she broke wind, he made disgraceful plopping sounds with his lips. He and I ate lunch on the headland and lolled for a bit. We had bread and butter, milk from a flask, and some ginger cake that was left over from the funeral. It had gone damp.

He sang "You'll be lonely little sweetheart in the spring," and smiled at me and I felt very important. I knew that all he would do was tickle my knees and the backs of my knees, because at heart he was shy and not like some of the local men, who would want to throw you to the ground and press themselves over you so that you would have to ask God to allow you to vanish. When he lifted me onto the machine, he said that we would bring out a nice little cushion on the morrow so that I would have a soft seat. But on the morrow it rained, and he went off to the sawmill to get shelving, and my aunt moaned about the hay getting wet and perhaps getting ruined and there being no fodder for the cattle next winter.

That day, I got into dire straits. I dropped a whole tray of delft and cutlery. I could foresee it seconds before it happened, but was incapable of stopping it. I had cleaned the breakfast things and was bringing them to the





back kitchen, where the basin of lukewarm sudsy water was ready. It was as if the journey became too immense and my hands and wrists too weak. I could foresee the handles of the teacups flying, the saucers in the air, and the aluminum tray making a terrible din. I was powerless to prevent it. My aunt found me on my knees, doing my best to piece them back. She said what demon had got into me and, while lamenting each separate item, she told me to quit her sight or she would not be responsible for her actions.

All day, it rained and in the evening, when my aunt was in the dairy churning, I asked if I could turn the churn handle for a bit. It was changing from liquid to solid and the handle was becoming stiff. I tried with all my might but I was not strong enough.

"You will, when you're big," she said, and sang to me. She sang "Far Away in Australia" and then asked what I would like to do when I grew up. I knew she had forgiven me. I said I would like to marry Carnera, and she laughed and said what a lovely thing it was to be young and carefree. She let me look into the churn to see the mound of yellow butter that had formed. There were drops of water all over its surface; it was like some big bulk that had bathed but had not dried off. She got two sets of wooden pats and together we began to fashion the butter into dainty shapes. She was quicker at it than I. She made little round balls of butter with prickly surfaces, then she said wouldn't it be lovely if the curate came up for tea. He was a new curate and had rimless spectacles.

THE day my aunt went to the town to sell the butter I was left to mind the house along with my grandmother. My aunt had promised to bring back a shop cake, and said that, depending on the price, it would either be a sponge cake or an Oxford Lunch, which was a type of fruitcake wrapped in beautiful shiny silver paper. My grandmother donned a big straw hat, with a chin strap, and looked very distracted. She kept thinking that there was a car or a cart coming into the back yard and had me looking out windows on the alert. Then she got a flush and I had to conduct her into the plantation and sit on the bench next to her, and we were scarcely there when three huge fellows walked in, and we knew at once that they were tinkers.

My fear was indescribable. I knew that tinkers took people off in their cart, hid them under shawls, and did dire things to them. I knew that they beat their wives and children, got drunk, had fights amongst themselves, and spent many a night cooling off in the barracks. I jumped up as the three men came through the gate. My grandmother's mouth fell wide open. One of the men carried a shears and one had a weighing pan in his hand. They asked if we had any sheep's wool, and we both said no—no sheep, only cattle.

They had evil eyes and gamy looks. There was no knowing what they would do to us. Then they asked if we had any feathers for pillows or mattresses. My grandmother was so crazed with fear that she said yes, and led the way to the house. As we walked along, I expected a strong hand to be clamped on my shoulder. They were dreadfully silent. Only one had spoken and he had a shocking accent, what my mother would call "a gurrier's." My grandmother sent me upstairs to get the two bags of feathers out of the wardrobe, and I knew that she stayed below so that they would not steal a loaf of bread or any crockery.

She was agreeing to a price when I came down, or, rather, requesting a price. The talking member said it was a barter job. We would get a lace cloth in return. She asked how big this cloth was, and he said very big, while one of his companions put his hand into the bag of feathers, to make sure that there was not anything else in there—that we were not trying to fob them off with grass or sawdust or something.

She asked where was the cloth.

They laughed. They said, "Down in the caravan, at the crossroads, Ma'am."

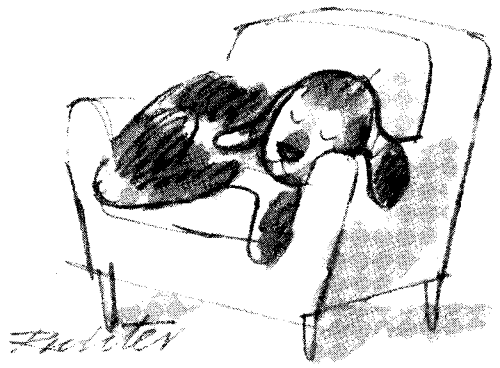
She knew then she was being cheated, but she tried to stand her ground. She grabbed one end of the bag and said, "You'll not have these."

"D'you think we're mugs?" one of them said, and gestured to the others to pick up the two bags, which they did. Then they looked long and hard at us, and I prayed to St. Jude and St. Anthony to keep us from harm.

Before going, they insisted on being given new milk. They drank in great slugs. "Are you afraid of me?" one of the men said to my grandmother. He was the tallest of the three and his shirt was open. I could see the hair on his chest and he had a very funny look in his eyes, as if he was not thinking, as if thinking was beyond him.

"Why should I be afraid of you?" she said, and I would have applauded her but for the tight corner we were in.

When they'd gone, my grandmother blessed herself several times and said that what we did had been the practical thing to do, and, in fact, our only recourse. But then my aunt came back and began an intensive cross-examination. The main point of contention was how they'd learned in the first place that there were feathers in the house. My aunt reasoned that they could not have known unless they



had been told—they were not fortunetellers. Each time I was asked, I sealed my lips, as I did not want to betray my grandmother. Each time she was asked, she described in detail the holes in their clothes, the safety pins instead of buttons, and their villainous looks. Then she mentioned the child—me—and hinted at the things they might have done, and said was it not the blessing of God that we had got rid of them peaceably! All that week Joe joked about the lace cloth they'd promised us. He would affect to admire it, by picking up one end of the old black oilcloth on the table and saying, "Is it Brussels lace or is it Carrickmacross?"

SUNDAY came and my mother was expected to visit. My aunt had washed me the night before, in an aluminum pan. I had to sit in it, and was terrified lest my cousin should peep in. He was in the back kitchen, shaving and whistling. It was a question of a "Saturday splash or Sunday's dash." My aunt poured a can of water over my head and down my back. It was scalding hot. Then she poured rainwater over me and by contrast it was freezing. She was not a thorough washer, like my mother, but all the time she kept saying that I would be like a new pin.

My mother was not expected until the afternoon. We had washed up the dinner things and given the dogs the potato skins and milk when I started in earnest to look for her. I went to the gate where I had waited for Carnera and, seeing no sign of her, I sauntered off down the road. I was at the crossroads when I realized how dangerous it was. I was approaching the spot where the tinkers had said their caravan was pitched. So it was back at full speed. The fuchsia were out and so were the elderberries. The fuchsia were like dangling earrings and the ripe fallen elderberries were maroon smudges on the road. I waited in hiding, the better to surprise her. She never came. It was five, and then half past five, and then it was six. I would go back to the kitchen and lift the clock, which was face down on the dresser, and then hurry out to my watch post.

By seven, it was certain that she would not come, although I still held out hope. At tea, my aunt and grandmother hated to see me sniffle and hated even more when I refused a slice of cake. I could not bear to eat. She would still come. They said there was no point in my being so spoiled. I was imprisoned at the kitchen table in front of this slice of seedcake. In my mind I lifted the gate hasp a thousand times, and saw my mother pass by the kitchen window, as fleeting as a ghost, and by the time we all knelt down to say the Rosary my imagination had run amok. I conceived of the worst things: She had died, or my father had killed her, or she had met a man and eloped. All three were unbearable.

In bed, I sobbed and chewed on the blanket, so as not to be heard, and, between tears and with my aunt enjoining me to dry up, I hatched a plan. On the morrow, when there was no word and no letter, I decided that I would have to run away. I packed a little satchel with bread, my comb, and a spare pair of ankle socks. I told my aunt that I was going on a picnic and affected to be very happy by humming and doing little reels.

It was a dry day and the dust rose in whirls under my feet. The dogs followed, and I had immense trouble getting them to go back. There were no tinkers' caravans at the crossroads. I walked and then ran, and then I would have to slow down; always when I slowed down I looked back in case they were following me. While I was running, I felt I could elude them, but there was no eluding the loose stones and the bits of rock that were wedged into the dirt road. Twice, I tripped. If coming toward me I saw two people together, I felt safe, but if I saw one person it boded ill, as that one person could be mad, or drunk, or ready to accost me. On three occasions, I had to climb into a field and hide until that one ominous person went by. Fortunately, it was a quiet road, as not many souls lived in that region.

When I came off the dirt road onto the main road, I felt safer, and very soon a man came by in a pony-and-trap and offered me a lift. He looked a harmless enough person, in a frieze coat and a cloth cap. When I stepped into the trap, I was surprised to find two hens clucking and agitating under the seat.

"Would you be one of the Clearys?" he asked, referring to my grandmother's family.

I said no, and gave an assumed name. He plied me with questions. To get the most out of me, he even got the pony to slow down, so as to lengthen the journey. We dawdled. The seat of black leather was held down with black buttons. He had a tartan rug over him. He spread it out over us both.

Quickly I edged out from under it, complaining about heat and midges, neither of which there were. It was a desperately lonely road, with only a house here and there, a graveyard, and sometimes an orchard. The apples looked tempting on the trees. To see each ripening apple was to see a miracle. He asked if I believed in ghosts, and told me that he had seen the riderless horse, on the moors.

"If you're a Minnogue," he said at a crossing, "you should be getting out here," and he pulled on the reins.

I had called myself Minna Minnogue, because I knew a girl of that name who lived with her mother and was separated from her father. I would have liked to be her.

"I'm not," I said, and tried to be as innocent as possible. I then had to say who I really was and ask if he would drop me in the village.

"I'm passing your gate," he said, and I was terrified that I would have to ask him up, as my mother dreaded strangers—dreaded even visitors, since these diversions usually gave my father the inclination to drink and once he drank he was on a drinking bout that would last for weeks and would be notorious. Therefore I had to conjure up another lie. It was that my parents were both staying with my grandmother and that I had been dispatched home to get a change of clothing for us all. He grumbled at not coming up to our house, but I jumped out of the trap and said we would ask him for a card party, for sure.

THERE was no one at home. The door was locked and the big key in its customary place under the pantry window. The kitchen bore signs of my mother's having gone out in a hurry, as the dishes were on the table. And on the table, too, was her powder puff, a near-empty powder box, and a holder of papier-mâché in which her toiletries were kept. Had she gone to the city? My heart was wild with envy. Why had she gone without me? I called upstairs, and then, hearing no reply, I went up with a mind that was buzzing with fear, rage, suspicion, and envy. The beds were made. The rooms seemed vast and awesome compared with the little crammed rooms at my grandmother's.

I heard someone in the kitchen and hurried down with renewed palpitations. It was my mother. She had been to the shop and got some chocolate. Chocolate was rationed, because of its being wartime, but she would coax the shopkeeper to give her some. He was a bachelor. He liked her. Maybe that was why she had put powder on.

"Who brought you home, my lady?" she said stiffly.

She hadn't come on Sunday. I blurted that out. She said did anyone ever hear such nonsense. She said did I not know that I was to stay there until the end of August, till school began. She was even more irate when she heard that I had run away. What would my grandmother and aunt now be thinking but that I was in a boghole or worse. She said had I no consideration, and how in heaven's name was she going to get word to them.

"Where's my father?" I asked.

"Saving hay," she said.

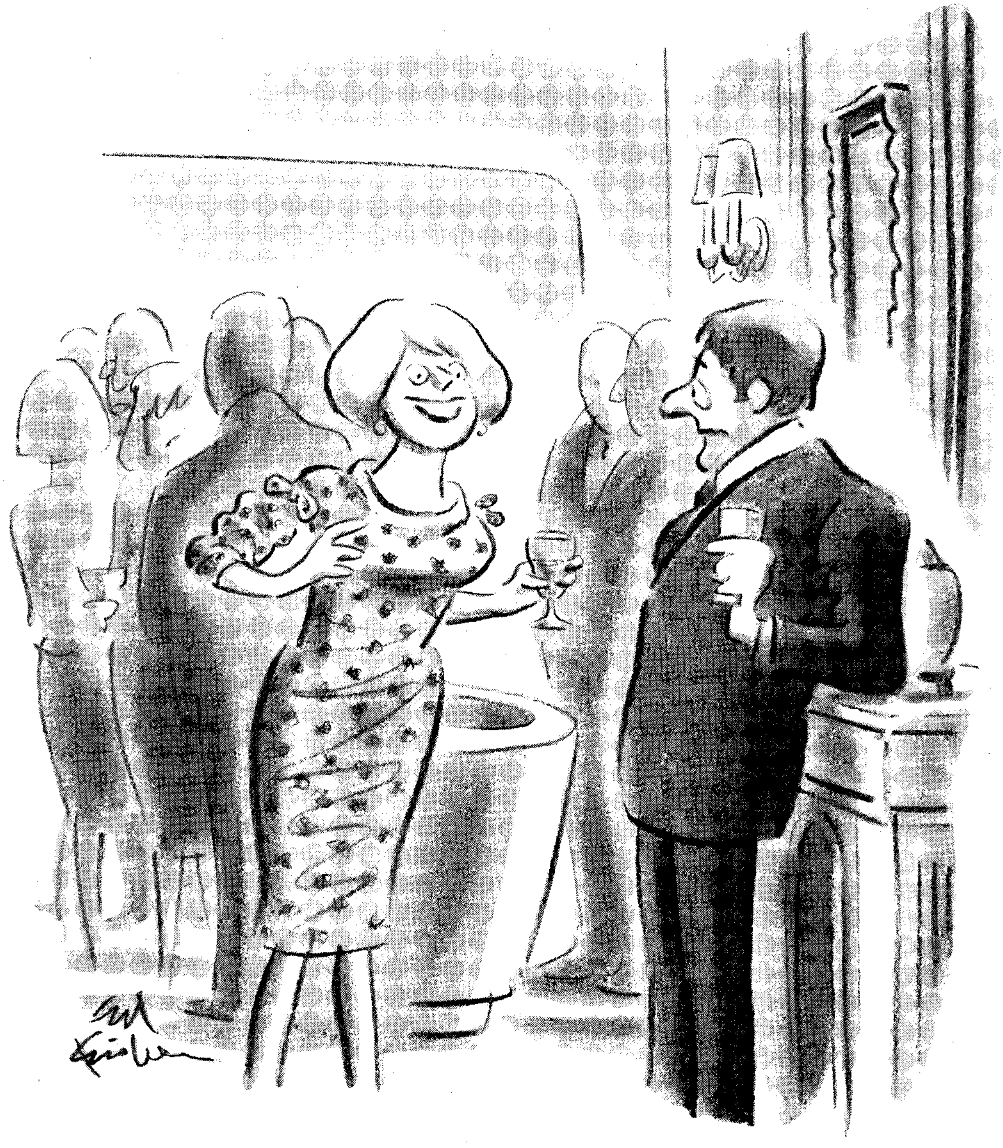
I gathered the cups off the table, so as to make myself useful in her eyes. Seeing the state of my canvas shoes and the marks on my ankle socks, she asked had I come through a swamp, or what? All I wanted to know was why she had not come on Sunday, as she had promised. The bicycle got punctured, she said, and did I think that with bunions, corns, and welts she could walk six miles after doing a day's work. All I thought was that the homecoming was not nearly as tender as I'd hoped it would be; there was no embrace and no reunion.

She filled the kettle, and I laid clean cups. I tried to be civil, to contain the pique and the misery that were welling up in me. I told her how many trams of hay they had made in her mother's house, and she said it was a sight more than we had done. She hauled some scones from a colander in the cupboard and told me I had better eat. She did not heat them on the top of the oven, and that meant she was not melting. I knew that before nightfall she would. But where is the use of a thing that comes too late?

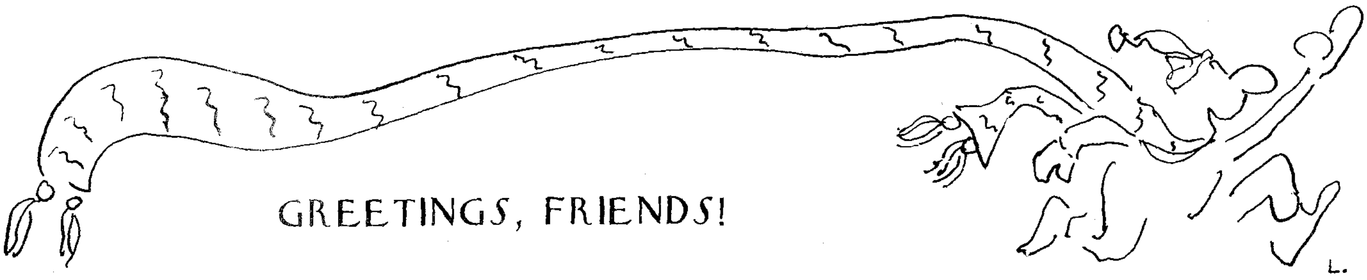
I sat at the far end of the table, watching the lines on her brow, watching the puckering, as she wrote a letter to my aunt explaining that I had come home. I would have to give it to the mail-car man the following morning and ask that the postman deliver it by hand. She said, "God only knows what commotion there will be all day and into the night looking for you." The ink in her pen gave out, and I held the near-empty ink bottle sideways while she refilled it. "Go back to your place," she said, and I went back to the far end of the table, like someone glued to her post.

I thought of the fields around my grandmother's house and the various smooth stones that I had put on the windowsill; I thought of the sun garden, of the night my grandfather had died, and of my vigil in the cold parlor. I thought of many things. Sitting there, I wanted both to be in our house and to be back in my grandmother's, missing my mother. It was as if I could taste my pain better away from her, the excruciating pain that told me how much I loved her. In her company, all was in hazard. I thought how much I needed to be without her so that I could think of her, dwell on her, and fashion her into the perfect person that she clearly was not. I resolved that, for certain, I would grow up and one day go away. It was a sweet thought and it was packed with punishment.

—EDNA O'BRIEN



"I just love people who aren't afraid of enthusiasm."



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Rap, rap! To order! May we dispense
With last year's minutes, whose trifling sense
Proposed immediate end to woe
And a party neath the mistletoe—
A plan I trust will bear repeating
At this, our latest Yuletide meeting?
Faithful readers, God rest you well
And give you each a sweet Noël.
Who knows? Perhaps the muse will send a
Hug to *you* in our agenda;
Would there were rhymes enough for all
Within this dogged caterwaul!
Karol Wojtyla! Well, that's a rhyme
We won't hunt up this Christmastime,
Now that there is hardly call to—
Happy Christmas, Pope John Paul II!
And happy hols, dear Claudia Weill,
Cornell MacNeil, and Kitty Carlisle.
Season's greetings, Allegra Kent!
Hail to Jimmy, our President!
Wassail to Rosalynn, the President's spouse,
And Fred Astaire and Timothy Crouse!
Ring out, carillons, for the sake
Of Carmine Peppe and Eubie Blake,
Then chime in a more dulcet strain
For lovely Queen Noor al-Hussein;
Now let some joyous bongs be heard
For Justice Rose Elizabeth Bird,
And next a brassy triple bob
For Alydar and Rusty Staub,
And then tack on a cheerful coda
For Cyrus Vance and Ron Swoboda!
I wish a Yule right out of Boz
For Henny Youngman and Amos Oz;
Let Fezziwigian bliss befall
Tito Gaona and Tom T. Hall.
May Christmas Eve be brisk and snowy
For Heinrich Böll and David Bowie,
And the morn break all crisp and tingly
For Swoosie Kurtz and Darryl Stingley;
And may the Day itself go gladly
For Sen.-elect and Ms. Bill Bradley!
Hello, Santa? Hold that sleigh!
I have some toys for Nora Kaye,
Valerie Harper, Jerry Rafshoon,
And our man in Moscow, Malcolm Toon.
Hello, Bekins? Will you cart in
Crates of presents for Ned Martin,
Zubin Mehta, Sissela Bok,
Samuel Beckett, and Pete LaCock?
I'm here to state that naught can alter
My deep esteem for Stephanie Salter;
I want it known that what I harbor
Are friendly thoughts for Myron Farber,
Ellsworth Kelly, Nick Nolte,
George Balanchine, and Sir Georg Solti.
Adeste, shoppers! Let costs go hang!
Let's do up Christmas with a bang!
To arms against Old Man Inflation!
We'll spend with more imagination
And seek out true epiphanies
At Bloomingdale's and Tiffany's
With lavish gifts for Crystal Gayle,
Günter Grass, and Clamma Dale.
Come, seed a storm of Christmas bills
With things to cheer up Garry Wills,
Walter Matthau, Kathleen Raine,
Viktor Korchnoi, and Frank MacShane!
With friends like these, there's no tomorrow;
Twixt shop and bank we'll spend and borrow,
Get stocking toys by Fabergé
For Cheryl Tiegs and Jack Macrae,
Find diamonds like the Koh-i-noor
For Gemma Jones and Melba Moore,
And a nice blue Maserati
For Yale's A. Bartlett Giamatti.
Then quickly we'll snap up a set
Of Lalique bowls at Parke Bernet
For Andrew Young, Paloma Picasso,
Hildegard Behrens, and Ella Grasso,
And a golden trinket by Cellini
To please Maurizio Pollini;
Then cases of some modest wine
(Like Château Margaux '29)
For John Belushi, Seymour Krim,
Laz Barrera, Barbara Pym,
Governor Carey, Claiborne Pell,
Nancy Teeters, and Tom Carvel!
On New Year's Eve, we'll share a schnapps
With the Martin Mulls and the Joseph Papps,
Then sip a delicious *crème de moka*
With Meat Loaf and Lee Iacocca;
We'll crack a bottle of muscatel
With Wolfman Jack and Quentin Bell,
And clink a glass of *vin du pays*
With D. D. Lewis and I. M. Pei;
We'll quaff some cups of antifreeze
With Janet Guthrie and Parton Keese,
And toss off a brandy smash
With Louise Bourgeois and Johnny Cash.
Nancy Kassebaum, Bernadine Morris,
Will ye nae sup a wee doch-an-dorris?
Well supped, ladies! Now gie us a glee
For Anwar Sadat and Muhammad Ali!
A toast to Tsenator Paul E. Tsongas!
A toast to the whole damn U.S. Congras!
To Truth and Beauty! To Helen Reddy!
To the next Prime Rate and Crazy Eddie!

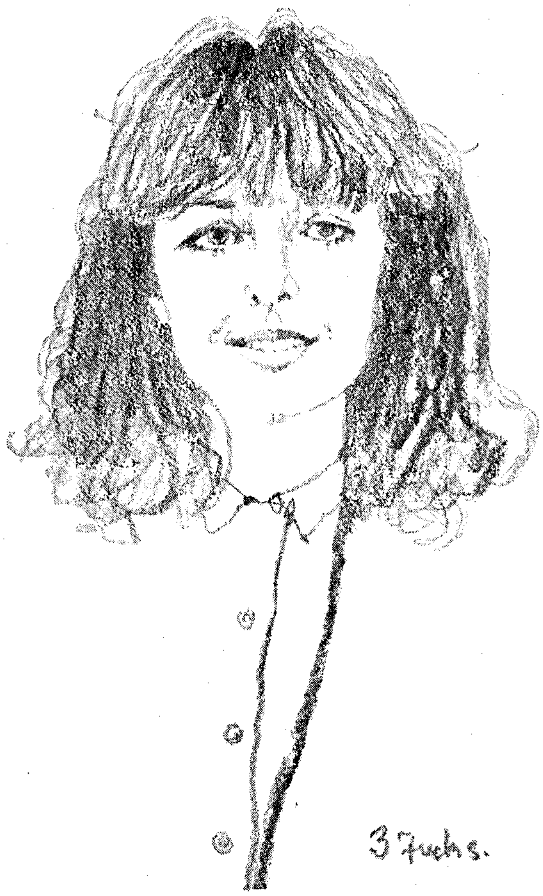
Good friends, we've come to our envoi,
Which bids you each a year of joy,
And invokes, to close these greetings,
The spirit of Camp David's meetings—
Peace to us all, that is to say,
Upon this ancient holiday!

—Roger Angell

PROFILES

HER OWN BEST DISPUTANT

“I HATE these chairs,” said Diane Keaton of two of her own chairs in her spotless, natural-wood-and-white living room. “They’re so uncomfortable. I got them by mail order and I like what they look like, but they’re no fun to sit in. I’ll do something about it. They’re too angular. We could sit in the kitchen and have tea—yes?—where the chairs are more ordinary. These are definitely a mistake. I have a tendency to get a little severe about taste in chairs until I’ve sat in them. Oh, well.”



Diane Keaton

We were in her apartment, on the East Side of Manhattan. She describes it as being like a railroad car. About the kitchen, one sees what she means, but only about the kitchen. Everything else has a sense of space and liberty. Diane Keaton herself is very open. She is not at all like the many actresses who have skimmed some mannerisms off her and done insultingly mild imitations by relying on “Well”s and dither. Miss Keaton, the Oscar-winning co-star of Woody Allen’s “Annie Hall,” is not a whit like the flustered ingénue she was cast to play. “I’ve noticed people saying ‘La-di-da’ like Annie Hall, and I don’t like it, you know?” she told me. “It’s not a good idea to be identifiable, though it’s reassuring. It feels safe in most ways, and that’s bad, because it means that you’re accepted, and once that happens that’s where you stay. You have to watch yourself. I’d like a life like Katharine Hepburn’s in terms of work. She matured. She made the changes. Like Martha Graham.”

We went to her gym class. She goes every second day, and also goes to singing classes and acting classes. She got ready for the gym class fast: she had on a black leotard and black tights under her other clothes. It was a long class, and the woman leading it was merciless. Some people dropped out. Miss Keaton kept at it till the end. She is very supple, with an apparently boneless back, like a cat’s.

“You seemed to anticipate what the woman was going to get you to do next,” I said when it was over.

“Well, after all this time I’d be an idiot if I couldn’t.”

“Do you do ballet?”

“When I was nineteen, at Martha Graham’s school. Her floor work was fantastic.”

“What are you doing now?”

“I’m not working. I like that. I like to have time to myself. What are you doing?”

“Talking to you.”

“Yes, I guess you are. Well, I bought some books this morning. Max Ernst and Rothko.”

“Do you draw?”

“Do you?” She saw the rhythm of question-allaying she had slipped into, and said, “I draw *very small.*”

She took me into a big room—big enough to be a bedroom—that she uses as her darkroom, for photographs she likes taking and then keeping from public sight, for herself alone. Everything very neat. “You see, it doesn’t have to be more furnished than a kitchen. I like it better than my actual kitchen.”

In her bedroom, there is a basketful of rubber stamps that she has had made. She printed a page for me: an entry in old-fashioned medical typeface from some old encyclopedia, and a dental drawing—oddly, not at all macabre—of an X-ray of teeth and their roots. “You wonder whose teeth,” she said. “It’s like home movies or blue movies. You wonder what those people are like now who were young then.”

Diane Keaton, famous as Woody Allen’s co-star and in her own right, is one of the most comedically pure and brainy actresses in our midst. Her prodigious comic gifts are sometimes hidden. She tends to hoard these gifts, as if she were an impostor guest at a banquet tucking away food for friends under the challenging eyes of a portly butler, or as if her talent might run out in some world energy crisis. Like many of us, she dreads departures and endings, though she undertakes them with the debonair gaiety of a silent comedian setting off into nowhere. Equally, she sees herself as someone who puts off encounters and beginnings.

“I could just take classes indefinitely,” she said to me at my place in New York. “Don’t you ever get surprised when you’re paid to do something you like doing?” she asked another day, when we were at her apartment. She seemed amazed that a paying cinema audience should ever choose to watch and listen to her. “My mother, now, who taught me a lot about print work, has occupied her life by doing chores. Now that I’m not working, I’m still very interested in print work. And I like to spend a lot of time making collages. It’s nice to be by myself, thinking, looking into store windows.” She was wearing the clothes that she has made her own. One or two of the things she wears with especial fondness were given to her by Woody Allen, her ally in anxiety: he shares with her, as with Annie Hall, a terror of live lobsters that have been bought for an intimate dinner and that roam around distressingly behind the fridge, like distraught women in stiletto heels. She has a romantic love of the big hats that one associates with boating and picnics on the grass. Allen found her one in a thrift shop. They perfectly suit her thriving and reposeful face. This costume look of hers, which has become identified as the “Annie Hall” look, often consists of men’s pants and waistcoats, a floppy tie vaguely tucked into the belt of the pants, and little-girl sandals; or a skirt and shirt and pullover, and heels daringly high for someone already tall. She has a stride hard to define until one realizes that it has to do with not being crippled by carrying a bag in the hand, which inhibits so many women's gait.

DIANE KEATON grew up in southern California, in Santa Ana. Her family are Methodists. The family name is Hall, but her mother's maiden name was Keaton. "I was encouraged by my teacher in junior college to think I was wasting my time in 'Bye Bye Birdie.' " She raised her eyebrows at herself and said, "I suppose it all started with singing. It was always one of the predominant things in our family. I used to go out onto the back porch and sing. There was one less successful thing than 'Bye Bye Birdie': a church recitation when I was six. I started to cry, and my mother had to come up and get me. The audience applauded me, which was terrible. I was in 'Little Mary Sunshine' when I was eighteen, and that was also terrible, because I wasn't being what I was supposed to be, which was the comedy lead. I always auditioned in junior high, and everyone knew I'd been around for years trying, but I didn't seem to have much drive. I still don't really have it."

Miss Keaton studied for a time at the Neighborhood Playhouse, in New York, but now she finds herself more and more drawn to cinema. "I want to be close to things," she told me. "You get disappointed if you see everything in medium shot in a theatre." We spoke of how well her namesake Buster Keaton understood that. Her family were encouraging but were remote from the arts. "My father is a civil engineer. I have two sisters and a brother, and I was born in 1946, which I guess would give me time to have had around ten children if I'd really worked at it, but I'm not like my mother. She spent a lot of time on us. She has a lined face. American Gothic. Gray hair parted in the middle and pulled tightly into a bun at the back of her head, and this rectitude. She's straight—very straight." Miss Keaton made a characterizing gesture of uprightness with her hands.

She came from California ten or twelve years ago. Quite a bit later, she lived with Woody Allen for a year; now her apartment is about ten blocks down from his. She found it hard to leave her family in California. "But sometimes one knows how strong the impulse to *do* is. I didn't know how really strong until a lot afterward. I have a deep feeling for America. I'm definitely a product of this continent. I hadn't worked east of New York until we shot 'Love and Death' in Paris and Hungary. The workers in Hungary are poor, really poor. Outsiders would say, Well, at least they've got a regular income, whereas artists don't know where the next job's coming from. But I guess *we're* the privileged ones. I often dream about California. There's an opulent copy of grass, called dichondra—soft and velvety and green—that confers great prestige. I can't stand it at those Los Angeles parties when people cover up the real grass with plastic because they think it's going to wear out by being trodden on. Well, a lot of things get worn out by being trodden on, or even just stepped on—especially people—so why choose *grass* to protect? I can't stand people who keep things from being used."

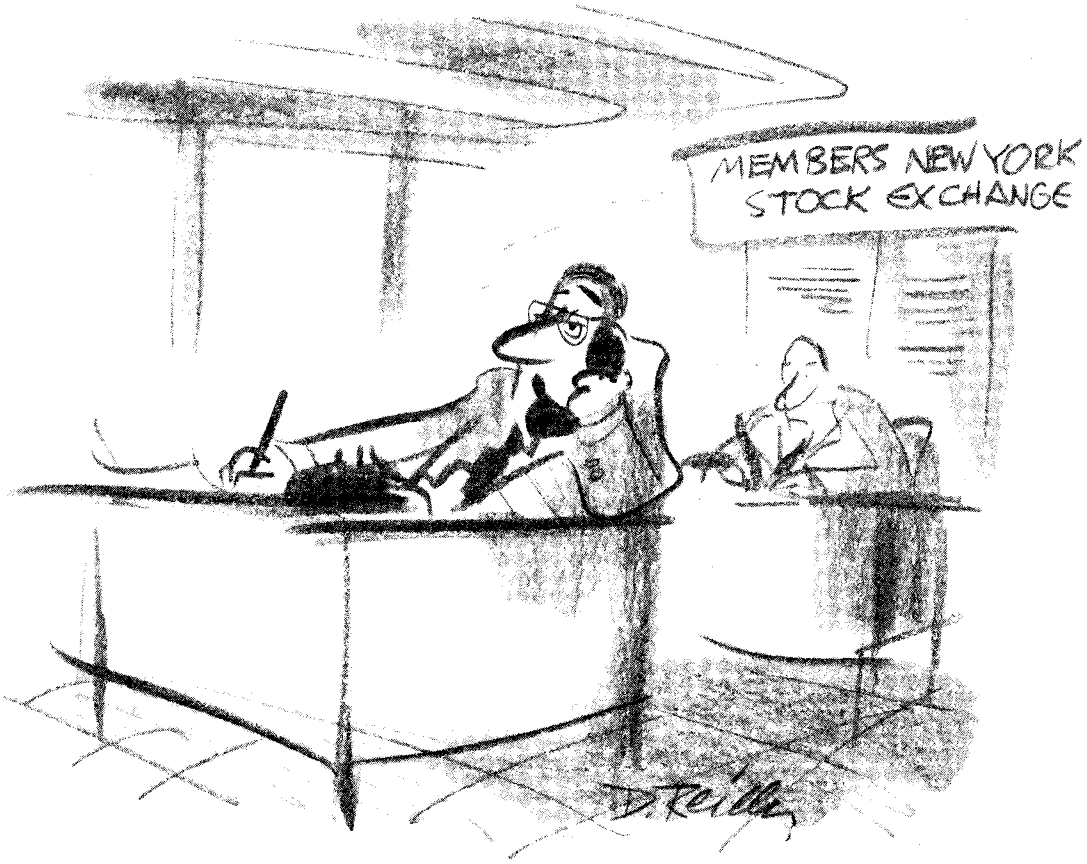
I was reminded of the convention of antimacassars: "Things like doilies made of lace and hung over the back of armchairs to keep men's Macassar oil off."

"Aië, aië, aië," she said. "Those people don't want to let time be shown by living, do they?"

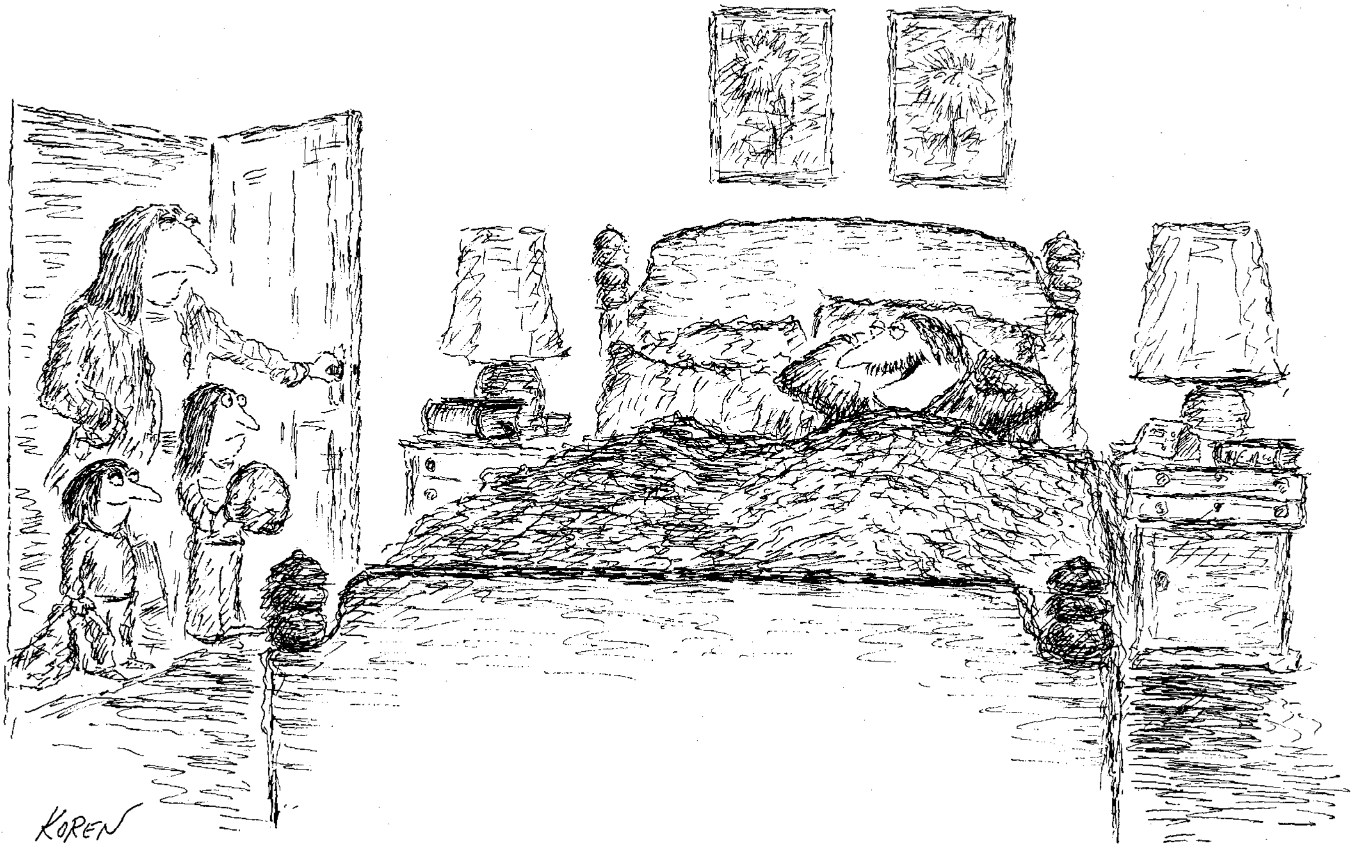
"What's the difference for you between the West Coast and here?"

"California is where my roots are. I like the weather. The desert. Being much more in touch with nature. Camping. I don't like being out in California for what I do professionally; I just love the southern part, where I come from. As far as New York goes, it's fine, but I can't live in a fancy world too much. Though I love the buildings here. I love walking. I love the feeling that I have to do things. Everything goes so fast. You go to a supermarket, and no one says 'Thank you' or 'May I?'—which is honest. It would be all right if they meant the courtesies, but they wouldn't. You can fool yourself in California, but you can't do that here—not like L.A., not just by making it seem nicer and prettier than it really is. I suppose the truth is I'm in love with Arizona and New Mexico as well as with puttering around New York. When I'm here, I love to go to those old medical bookstores and places that have drawings of machinery."

"ANNIE HALL" was Diane Keaton's fourth film with Allen as her co-star. The first, directed with a matching neurotic laconicism by Herbert Ross, was "Play It Again, Sam;" after that, she played the goose-brained


MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
D. Reilly

"Oh, I see. Let me switch you over to our Mr. Hensen. He specializes in the little guy."



"This is an imaginative new concept in the use of leisure time."

girl of the twenty-second century in Allen's own "Sleeper," then Sonja in Allen's "Love and Death"—a Russian lyric beauty, with her hair drawn back in an early feminist coil, as fascinated as the Allen character is by words like "epistemological," which they discuss in what seem to be very chilly places indoors, wearing heavy fur coats and fur hats at meals. The edginess she displays as Sonja during their sophomoric discussions in "Love and Death" is an edginess that both enthralls Allen's own recurring film character and seems to infect him with an intellectual's equivalent of hives. This edginess is a quality she can adopt or drop at will. There is no trace of it in the serenity of her apartment or in the serenity of her cats. The apartment has polished wood floors, no carpets, a white-on-white painting by a Californian named Bruce Nauman, with the word "VISION" picked out in the whiter white. There are big wicker baskets, and a cactus inside a galvanized-iron trash basket. The colors, apart from the cactus and its cage, are rusty brown and white. These are also the colors of her cats. One, called Buster, is a red Abyssinian of talkativeness and poise; the other, Whitey, a long-haired beauty of a mongrel.

She said, over the head of Buster, that she didn't know why she had been chosen to be in "Hair" on Broadway, which came before her close friendship with Woody Allen.

"Because you were the best who was being auditioned?" I said.

"That's probably right. There might have been plenty of others out on the street who were better but didn't know there was a producer's call."

She sang in Pasadena night clubs a while back. "I got bad reviews. It was terrible: every time someone applauded, I said 'Thank you' and apologized. I apologized a thousand times. When I was on the Johnny Carson show, it was always geared to laughs, and he played off me, because he thought he could make me frantic. I hate that." Sometimes she will leap into a sudden attempt to explain her own habit of apologizing, at the same time sheltering behind a Scotch terrier's growth of fringe over her forehead; she uses it, perhaps, as some women use dark glasses.

She would like to leave the chic part of the East Side where she lives. "All the boutiques and dogs in clothes . . ." Again she chipped away at this question of the railroad-car aspect of her present apartment.

"I like train journeys," I said.

"But not to live in," she said. "It's ridiculous to be in an unmoving vehicle. The apartment may be mostly white, like yours, but this is an *empty* train. I can see that your place is somewhere you have people to. My place isn't really finger-marked enough to be convincing, you know? It's my own fault that I haven't anyone to cook for. Of course, I'm a lousy cook. But it is a fault. I'd have to order those things you're always supposed to have by you."

"Kitchen staples."

"Yes. Well. Do you have staples? I can't seem to need them. Flour, milk, tea, tomatoes, bacon, bread, coffee, onions. I buy them all the time, but they're always going bad."

"Not tea or coffee or flour, surely?"

"Flour? *Roaches!*" Roaches seemed to be in the lobsters-behind-the-fridge category. There are fifth columnists of cuisine everywhere. For a moment, I thought she was going to say "La-di-da, la-di-da"—Annie Hall's way of bidding goodbye with a blithe wave of the hand to an impossible subject, the Annie Hall who was probably based on idiosyncrasies of her own behavior which she has now left behind—but, naturally, she didn't. She says it most famously in "Annie Hall" itself after she has first met Woody Allen, as Alvy Singer, on a tennis court. Hero worship on sight. She greets him with a "Hi,

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hi," covering the most love-struck embarrassment, meets an embarrassment equal to her own, then ends the impossible silence between them with her "La-di-da."

"Why did you use to say 'La-di-da'?" I asked.

"People had fixed it on me. It originally meant hoity-toity, didn't it?"

She has a way of lobbing people's questions back at them which is rare in an actress. She seems to do it not because she wants to elude the hard questions but because she wants to know other people's answers.

"You like America, don't you?" she asked. "Yes?" She pursued it.

"It's interesting. Not consoling, not like Europe, but very interesting."

"Would I like England?"

"It treats you in the way you said you like. It lets one get on with one's life. There's time for meandering."

"I suppose some of the most interesting ideas have come up through people meandering. Did Leonardo meander his way into the idea of the flying machine?"

I tried to restore question-and-answer to their proper alternation, and asked, "Who are the, say, three people who've influenced you most in your life?"

"Who are yours?"

"I suppose one real person and two characters in fiction. Someone in Jane Austen and someone in Dostoevski. But you?"

"Well, now, there's Buster Keaton. I thought he was visually thrilling, and very sophisticated: more about women than about men. He lets you read a lot into things. You're left with so much to decide. And then there was a woman in Santa Ana, an incredible woman, an artist. She was mysterious. She loved a lot of things that weren't yet open to me. And then, gosh, a woman I met once when I was looking for an apartment who claimed that her husband had invented the tea bag . . . Well. And then my family. We're very close to each other. My sister Dorrie looks like an Eskimo. And then Woody, of course."

"Would you like to direct a play?" I asked.

"I prefer acting in movies. I prefer to work behind a camera. It's uninterrupted, undistracted by an audience's reactions." (She meant "in front of a camera": interesting that she sees the camera as a protective wall against gaze.)

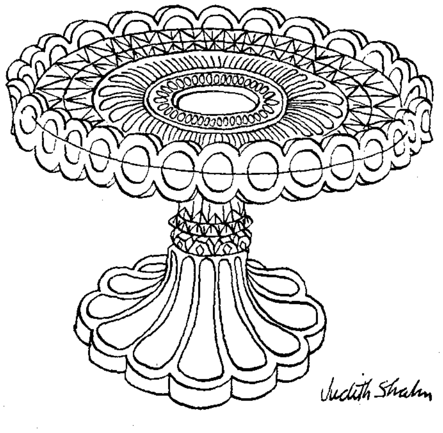
"You said just now 'behind a camera.' As if you were half in the mind of the director when you were acting. *Wouldn't* you like to make a film?"

"Well. Could it be in black and white? I miss the use of black-and-white cinematography. I also like black-and-white still photography very much, as you saw from the darkroom. It takes you right *there*, into the past. You dwell in it, you get into that world, don't you?"

Again and again, she transmits a strong impulse to be a director-writer-actor. "I write things, just vignettes, in journals, since you ask." She sees things whole, in clear air, as a director or a writer must, with a benevolence toward idiosyncrasy. She seems to have a writer's instinct to record thoughts that are passing through her head and to store them away in a drawer. Many of her meditations are caught in the still photographs that she has taken but never shown around. There is something of the true photographer in her: in her ungarrulous conversation, in her sympathy with the gesture-language of people muted by circumstance. She did a brief mime for me of the way people had looked and walked in Hungary. It was a visit that had obviously impressed her very much. She takes photographs for no reason in particular, stacking them away, probably never to be seen. This leads one to the feeling that she herself would sometimes like never to be seen, or even heard.

She spoke often of singing. "I was never able to sing high. I don't know why I can't sing high. Maybe I'm afraid to sing high?"

She has taken photographs of herself as a mysterious Mata Hari girl in a black felt hat and dark glasses, with her face practically smothered in a high turtleneck collar. The photographs are an insignia of this beauty who would like to disappear into a dimity skirt and an oversized waistcoat: an image of the famous actress who would care most to be invisible, perhaps leaving behind only her singing voice, which is soft, though robust, and always questioning. In the company of Diane Keaton, one has the feeling of being with an alert and sympathetic carpenter who may be apologetically called to other pressing business at any moment.



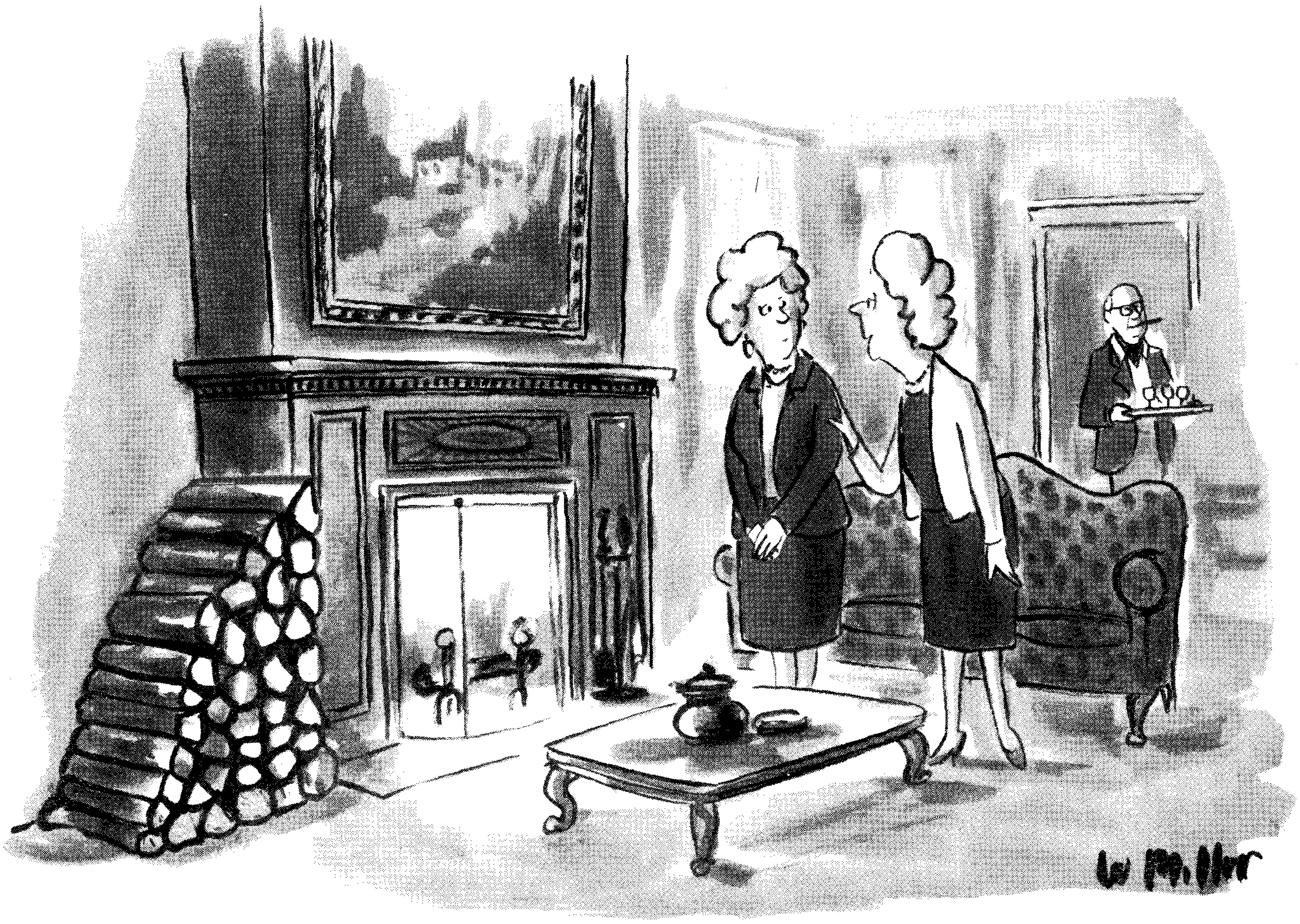
MISS KEATON loves her revered actor namesake partly for his poetic and engineering grace. Watching one of his films, she says that she feels ungainly—this girl who moves with a lightness unexpected in tall women. She never tries to minimize her height. She uses it to achieve a certain elegance, which is courtly, though entirely modern. When she is not moving about—is confined to a chair or to a conversation—she seems less sure of herself. The Annie Hall clothes are a show of confidence. Once, when we met, she was wearing four-inch-heeled shoes with pointed toes, heavy white socks, a white blouse tucked into a long, full skirt, a black waistcoat, some gold jewelry. Her appealingly muddled hair was piled up onto the back of her head and clasped there with a clip.

Her own attitude toward work is much like Buster Keaton's. She likes practicalities. When I was watching her on the sound stage of "Sleeper," I never heard her fuzz a line with one of the hesitancies that she has been saddled with. She likes a text to be bare and clean.

"What set you on the way?"

"I suppose we *are* on the way—are we? Every time I turn on one of the talk programs, I think we've lost the power of speech. Well. I can't talk at all. I think I took to films because I don't like the conspiracy there is in a Broadway comedy. The conspiracy between the audience and the cast—the audience that has paid all that money to laugh. Personally, if I'm going to laugh, I'm going to laugh by myself."

In spite of being stopped for her autograph everywhere she goes, she is perfectly in earnest when she says how glad she is not to be famous. "Think of being on the cover of every magazine," she says. "I'd want to be violent to the readership, I suppose: violent because they weren't recognizing my own stupidity in being on the cover. Though I'm not sure that violence tells us all these things people say it does about the blood-and-guts nature of America and the go-get-it frontier mentality. I mean, there were also gentle and settled things. Dusters and quilts and cranberry sauce." She will embark on a thought like this one, and then stammer and consider what to do about it—apparently more attentive to a mark on her skirt, and visibly won-



"Please compliment Stewart on the firewood. He chain-sawed it himself."

• •

dering whether to take cover—but at length continue to the finish, still seeming in some part of her mind to be looking for a dry cleaner. So. Violence. She comes back to it. "I can't stand violence. Which is a really original thing to say, isn't it? Though it's getting to be a bit un-American to say it, as though one were rejecting the red corpuscles of the country. Well, if I'm going to hit something, I like an inanimate object, such as an elevator. That's my sort of violence." She made up an American-musical theme tune for the line. "That's *my* kind of violence, that's *our* kind of . . ." Pause. "I'd quite like to hit the New York climate, for instance. In winter, it's a question of layers. In summer, I don't know how to cope."

"Flowered shirt and baggy trousers and pink leather shoes," I said.

"Oh, the man swore these were plastic." Pretense of disappointment.

"Do you think plastic superior to leather?"

"Not necessarily, only the salesman did, and he *emphasized* that these were plastic."

She seems like some New World Romantic who actually promises us habitation in quite another world from the dishwasher-spirited world of modern acquisitive fact. Her imaginative world, though it is totally modern, seems grounded in the farsightedness of centuries of European thought, which she has gathered partly through reading and partly by temperament. She said she was going to a department store, and would I come? For once, shopping took on the mood of a spree. Exchanging a coffee strainer: though she apparently lives in a realm of undefended confusion, she actually deals with it very efficiently. Diane Keaton, for all the "You know?"s and "Well"s, is no foolish bird. Born thirty-two years ago, she seems to be a distillation of the troubles and the acquaintance with pre-natal world history which are the inheritance of her generation. She has lived, in her thought, just as much through the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War as through the time of Vietnam. This girl from California, geographically so far removed from Europe, has a sense of non-isolationism which is alert. It seems to reinforce her deep friendship with the Jewish, Brooklyn-born Woody Allen. She speaks very sensibly about "success" and about the job of acting, which in general attracts a great deal of Western Seaboard nonsense from sophisticates warning of the dangers of fame-chasing in the midst of chasing it themselves. "If you're an actor," she said, "you have to make your effort in front of other people. Then you have to say to yourself, because there's such pressure, 'Jesus, I'm never going to be allowed to do anything else wrong, ever. I'm just supposed to do it right again and again.' And then you have to say, Nuts. 'You must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on,' like the man in Beckett."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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> THE SHOESTRING PRESS, INC. has announced the following appointments: William Rutter, vice-president and director of marketing and assistant treasurer. Most recently she has served as director of publications at the American Library Association.
>
> —*Publishers Weekly.*

But does she get the appointment? No!

REFLECTIONS

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

PARIS

MOST of what has been said over the last few years about economic development in the Third World ignores one very disturbing question. Why is it that some countries are industrialized and rich and some are not? The usual assumption seems to be that the hazards of resources or climate, the accidents of geography or history are responsible. And no doubt there is a sense in which inequity is an accident. But accidents have explanations. When James Watt, in the story we were told as children, reflected on the behavior of his mother's teakettle, the intellectual and moral conditions already existed which were responsible for what followed. Conditions existed which, once someone had perceived that the force of steam was something that might be exploited, led directly to the creation of steadily more elaborate machinery—and also to all that segmenting and rationalizing of work which were quickly understood to be needed to take the best advantage of machinery. Many another teakettle, or its equivalent, had boiled in many another place with no result but tea. Industrialism arose in a society that possessed a rationalist and analytical intellectual system, natural science, pre-industrial technology of a high order (the real James Watt, not the one of our myth, was a maker of mathematical instruments for a university), and an activist religion, which held that human history means something and has a purpose that will justify what has gone before.

But this, of course, explains only the origins of technological and industrial society. Once the system exists—the machinery invented and the systems of work rationally organized—it might seem that anyone could learn to use it. The Walloons, the northern French, the Swiss, and the Germans quickly followed the new examples of British industrialism. The industrial system quickly spread through Europe and to the European-populated Americas, and even, in a phenomenal transformation of what had been a closed and feudal society, to Japan. Fifty years after Commodore Perry's arrival with his "black ships" in lower Tokyo Bay, in 1853, Japan was not only an industrialized nation but the paramount naval and military power in the Far East, able summarily to defeat Czarist Russia, first at Port Arthur and then, in possibly the most conclusive naval victory of all time, in the Strait of Tsushima, where almost the entire Russian fleet was sunk or captured in the space of twenty-four hours, while the Japanese lost only three torpedo boats.

The assumption made by those who firmly believe in the possibility of what they call a New International Economic Order based on the development of the Third World is that the Japanese experience provides a norm of development, and not an exception. They remember those bands of conscientious Japanese officials and scholars who were sent out in the eighteen-eighties and nineties to bring back the West's knowledge and methods—to Germany to study medicine, to France to study law, to England for naval science, railroads, the telegraph, lighthouses. It is assumed that development is a matter of equipment to be obtained and techniques to be learned—that it is something autonomous, and transferable without pain, or, at least, with only a little pain. In Asia, Latin America, and Africa, it is widely believed, industrial development must follow naturally from the possession of factories with modern equipment and trained managers and workers. Build the factories, or have them built by crews of technicians from abroad, train the machine operators and the supervisors, send the managers to the Harvard Business School or M.I.T., assure the factories access to markets, and a country is on its way to an advanced living standard and a position of economic importance in the world. The Third World lacks money, trained men and women, and technology; supply them, the argument goes, and economic development will follow.

Thus, over the last few years there has been a series of international conferences, including the Seventh Special Session of the U.N. General Assembly, in 1975, and the so-called North-South Dialogues, held in Paris during 1976 and 1977, about how best to provide the Third World countries with more money, better technology, and access to Western markets. None of this has led to much. There have been largely unsuccessful efforts to get the advanced industrial countries to make as little as seven-tenths of one per cent of their gross national products available to the poor countries as development assistance. A moratorium on the debts of developing nations is sought. Half a dozen European nations as well as the United States and Canada have responded by, in effect, wiping out certain debts of some of the very poorest developing countries, but there has been no general moratorium, and none is in sight. It is true that those debts are not likely to be called, but this is because default could hurt the lenders worse than the borrowers, while rolling the debts over maintains paper profits for Western banks—and the solvency of the entire system. It has been suggested that commodity prices should be indexed to the prices of finished industrial goods, again without much success. In fact, since 1973 the trend in most commodities has been for prices to slump while the finished industrial goods the Third World must import go up in price. A Common Fund to finance the stabilization of some commodity prices was also proposed, but not much of the money has been pledged. The United States agreed only in November to make a direct contribution. The poor countries that produce raw materials have proved to have no more power over what happens to them now than they had before 1973. Only in oil have the producers been able and willing to coöperate with one another well enough to control the level of production, and thus to impose a price. And even this has been a near thing, with a deep division between conservative Saudi Arabia, the dominant producer, and the more radical Arab states.

The blame for this ignominious failure to change the relationship between the rich and the poor—a change that just a few years ago was predicted as an inevitable outcome of a basic shift in power from industrial countries to Third World producers of raw materials—is usually laid on the advanced

"Actually, I don't mind a little disorder in court now and then. It breaks the goddam monotony."

• •

countries. It is said that they have cunningly fought any serious change, manipulated markets, bought off individual Third World countries with shrewd concessions, stalled in formal negotiations, and talked the affair nearly to death. No doubt there is something in these accusations. But if one reason the rich countries have resisted plans for transferring technology and wealth is the greed of the possessors, another is the unspoken but widely held belief that the whole enterprise is not quite serious—that it cannot and will not work in the way it is supposed to work.

Yet how can anyone admit these doubts? So much seems to be at stake. There is the poignant need of the poor—hunger in the southern reaches of the Sahara, the degraded life of the Calcutta street or the Haitian slum, trachomatous children—and there are also the stricken consciences of the rich. We all feel a tension, and in many ways it is comforting to believe that the problem of the poor can be solved by a transfer of money and machinery. The critics of the advanced countries who accuse us of exploitation and greed have a point, but even they must suspect that if a serious and convincing plan were offered by which the poverty of the Third World could truly be reduced by our spending something like one per cent of our gross national product, we undoubtedly would do it. The United States willingly devoted 1.67 per cent of its gross national product to foreign economic assistance during the years of the Marshall Plan, between 1948 and 1951. We did it not simply because Western Europe needed to be reconstructed but because that job could be done and visibly was being done according to plan. We can have no such confidence in the conventional plans for Third World industrial development. But we are reluctant to say so, because we have nothing else to offer that might have a serious effect upon the world's poverty.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, the British historian, remarked in one of his books that the great non-Western civilizations are "*ways of life* in a much more definite and conscious sense than that of any national Western culture," and he added that each of these ways of life "is penetrated from top to bottom by the same system of ideas, so that a man can give theological or metaphysical reasons for the way in which he cooks his dinner." This is not because these non-Western civilizations are simple; they are of vast subtlety and complexity. Nor are they backward by other than certain material standards. China is backward economically and technologically, but in other respects the United States or Britain is backward by comparison with China, India, or Egypt. These Asian or African civilizations are far more coherent, and this is both a strength for them and a wall of resistance to industrialization and all the rest that is included in the notion of development on Western models. Of course, our industrial society has a coherence of its own, in that it rests on generally held assumptions about accomplishment and mastery as central to the meaning of our lives—about exploration and exploitation of the material universe, the desirability of material acquisitions, the value of knowledge, the value of work.

Let me be specific, since the issues come down to practical things. To run a factory requires workers and managers who want economic prosperity badly enough to spend a major part of their waking lives doing things that are often boring, exhausting, and unpleasant. They also need, usually, the ability

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to read and write, to make complicated plans and analyses, to use sophisticated tools, to understand machinery and feel at home with it, and even to take pleasure in the machines and in the concepts that lie behind them. A dependable supply of such workers and managers exists in our country and in Canada and Western Europe, because fathers and sons have done this kind of thing since the industrial revolution first emerged, during the eighteenth century, in a society whose ancient and medieval engineering and technology had already been of remarkable sophistication. And one reason they have done this is that their religion has insisted that constructive work in this world pleases God, will be rewarded by God, and advances the development of a history that is understood to have begun in the void from which God summoned matter and to end in the Day of Judgment, when we will all be held accountable for how we have used our talents and dealt with our fellow-men. The latter-day secularizations, political or ostensibly scientific, of this religious conception of history have changed little that is essential to it. Progressive humanists or Marxists, rationalists or scientific optimists, we in the West still go on working as if our immortal salvation depended upon it. Our culture is teleological—it presumes purposive development and a conclusion. Obviously, there have been those who have resisted this ethic; the quietist sects of the nineteen-sixties and seventies are recent examples, and Christianity produced its own antidote to materialism in the monastic and eremitic movements. But even those who resisted conformed in a way, since the contemplative wants to shortcut life's labors and obtain, again by progressive effort, the vision of God.

Our sense that we are coming from one place and going to another is evident in our use of the expressions "antiquity," "Middle Ages," "modern times." The Chinese identify their past by dynasties, not by a vocabulary of progression. Our Middle Ages were scarcely at an end before people began calling them the Middle Ages. John Lukacs says that the term "was first proposed by the German Cardinal Nicolaus Cusanus as early as in the middle of the 15th century." But then, as Lukacs also remarks, Western civilization's consciousness of its history is unique, having developed as it did side by side with an unprecedented sense of the importance of the individual—a whole new vocabulary of self-consciousness and self-concern. For individuals as for nations, our sense of values has been based on a belief in consequence and development, in causes having effects. And industrialism and technology are phenomena of cause and effect par excellence.

An extreme contrast is India's Hinduism, a religion of natural order, of predestination manifest in fixed castes, with a transmigration of souls in union and reunion with the Absolute Spirit which is the ultimate reality. It is hardly an accident that so many of India's great modern entrepreneurs and industrialists have come from the Parsi community—Zoroastrians from Persia, believers in the resurrection of the dead. The Theravada Buddhism of Burma and Thailand is also deeply non-materialist, the religion of a "Middle Way" between (in the supposed words of the Lord Buddha himself) devotion to "those things whose attractions depend upon the passions, a low and pagan ideal, fit only for the worldly-minded, ignoble, unprofitable" and the practice of "asceticism, which is painful, ignoble, unprofitable." Man must renounce "the craving for prosperity." This is scarcely a religion for technicians, to say nothing of capitalists. Even Islam, a religion of surrender to the will of God, is basically more passive than Christianity. There was a great age of Arab science, created by the mathematicians and astronomers of the early Middle Ages, but—for whatever reasons—it did not have a sequel. The Middle East and North Africa have had a long and close acquaintance with Western technology and organization, both in pre-industrial times, when Islam was at the peak of its strength and had colonized southern Europe, and in modern industrial times, when Europeans controlled Egypt and other North African states. Yet there has been little spontaneous development on Western models, and it is difficult to be optimistic about the industrialization of the Islamic world. Egypt and Syria, on the Mediterranean, may prove to be exceptions, but one suspects that the factories and "downstream" oil-refining facilities that are being built in Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf states may be destined to eventual desuetude—sand finally drifting in through broken windows to cover the machinery, the people returned to the desert. Indeed, except in Latin America, whose cultural origins are predominantly European, the only places where Western models have been successfully adopted are in the single zone of

China's cultural dependencies—Japan, Korea, and Taiwan.

Such cursory judgments on Asian and African societies do no justice to the ways in which they are rich and original. The judgments are offered only to make the point that the religious values, moral assumptions, and social structures of these societies are at best alien, and sometimes hostile, to the values and practices of industrialism. This situation cannot be changed by the injection of money, machines, or technical instructors. For these societies to "develop" in the sense in which that term is used at United Nations conferences would require a radical and destructive remaking of life and society, and, often, a reinterpretation of the meaning of existence itself as it has been understood by the people who live in these civilizations. What often is put forward as a simple transfer of resources, techniques, and information is, in fact, a revolutionary enterprise of the most momentous consequence.

THE debate over the right relationship between North and South, and over how that relationship can be changed, has now reached a point of deep dissociation between words and meaning. The connections are slight between high-minded public discussions at international conferences and what people really think—not to mention what really happens. Of course, the élites of the Third World are committed to the enterprise of steady and purposeful development; they themselves have already made costly personal commitments to the modern industrial world, given hostages that cannot be ransomed. They have assumed roles in life as agents of progress. They may call themselves Socialists or Marxists, but the Shah of Iran is their archetype. They are constantly threatened by the dense past, which cannot accept the successes they promise. To their societies, they are Einstein, Atatürk, Rousseau, Lenin, Trotsky, Freud, Napoleon, Darwin, and Newton all rolled into one. They are the god from the machine and the devil. And we are their accomplices, for we, too, have no alternatives to offer. In this, they and their people are our victims. Describing the arrival on a Greek island of a few British technicians to build a radio-relay station, Lawrence Durrell writes that the intrusion destroys "the tightly woven fabric of this feudal village with its tense blood relationships, its feuds and archaic festivals." And he goes on, "Its wholeness will dissolve under these alien pressures. It was so tightly woven, so beautiful and symmetrical like a swallow's nest. We are picking it apart like idle boys, unaware of the damage we inflict. It seems inescapable, the death we bring to the old order without wishing it."

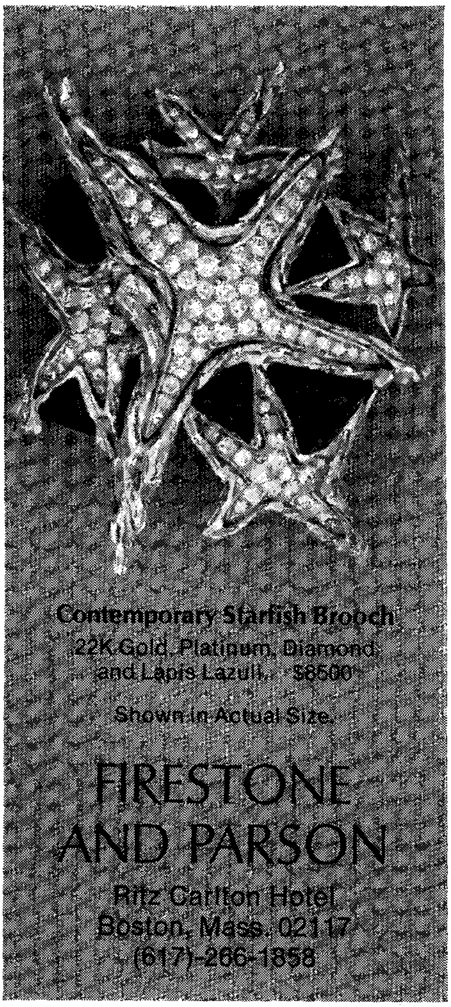
—WILLIAM PFAFF

• •

GETTING THROUGH WINTER

A white jacket and white summer dress,
dark hat with a clear veil, green parasol
set against the sky—I imagine you like this,
standing amid yellow foxglove and buttercup
at the top of a small rise. You are directly
between me and the sun, giving the edges
of your dress and veil the transparency
of insects' wings, white water over a falls.
The movements of your face become metaphor
for summer fields beyond this hill, as wisps
of sunlit cloud are metaphors for your body.
You look toward me and your shadow approaches
so close that I begin to reach out, except
that this is a picture and I am alone in my
small house, wrapped by winter fog as a wound
is wrapped by its bandage. If this could be
an actual picture, then I would attach copies
to all the windows of my weather-soaked house;
then, wherever I looked, it would be summer,
and, emerging from this night, I would become like
some plant that turns east each morning or
like some songless bird when the sun crests
the edge of its green world, and over and over
it attempts to pronounce its few cracked notes.

—STEPHEN DOBYNS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THE CURRENT CINEMA

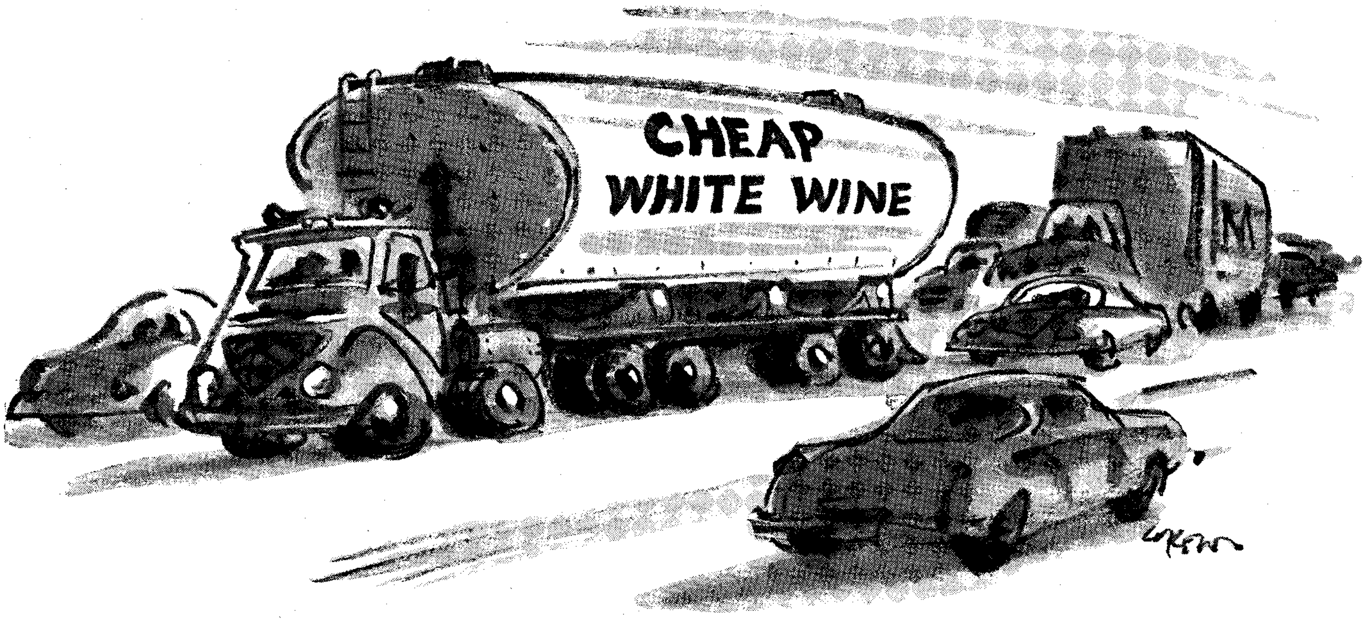
Pods

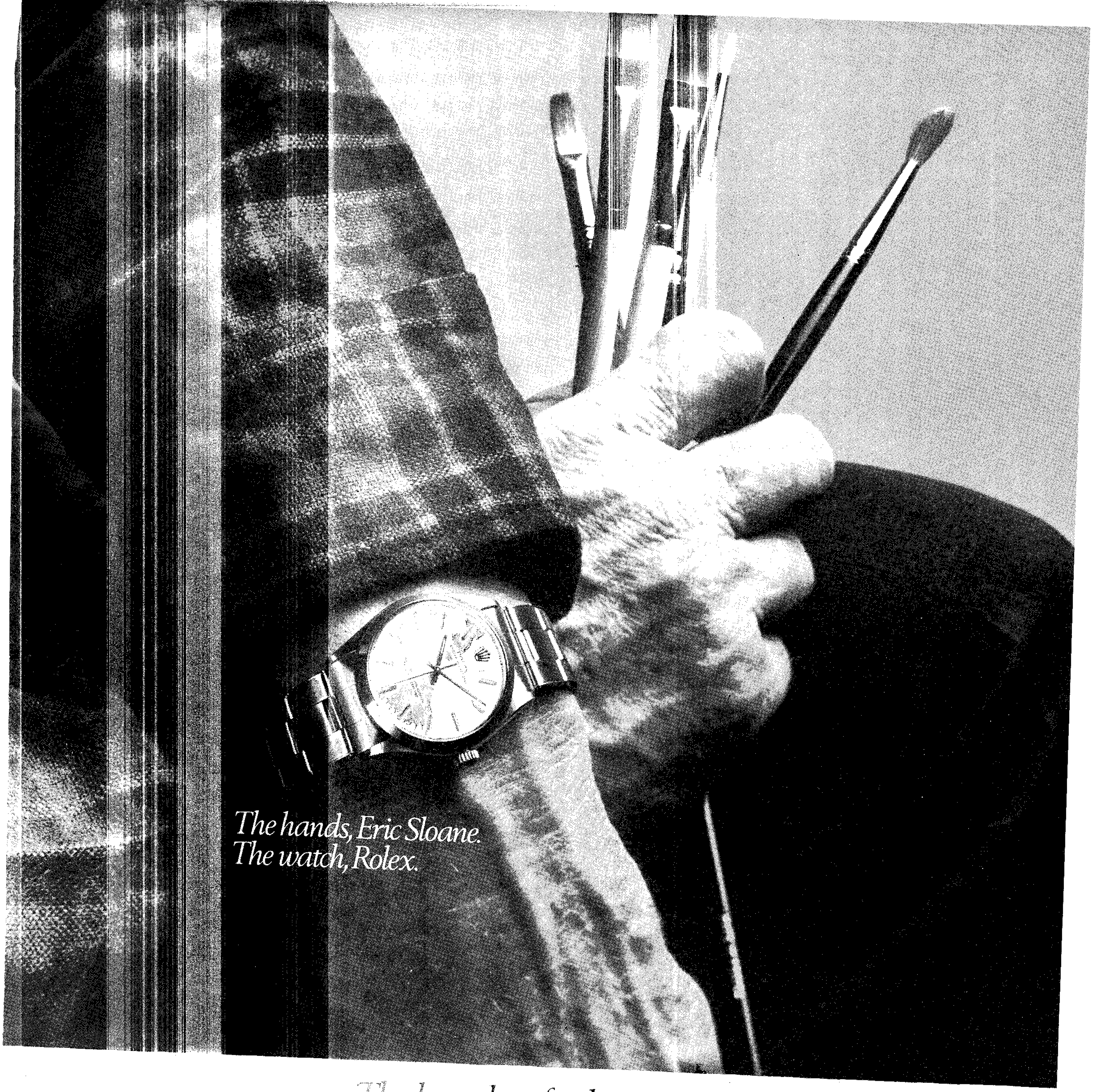
"INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS" is more sheer fun than any movie I've seen since "Carrie" and "Jaws" and maybe parts of "The Spy Who Loved Me." The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. It's a wonderful relief to see a movie made by people who know what they're doing. They're also working with a deliciously paranoid theme: trying to hang on to your human individuality while those around you are contentedly turning into vegetables and insisting that you join them. The film takes off from the 1956 "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers," directed by Don Siegel—a low-budget Allied Artists movie (about $350,000) that has an honored place in film history, because of its realistic atmosphere (it's set in a drab, isolated small town that seems to close in on the characters) and the solid, frightening theme, which is essentially the idea that Ionesco developed in "Rhinoceros." (Americans seem to have better luck when they treat surreal paranoid ideas in low-down science-fiction form.) Siegel's version was subjected to executive bowdlerizing: most of the humor was excised, and a prologue and an epilogue were tacked on to provide a hopeful resolution. Even so, it's a tight little economy-package classic. The new version is wilder and more fantastic, with perhaps the best use of Dolby stereo yet—the sound effects have you scared and laughing even before the titles come on. This Phil Kaufman version is so sumptuously made that it looks very expensive, even though it was done on what is now considered a small budget (under three and a half million, with a sizable chunk of that going into the post-production work on the sound). The pre-title rumbling roar suggests how God might have started the Creation if only He'd had Dolby. The first images, which are of diaphanous gelatinous spores wafting upward, have a spectral comic beauty; it's like being in a planetarium while something awesomely, creepily sexy is taking place. This is a full-scale science-fiction horror fable, a realization of the potentialities of the material. For undiluted pleasure and excitement, it is, I think, the American movie of the year—a new classic.

The story is set in San Francisco, which is the ideally right setting, because of the city's traditional hospitality to artists and eccentrics. Probably nowhere else have people considered so many systems of thought and been through so many interpersonal wars; San Franciscans often look shell-shocked. The various outcroppings of the human-potential movement have had an unexpected result: instead of becoming more individual, people in therapeutic groups get so self-absorbed in their various quests that they appear dulled out. And so when the gooey seeds from space come down in the rain over San Francisco and cling to leaves and establish root systems and blossom, and each flower pod develops into a fetus that grows large enough to replace an individual as he sleeps, while the old body crumbles into a small pile of garbage, it is not surprising to hear the reborn flower people proselytizing for their soulless condition as a higher form of life. "Don't be trapped by old concepts," one of them says. The story simply wouldn't be as funny in New York City, where people are not so relaxed, or so receptive to new visions. There are no a-priori rejections in San Francisco.

The hip-idyllic city, with its gingerbread houses and its jagged geometric profile of hills covered with little triangles and rectangles, is such a pretty plaything that it's the central character. The movie itself is like a toy; it's all filigree, in the way that "The Manchurian Candidate" is. As the malignant growth sprouts brilliant-red blossoms, we hear the film's first words: in the bland, bored tone of someone who's trying to fill up the time, a teacher who's out with her class says, "There's some more flowers, kids. Go pick them." That has got to be a famous first line. For the opening third of the picture, almost every scene has a verbal or visual gag built into it, and throughout there's a laciness to the images—to the way the interiors include exterior views of the whimsical, Victorian-doll-house architecture, and the bright-colored sanitation trucks gobbling up waste matter.

Elizabeth (Brooke Adams), who works at the Department of Health, picks one of the carnal red flowers on her way home. When she gets there, Geoffrey (Art Hindle), her laid-back lover, is sprawled out watching basketball on TV; he kisses Elizabeth without taking off his earphones and gets excited only when he hears a terrific

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play—he pushes her aside so he can see it. Geoffrey, who's a dentist, is so quintessentially laid back you don't know what keeps him vertical, or in such good shape. He just seems to have been manufactured with muscles: that's the model. The flower is left near his side of the bed, and in the morning he no longer goes with the flow; he gets up with a stolid sense of mission, dresses up as if he were a Rotarian huckster, and takes a bundle out under his arm and tosses it into a waiting garbage truck. And as he goes about the city he makes eye contact with other people, who all know what's on each other's minds—it's as if they were governed by Muzak. (Watching the clear-faced, neatly dressed, upstanding Geoffrey, you suspect that Werner Erhard was the original spore.) Scared by the change in him, Elizabeth tells her boss, Matthew (Donald Sutherland), that Geoffrey isn't Geoffrey, that "something is missing." But then she goes to a cocktail party celebrating the publication of a new how-to-be-happy book by Dr. Kibner (Leonard Nimoy), the city's leading chic psychiatrist, who suavely explains that she thinks Geoffrey has changed—has become less human—because she's looking for a chance to get out of their relationship. (Kibner is as smug as the psychoanalyst in "Cat People" explaining to Simone Simon that she only fantasizes turning into a leopard.) And Elizabeth, who knows she's beginning to have romantic urges toward her boss, half accepts Kibner's explanation.

In most science-fiction movies, the stalwart characters would have nothing to lose to the pod people; they have already been vegetablized by the lack of imagination of the filmmakers. But Kaufman and Richter have managed to give substance to the fear of losing one's individuality, by creating believable, likable characters. Brooke Adams doesn't have the sullen-washerwoman look she had in "Days of Heaven;" her turned-down mouth has an odd attractiveness, and her Elizabeth is smart and resilient, with a streak of loony humor. (She spins her eyeballs, like the great Harry Ritz.) Even her flat voice is funny here: she uses vocal affectlessness as a deadpan, and rings trick low notes on it. (The women in this movie are every bit as strong and sharp—and foolish—as the men, without any big point being made of it.) As heroes go, Sutherland may not be a world-beater, but at least he's plausible and stays in character. And the other leads play genuine San Francisco weirdos. Jeff Goldblum, who knows enough to disregard his handsomeness, and to stick with a huffy, distracted timing that is purely his own, is Jack Bellicec, a furiously angry poet who is proud of taking six months to decide on a word, and Veronica Cartwright is his wife, Nancy, who works in their Turkish-bath establishment—Bellicec Baths—as desk clerk and masseuse. Veronica Cartwright has such an instinct for the camera that even when she isn't doing anything special, what she's feeling registers. She doesn't steal scenes—she gives them an extra comic intensity. When Nancy Bellicec greets someone by scrunching up her face, her whole goofy soul is in her expression. What the film catches with this devoted pair is their domestication of nuttiness—they wouldn't love each other so much if they weren't both a little cracked. San Francisco is a city full of people who are sure they could write better than the successful writers in their midst, and probably could, but they're too busy living and griping to try. Jack's contempt for the best-selling Dr. Kibner is the contempt of a writer who doesn't put anything on paper for the fraud who does. Phil Kaufman (who makes his home there) and Rick Richter (who was on the locations throughout the shooting) have got the conversational tone of the culture down pat. The Bellicecs must protect their eccentricity: it's the San Francisco brand of humanity. This film is almost like a surreal variant of Simone Weil's thesis that the people who resisted the Nazis weren't the good, upright citizens—they were the dreamers and outcasts and cranks. There's something at stake in this movie: the right of freaks to be freaks—which is much more appealing than the right of "normal" people to be normal.

There are some amazing special effects: the plant tendrils that sneak over sleeping people, and the fetal pods that bleed when they're crushed, and a dog joke that is perhaps a nod to "The Fly" and "The Mephisto Waltz" and the famous dog in "Yojimbo" but is also pure Dadaism. "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" gives the impression of a supernatural and fantastic visual style, though the cinematography, by Michael Chapman, is very straightforward. This may be because of the unusual delicacy of his work. The daylight scenes, with sharp primary colors that aren't posterish in the Godardian way, because of a softening use of secondary colors, emphasize the orderly movements of the pod people, which are so at odds with the iridescent bauble of a city. At night, of course, the city is theirs. Much of the photogenic power of the material (it's based on Jack Finney's early-fifties *Collier's* serial "The Body Snatchers") comes from the fear of night and sleep: if a character closes his eyes, he may not be himself when he wakes up. When the first version was made, the filmmakers thought of calling it "Sleep No More." Chapman has a special feel for night subjects, as he demonstrated in "Taxi Driver" and "The Last Waltz," though his work on Kaufman's "The White Dawn" was also eerie and mysterious. He shows a gift here for bringing out the personality of the city locations; there's a finely drawn, cluttered grace in his San Francisco, and it intensifies the horror, in the same way that the characters' idiosyncratic styles of humor do. When the four principals run down Telegraph Hill, with a phalanx of pod people in pursuit, and dash to the Embarcadero, they cast long shadows, like figures in one of de Chirico's almost deserted piazzas. Parts of this film have a hellish beauty, like Cocteau's "Orpheus" and, more recently, "The Fury."

GIFT WRAPPING

There are small disappointments. Elizabeth tells Matthew of the conspiratorial meetings of the pod people before we actually see them meet. And Matthew has a sequence of racing from one telephone booth to another which is charged with meaningless tension and has no particular payoff. Perhaps the scenes in which pods are being dispatched to other cities are not as elegantly staged as they might be. And there may be a few times when the generally dazzling score, by Denny Zeitlin, the jazz pianist turned San Francisco psychiatrist, overpowers the action, but the music is a large contributor to the jokes and terrors. There is also a truly inspired electronic effect, devised by the sound expert Ben Burtt:

the pod people make a shrieking, warning cry that suggests an inhuman variant of the rhythmic trilling-screaming sounds of the women in "The Battle of Algiers." In that film, it was a cry for freedom; here it's a cry for conformity.

There's a great entertainment-movie tradition of combining high jinks and artistry, and this film belongs to it. Michael Chapman, the cinematographer, can be spotted in a corridor, leaning against a mop, and Robert Duvall, who played Jesse James in Kaufman's first major studio film, "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid," is visible as a priest on a playground swing. (As a benediction for the movie?) Don Siegel turns up, playing a cabdriver. And there's a reënactment of what is generally remembered as the end of the 1956 version (it's how the movie would have ended if the studio hadn't slapped on the "Get me the F.B.I." epilogue), with Kevin McCarthy, the star of that version, once more banging on car windshields. He yells, "They're here! Help! They're here!" But this time he isn't saved—he's finished off. There are also fog-enshrouded shots of the Transamerica pyramid. (Transamerica is the parent company of United Artists, which financed this picture.) "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" doesn't take itself too seriously, yet it plunges into emotional scenes with a fast, offhand mastery. At night, Matthew stands on the terrace of his apartment, where he and his three friends have holed up, and looks down at the four adult-size fetuses that are almost ready to replace them. He wants to smash those bodies, but he can't destroy the ones of his friends, because they're so close to human that it would be like killing people he loves. He can smash only his own reproduction. This set of variations on the 1956 film has its own macabre originality; it may be the best movie of its kind ever made.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle*]

The non-surprise birthday party Dodie Rosekrans gave Friday to celebrate the 50th birthday of her husband, John, was pretty surprising. However, as people know, an evening at the Rosekranses is always exciting and different.

The birthday party was one of the most elegant dinner parties of the year. As the dessert was regally brought to the tables set up in the various rooms (including living, dining and library), Dodie sprang the surprise of the evening: The dessert was accompanied by a seven-foot stuffed gorilla with a head sculpted by artist Amy McGill to look like John.

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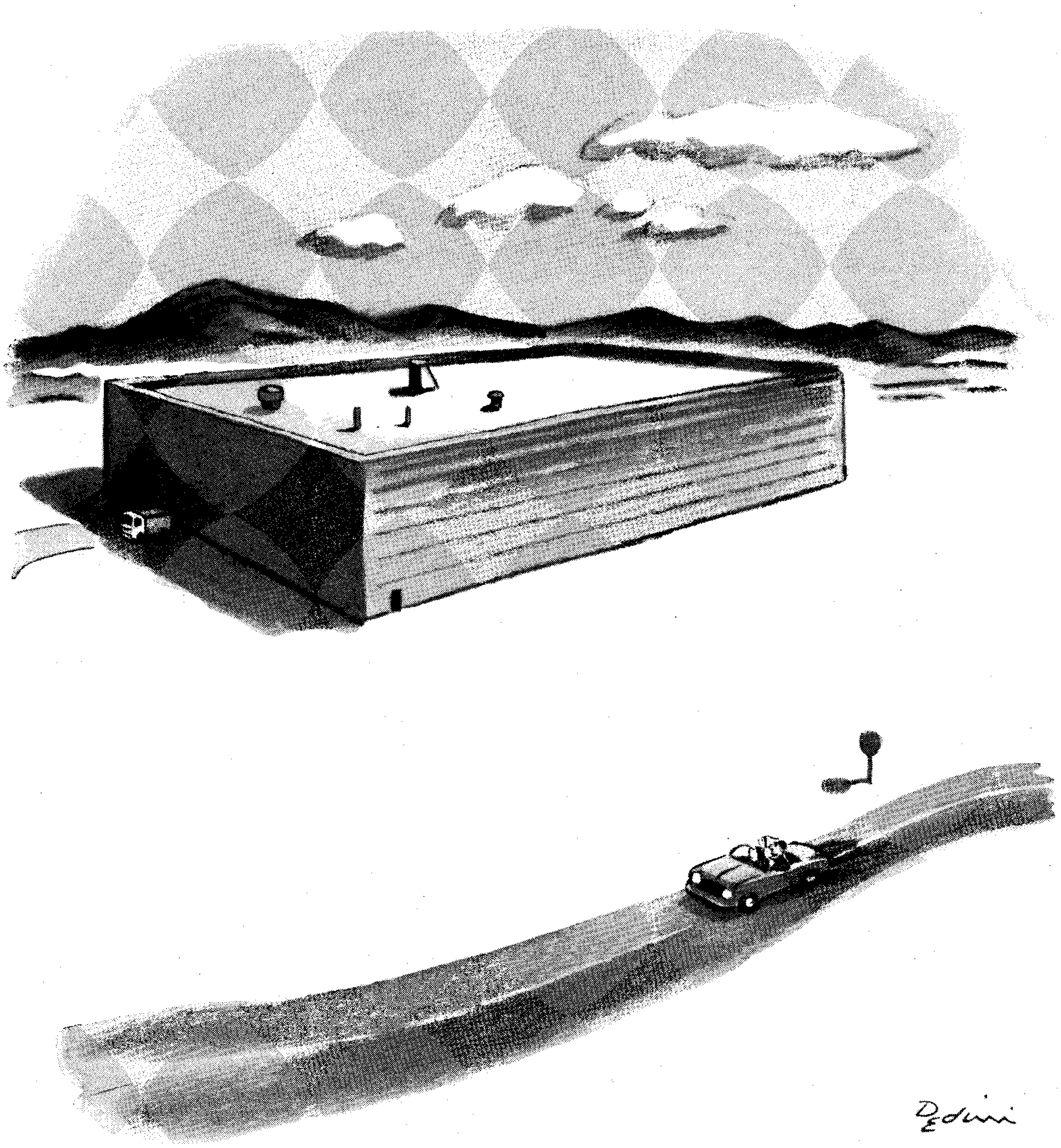
MUSICAL EVENTS

Moral Mirth

LATE in 1842, Donizetti composed "Don Pasquale," his last and in many people's opinion his best comedy, for the four singers who were generally reckoned to have the most beautiful voices and most accomplished techniques of their day: Giulia Grisi, Mario, Antonio Tamburini, and Luigi Lablache. Mario, who had made his Théâtre-Italien début in 1840, was the new boy of the famous quartet, in which he had replaced Giovanni Battista Rubini. For Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, in 1835, Donizetti had composed "Marino Faliero," and Bellini "I Puritani." At the time of "Don Pasquale," Grisi and Mario, the young lovers of the plot (and lovers in life), were in their early thirties; Tamburini, the Malatesta, was in his early forties; and Lablache, the Pasquale, was nearly fifty. Grisi had been singing for some fifteen years, Tamburini and Lablache for some twenty-five. All four were in their prime and still had many years of glory on the stage before them. All were celebrated in both tragedy and comedy: Grisi was the leading Norma of the age, and Lablache the noblest and most powerful Oroveso.

For its new production of "Don Pasquale," the Metropolitan has chosen three veteran singers whose voices are worn and not beautiful and a dapper young débutant whose timbre became metallic and a shade raw when, in his aria, he pushed up the volume in an endeavor to fill the enormous house. And so the vocal rewards of the evening were few. Beauty of sound is not everything, though it counts for a good deal. Beauty of style, wit, musical and verbal resourcefulness, and delicate acting can go a long way toward carrying the day. (Late in his career, Mariano Stabile was still a matchless Malatesta.) "Don Pasquale" is such a delightful opera that once the execution passes a certain point it is easy to be indulgent to any shortcomings. But if that point is not reached it is hard to be forgiving—and it is hard to forgive the Met its new "Don Pasquale." One can try to find excuses: the sheer size of the house; the difficulty of playing a domestic comedy in a language not that of the cast or the audience. But the difficulty was compounded rather than overcome by the casting, the direction, the designing, and the conducting.

The Lincoln Center program book for December contains a penetrating essay by Conrad L. Osborne in which he traces what "Don Pasquale" has in common with the regular commedia-dell'arte plot of the amorous old man outwitted and in what ways it represents something new. The librettist, Giovanni Ruffini, adapted an earlier text, by Angelo Anelli. Both men had been political prisoners. In 1833, Ruffini and his brother Iacopo, ardent followers of Mazzini, were condemned to death. Iacopo committed suicide in prison; Giovanni managed to escape. "Don Pasquale" was created in the Paris circle of Italian political exiles. (So was "I Puritani." Its librettist, Carlo Pepoli, had passed a term in the Venetian prisons, where his sight was impaired. I own a sketch of the "Puritani" libretto in Bellini's hand with a later marginal note by Pepoli explaining that he had dictated it "when the infirmity of my poor eyes absolutely prevented me from writing.") One doesn't go to "Don Pasquale" expecting the perform-



"That, my son, is where they store all the minutes of all the last meetings."

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ance to make a patent and emphatic political statement. If it did, I would be quick to denounce it as a traduction of the essential nature of the piece. But I did go to this "Don Pasquale" having been reminded by Mr. Osborne of the atmosphere in which it grew, and at a time when the newspapers had set me reflecting on parallels between Iranian drama today—both comic and serious—and Italian drama of the nineteenth century. (At the Shiraz Festival, I used to meet playwrights who worked within restrictions much like those Donizetti's and Verdi's librettists had to suffer.) Any opera worth its salt is more than an entertainment or a divertissement. Opera almost from its inception has been the most potently political form of art, in its courtly days hymning and then with increasing frequency challenging the status quo. And, as Mr. Osborne puts it:

> The libretto's description of Pasquale as an "old celibate, old-fashioned, tight-fisted, credulous, obstinate," while Ernesto is a "young enthusiast" and Norina "of a volatile nature, impatient of contradiction," defines a conflict that echoed in the streets. Pasquale must be taught a lesson not only to fulfill a *commedia* intrigue or to reënact one of society's ruling myths, but to strike a blow for social and sexual equality. These are the same blows struck by the heroes of so many operatic tragedies of the nineteenth century.

If "Don Pasquale" proves so much more moving than "Il Barbiere," it is because Donizetti's work is more than the standard comedy of manners and character. In the rondo-finale of the piece, Norina sings, "The moral of all this is easy to discern. . . . It is foolish for old men to get married." But a deeper moral has been sounding in Donizetti's music: that the conflict between the old, conservative ways and the revolutionary new thought need not have a tragic outcome. Crabbed age and youth *can* live together, and, in Mr. Osborne's words, "we must forgive the old the blindness that comes of the need to preserve, as we must forgive the young their insensitivity." Donizetti's score—his bold new inventions on traditional foundations, his unconventional treatment of familiar stagecraft, even his demonstrations that themes on restatement should reflect new ideas, and not just be unthinkingly repeated—tells of reconciliation between the best of the old and the best of the new. His moral needs no directorial stressing. It emerges naturally from a performance that is musically resourceful, presents the characters as the composer conceived them, and holds a just balance between hilarity and tenderness. An audience should find Don Pasquale at once ridiculous and deserving of sympathy, and should feel—as Norina herself feels—that she has gone too far when she strikes him.

At the Metropolitan, the designer, Desmond Heeley, has for what seem to have been purely cosmetic reasons shifted the action forward from the Risorgimento to the early years of our century, and so Ernesto and Norina are no longer—not even lightly and obliquely, within the comic context—representatives of Mazzini's Young Italy. Sensibly, Mr. Heeley has blocked down the immense stage opening, but he has done so by using black borders and backcloth and coarse gilded frames decked with heavy, full-blown roses which suggest an expensive funeral parlor. Norina redecorates the house in execrable taste, and the garden of the last scene is on a ducal scale that makes nonsense of the middle-class milieu. John Dexter's production eschews broad clowning—and for that one is grateful—but it is fussily focussed upon stage properties. Nos. 1 and 3 of the score are apparently about the mounted butterflies that Don Pasquale collects. No. 2 brings the first statement of the overcoat joke—Do put it on and leave; No, I won't—that then dominates No. 4, the duet "Prender moglie." No. 5, Norina's "Quel guardo, il cavaliere," becomes an aria of which a vamp's long cigarette holder is the central feature. In No. 6, Norina and Malatesta's rehearsal duet, business with wineglasses is prominent. No. 7, Ernesto's "Cercherò," is about his false starts at writing a poem in a notebook. And so on. There is a long and honorable tradition of stage business in "Don Pasquale." Lablache's enactment of the simple direction "*raccogliendo un foglio*," in Act III, was a turn that kept audiences laughing for minutes on end; his enormous bulk made it hard for him to pick up the letter that Norina had dropped, and repeated attempts were necessary. That was business of a kind that arose naturally from the physique of the man, and it was in character. But Mr. Dexter has obscured character, motivation, and the simple sense of what the actors are saying beneath a crust of intrusive, irrelevant, finicky inventions.

Beverly Sills' portrayal of the heroine was especially distressing, for Miss Sills is usually a deft and intelligent actress. Has any previous Norina failed, in the Act II trio, to distinguish between her own sparkling asides and the timid utterances in her assumed role of Sophronia? And do Mr. Dexter and Miss Sills really think that a demure young lady "from the convent fresh emerging" would plonk herself down in a drawing room with legs widely straddled; or that Pasquale would for a moment entertain the idea of marriage to such a hoyden? On the first night, the soprano's tones were brittle and insubstantial until in the rondo-finale they found a freer, fuller flow. Nicolai Gedda's stage demeanor can suggest Vašek even when he is playing Benvenuto Cellini, so perhaps Mr. Dexter was accepting the inevitable when he changed Ernesto from a romantic young lover to an owlish booby. (As a recurrent joke, Ernesto wore glasses but whipped them off whenever Norina appeared or was mentioned.) Gabriel Bacquier is on record as saying "I don't believe Pasquale can be played in a comic way," and he certainly brought no great sense of humor to the role. In a dry, unexuberant, misguided manner, he gave a rather polished performance, and marshalled his voice skillfully. Only Malatesta was done along traditional lines, by Håkan Hagegård; and, once an undervoiced "Bella siccome un angelo" was over, he was perfectly acceptable. Under Nicola Rescigno, the orchestra sounded rather loud and heavy.

Things may improve a bit when the performers can take the elaborate business in their stride and start thinking about their roles and how to express them. The first night was a glum affair. I came home and listened to Ferruccio Corradetti and Giuseppe De Luca's ebullient recording of the Act III duet "Cheti, cheti" (made in 1907; most recently reissued in the EMI album "The Record of Singing"). There is a good deal of spontaneous fooling about—perhaps more than a modern audience would accept—but it is all improvised on a basis of secure, elegant command of the music, and the authentic characters of Pasquale and Malatesta shine out in every deliciously funny inflection. That ancient recording has more life in it—and more gaiety—than the Met's live show. —Andrew Porter

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CORRECTION

The Times Herald inadvertently referred to Republican candidate for lieutenant governor Gaylord Marshall as an "ultra liberal" in Sunday's editions.

Marshall, a University Park resident who is making his second race against incumbent Democrat Bill Hobby, should have been described as an "ultra conservative."—*Dallas Times Herald.*

Oh, well.

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 12

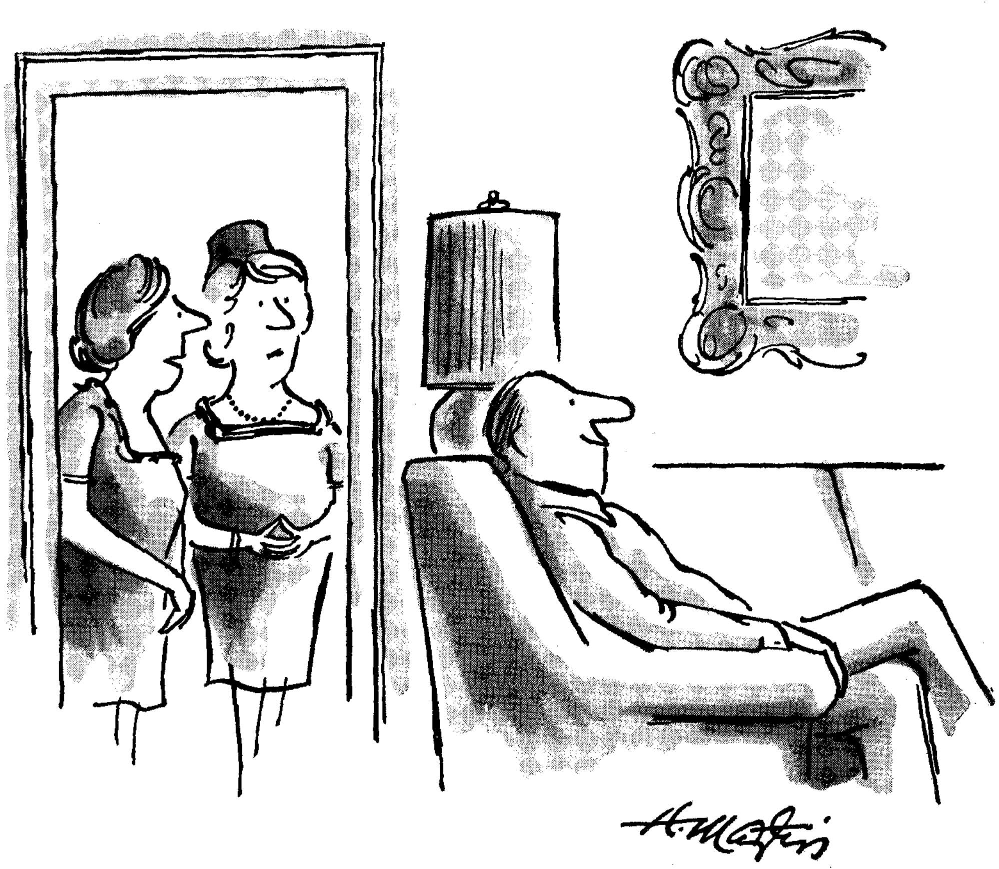
IT is twelve very long days since the *Times*, along with the *Sunday Times* and the three distinguished weekly supplements devoted to education, higher education, and literature, put up their shutters, as the management had warned when it served final notice on the printing unions that the newspapers could no longer go on bleeding to death from the wildcat disruptions that had increasingly mauled the papers and their loyal but suffering readers, too. The three hundred thousand or so top people who, according to the advertising slogan, take the *Times* have now and then over the past year found themselves taking no newspaper nourishment at all with their breakfast coffee, owing to trouble in New Printing House Square. It seemed the unkindest cut of all that on the morning of the closure readers in many parts of England were left lamenting without the historic closing issue—the last anyone will see for a period of time that nobody feels able to predict with assurance. One of the reforms on which the *Times* held a pistol to its outraged workers' heads, in a reversal of the usual order, was acceptance of the inevitable replacement of dispensable men by technology, an advance guard of which is said to be already purring away quietly in the upper reaches of the *Sunday Times* building. This innovation was hardly surprising to readers, who have long been exasperated by the noticeably eccentric look of the august columns, so bedewed with typographical errors (some funny enough to be deliberate) that sorting out a paragraph sometimes resembled a mad sort of guessing game. (A sharp-eyed correspondent wrote in to say that he had clocked seventy-eight misprints on a single page—an addling score that has gone into the Guinness Book of World Records.) The showdown that the Thomson Organization has at last been resolute enough (since it is financially well fleshed enough) to call, and stand by for probably a long time, is only part of the troubled picture in Fleet Street and the provincial press. The *Daily Telegraph*, one of the papers hardest hit by union action, has recently been obliged to publish captions beneath white patches of absolutely nothing, which purport to be photographs of this and that—a dreamy exercise for readers to fill in, like watching television with the sound off. All these threatened and harassed parties hope that the battle of New Printing House Square will settle things for the industry once and for all. There was talk, which came to nothing, of the Government's intervening to prevent the closure. The House of Commons held an emergency debate that bumbled along full of pious platitudes expressing hopes for the Thunderer's speedy resurrection, while in the press gallery, where we reporters should have been on the edge of our seats to catch every word, heads gently nodded.

People are adjusting, with various degrees of philosophy, to the melancholy of life without the *Times*, an affliction puzzling to readers of other journals, who are not so inextricably entwined with the paper of their choice. Everyone has an individual list of losses—the style of the editorials and the balance of the reporting; the famous letters; the team of writers, such as Bernard Levin, whose columns are a joy to some readers and a perennial bunch of holly to others (an extremely erudite music lover, he chose to write his last piece until the happy day of what he called "the great resumption" on Schubert, a favorite subject); the notices of arrivals, departings, and givings in marriage on this planet; and the fiendishly knotty crossword puzzles (the puzzle in the last issue carried its solution on another page, kindly saving the duffers from biting their nails for uncertain days, weeks, and maybe even months). Meanwhile, the paper's temporarily homeless readers have had to look around for somewhere to lay their unwilling custom. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Guardian* are probably benefitting most since the unions suddenly relented and lifted their ban on printing extra copies. From all the comment, the new lodgers feel fidgety.

On the last night that the *Times* came off the presses, the printers sped it on its way with a "bang-out"—the earsplitting traditional ceremony with which the composing room bids farewell to one of its members who is retiring by cheerfully hammering one piece of metal against another in a hubbub of fraternal leave-taking. Under the circumstances, it seemed sad. The journalists of the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* gathered for their own bang-out at a brasserie off Piccadilly, where, according to report, more than eight hundred, including guests, drowned their anxieties in fifteen hundred bottles of new Beaujolais. After all the jollity, the staffs of both papers turned up for work as usual, until the dismissal notices, varying from four months for journalists to two weeks for secretaries and office boys, come into effect. At the *Times*, half a page of news is written daily to serve as a summary when production begins again. Obituaries are being kept up to date, and hopeful notices recording receptions, regimental dinners, and other social events still arrive for insertion. For the first week, there was a postbag of around three hundred letters a day applauding the *Times'* action; these have begun to fall off, since even the most faithful readers are beginning to realize that there is not much chance of their being printed. Advertisements are pouring in for the first new issue, under headings proclaiming "WELCOME BACK TO THE TIMES." There are people in New Printing House Square who say that the closure may last until sometime in the new year, but pessimists talk of summer. The one thing that seems to be sturdily rejected by all is the notion that it might be permanent.

THE latest, superlatively done helping of royal biography, Thames Television's seven-part serial "Edward and Mrs. Simpson," is riveting large numbers of fascinated watchers to their firesides these Wednesday evenings, and not only those old enough to remember the foggy December days of 1936 when the constitutional crisis suddenly loomed up before the aghast British public. There has been some criticism from those who feel that it is too early to resurrect the story and give theatrical flesh to characters dead within living memory, or alive and offended by their impersonations. (The Royal Family is reported to take this view.) The script, by Simon Raven, sticks very close to the account of the abdication in the superb biography of Edward VIII by Lady Donaldson. The scenes of the gathering infatuation were shot at Fort Belvedere, that curious Gothic toy-soldiers' castle among the Surrey rhododendrons, where we see the King enjoying the simple hospitable felicities of coming to the front door himself to receive his guests, serving them at meals, and, smartly kilted, stomping around playing his own excruciating composition on the bagpipes after dinner. Edward

Fox is almost perfect as Edward. He reproduces with uncanny acute observation the walk, the air of the perennial boy who refused to accept that the shades of the prison house must begin to close, the mulish obstinacy, the dark, Hanoverian moodiness, and the astonishing charm that could be switched on and off, like electric light, to dazzle most men and all women. What the actor cannot quite suggest are the many areas of painful blankness in the King's mental makeup. There is only a brief flash of his callous dismissal, after Mrs. Simpson's reign began, of his much-loved faithful mistress for sixteen years, by an order to the St. James's Palace telephonist that she was never to be put through to him again, as though she were a sacked housemaid who might give trouble. "Who is this Bront?" he is made to ask Mrs. Simpson, amiably quizzing the title page of "Wuthering Heights," with which she is curled up for a bookish afternoon on the cruising Nahlin. Every intelligent line in Edward Fox's face contradicts this side of the remarkable interpretation. Cynthia Harris, excellent as Wallis Simpson, looks in the early scenes as pleasantly unlike a potential siren as she was described by unworried observers at the time. Then she becomes the startlingly familiar figure—slim as a reed, dressed with stunning simplicity, and wearing an adoring king's ransom in jewelry—who was for a while the most cordially disliked woman for a whole generation of the British people, who later, if they remembered her at all, felt thankfully that everything had turned out very much for the best. Peggy Ashcroft plays Queen Mary—a splendidly dignified portrait of the restrained anguish and anger that finally broke loose in her incredulous one-line epitaph on the departing son: "To give up all this for that."



"Harvey had a little talk with himself this morning, and now everything appears to be hunky-dory."

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SEVENTY Holbein drawings from the great riches of the Windsor collections are on view in the pleasantly intimate little Queens Gallery at Buckingham Palace. They are of the men and women who lived warily married into each other's noble families, who spoke out against their master's divorce and ended on the block, or who swiftly sidestepped and kept their heads and their places in the unpredictable ups and downs of the court of Henry VIII. One of his enormous suits of armor stands in the center of the gallery, vast, bulging thighs planted wide apart—a dominating and remarkably alarming figure, who might have clanked out of a science horror film. The drawings are startling. In a few diamond-sharp lines of black and colored chalk, Holbein floated onto his favorite pink paper the speaking likeness of a sitter's face and the still more eloquent inner essence that tells the viewer all—the steady serenity of Sir Thomas More; the rattrap mouth in the otherwise handsome countenance of Lord Chancellor Rich, on whose perjured evidence More was executed; the weary foxiness of the old Archbishop Warham of Canterbury, in his furred robe; and the come-hither look in the demure gaze of some of the pretty wives. Holbein was a meticulous, elegant recorder of Tudor feminine fashions, thought ghastly by amused visitors from across the Channel. Some of the marvellous drawings are badly rubbed, having had a rough ride from owner to owner before George II's Queen Caroline found them stuck away in a bureau drawer in Kensington Palace—a piece of serendipity that is giving Londoners a present, too, this Christmas.

THE decision is expected tomorrow from the magistrate's court—three local worthies, one a woman, who must deal more often with motoring offenses and rural cases such as mysteriously fired haystacks—that has been sitting in Somerset to consider whether there is or is not a case for a criminal trial of Mr. Jeremy Thorpe and three other defendants on charges of conspiracy to do away with a talkative and damaging bit of Mr. Thorpe's past. It will not come a minute too soon for very many citizens, who say they are sick to death of the whole affair. Frustrated journalists, under legal restraint not to speculate on the proceedings, have been allowed to add no comment to the permitted scenario of each day's weird, bemusing drama and its cast of bizarre characters, who have advanced from the wings into the public's astonished view. All that can be reported at the moment is that the case has delivered the most disturbing shock to public opinion since the Profumo affair heaved a half brick into the political life of Britain in the sixties, and that the circles are expected to go on widening whatever the word is from Minehead tomorrow.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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The Bears were the only team to put in a claim when the Vikings placed the 33-year-old Page on irrevocable waivers Tuesday. The Bears must now assume his contract, which pays a little more than $100,0000,000 annually.—*Chicago Tribune.*

How much more?

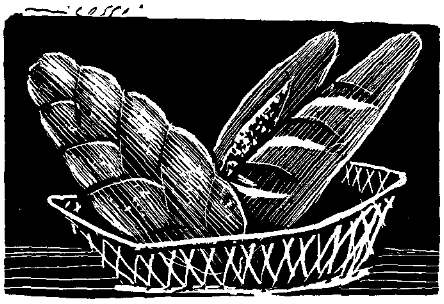
AROUND CITY HALL

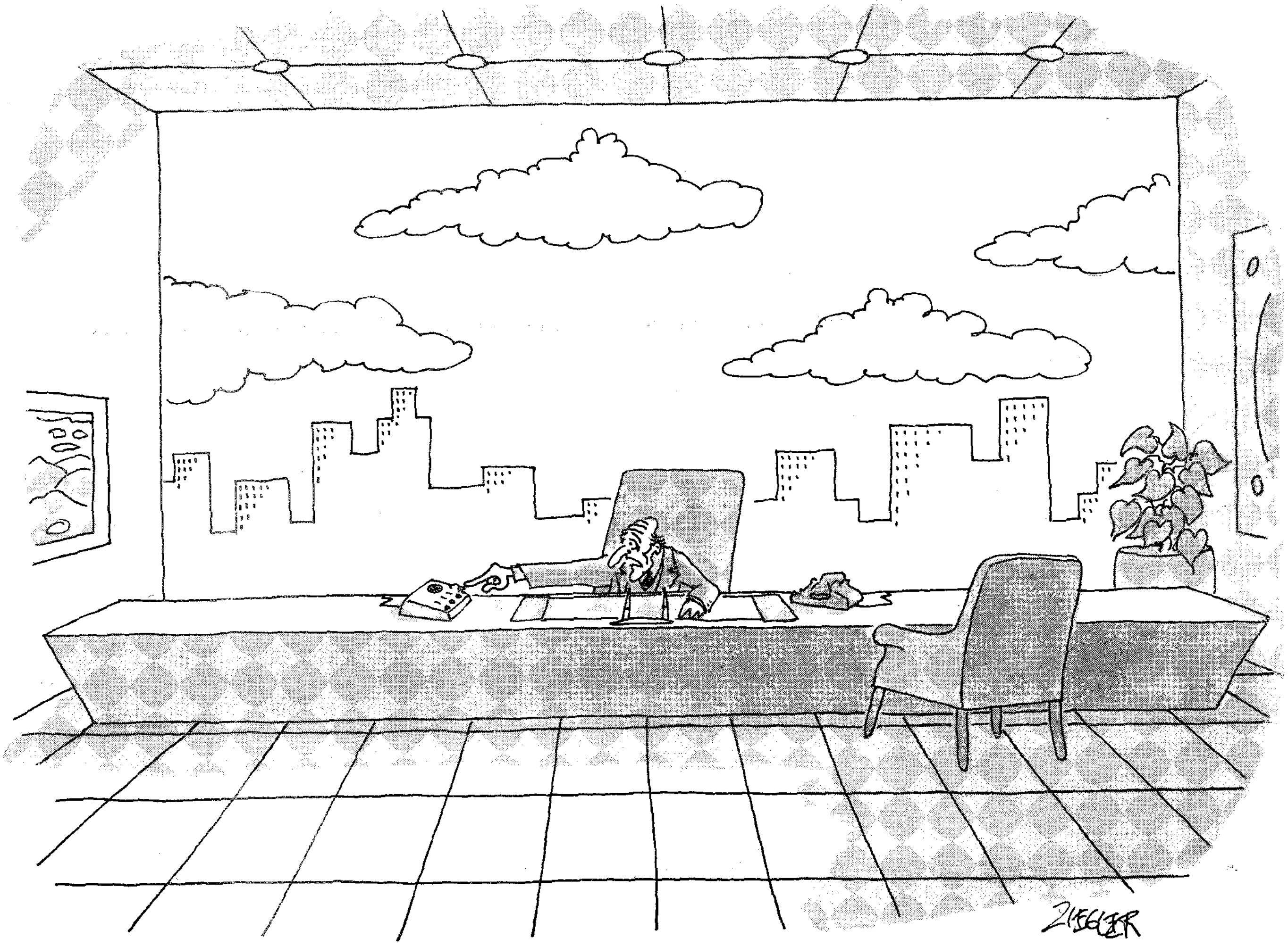
BUOYED

EVERY few days in recent months, some new development is hailed as still another sign that everything is getting better and better in this city, and most, although by no means all, New Yorkers would probably agree that 1978 has been a good year here, boding well for the city's future. Local residents who are less sanguine about New York's prospects include those who have been closely following the shifting figures in the four-year financial plan that the city must periodically amend according to its latest projected balance sheets for the benefit of its financial overseers, the United States Treasury and the State Financial Control Board. These local pessimists—or, as they believe themselves to be, realists—worry about the increasing size of the estimated budget deficits, which will amount to a cumulative two billion three hundred million dollars by June of 1982, and not all of them are convinced that the present City Hall administration has sufficient grasp of the situation and the requisite political courage to deal with the crisis ahead. Among others who are inclined not to look on the bright side of things here are black and Hispanic New Yorkers, who now have less political power than they have had in decades, and who do not feel that they have a friend at City Hall.

Not all the evidence that the optimists in the crowd might cite as propitious about this past year in the city has to do with aspects of political administration. There is the gratifying fact that the Yankees won the World Series for the second year in a row. The theory that the way people live in this town is alien and irrelevant to human experience elsewhere was surely put to rest by the awarding of the Nobel Prize for Literature for the second time in three years to an author who has written at length about the way people live on Manhattan's upper West Side—a neighborhood that the 1978 winner, Isaac Bashevis Singer, unlike Saul Bellow, who was honored in 1976, continues to call home. Tourism here was way up in 1978, and the rate of violent crime was down, as was the number of local citizens on welfare. The cost-of-living increase here was 6.7 per cent, more than two points under the average national increase; however, New York remained the third most expensive American city, after Anchorage and Honolulu. The local unemployment rate in November was 8.5 per cent, or the lowest for this time of year since 1974, though it was still 2.7 per cent above the national average. On the governmental level, the fact that last summer Congress finally passed the bill providing the city with a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees over the next four years led many New Yorkers to start talking about the local fiscal crisis in the past tense: the bill had so often been described in congressional debates as the only measure capable of saving the city that when it went through they assumed that the city had, once and for all, been saved. American Airlines did announce last month that it was moving its headquarters from New York to Dallas-Fort Worth, causing Mayor Edward Koch to declare that he was "outraged" by the company's "betrayal" of the city. Two weeks later, however, Pan American World Airways, which last winter had made noises about abandoning New York for Texas, announced that it was not only sticking around but also digging in further, by laying out twenty-five million dollars to buy the land beneath the Pan Am Building, in midtown Manhattan. Work was resumed during the year on a number of housing and office-building projects that had been suspended because of the 1975 fiscal crisis, and this month the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine announced a twenty-million-dollar project to complete work on the cathedral—a program that had been dormant since the beginning of the Second World War. Bishop Paul Moore, Jr., said, "I see this decision as a symbol of the resurgence of life and hope in New York City. It is a symbol of our saying that New York is here to stay, that New York is going to rebuild itself."

"Renascence" is Mayor Koch's pet word for what has been happening in the city under his administration. Contributing to the general impression that things have not been going badly here is the fact that right now an unusually large number of New Yorkers are not cussing out that man in City Hall—a popular local recreation in the era of John Lindsay and during the last years of Koch's immediate predecessor, Abraham Beame. A large share of the Mayor's constituents seem to be amused by his open delight in the powers and perquisites of his new role, so different from those of a Manhattan member of the House of Representatives, where Koch served for nine years before being sworn in as mayor last January. "Jimmy Carter says I'm the only mayor he knows who enjoys what he's doing, and he's right," Koch said recently. New Yorkers seem to be amused both by the way he says things (in a singsong voice, eyebrows arching, arms waving) and by the fervor of his overstatements. "Vile!" he said of an unoffending urban landscape that had been left on the wall of the mayor's office by the departing Abe Beame. After the local police union threatened job actions and other measures last winter if they didn't get raises in their new contracts, he told reporters, "There is no money here. They could bring Godzilla here and there wouldn't be any way." A week later, before a group of congressmen, he took the same position on the police threats ("I don't care if they bring in Godzilla"). The fact is, of course, that, although the new Mayor had announced every week or so that the era of confrontation politics was at an end in the city and that "I will not be intimidated," money was somehow found, and the police, without having to call in Godzilla, won a good raise in their new contract, along with concessions that reduced by seventy-five the number of police available for duty each day. And, although before taking office Koch had denounced "the imperial mayoralty" and had promised that his administration would keep the common touch by, among other measures, sharply cutting down on the use of official cars ("I am not the limousine sort," he said the day he was sworn in), after a few weeks he grew tired of the Chrysler sedan he had inherited from Beame and began to covet a Cadillac limousine left over from the Lindsay years. (There are many who consider Koch's most significant achievement to be his presenting himself as the representative of the new City Hall austerity, since the style of the modest Abe Beame had hardly been that of the Sun King.) Koch insisted that the Chrysler was in such bad shape that on one occasion it had independently veered into a





"Miss Haley, I am a wild and crazy guy, no?"

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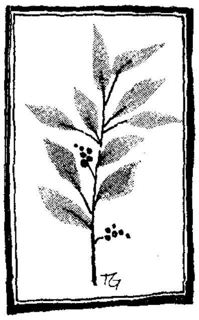
snowbank. It "tried to kill me," he said, and thereafter he referred to it as "the deathmobile." This epithet greatly pained officials of the Chrysler Corporation, who pointed out that they had offered to put the car in perfect condition free of charge and also that theirs was the only automobile corporation in the world with a model called the New Yorker. Eventually, Koch dropped the limousine notion and settled for the Chrysler company's repair offer. He explained later that the whole thing had been intended as "sort of comic relief . . . part of my attempt to revive the spirit of the city," adding, "I don't want so much gloom and doom." Neither, apparently, do many New Yorkers. According to a Roger Seasonwein Poll released this month, forty-eight per cent of the local citizens give Koch's performance high marks, thirty-four per cent think reasonably well of it, and only thirteen per cent disapprove.

THE sense that the fates were favoring the city at last was reinforced by another nice break this year: good weather when it counted. The great New York Bicentennial celebration with the Tall Ships was taken here and elsewhere as a signal that the city might make it after all. The effect would hardly have been the same if July 4, 1976, had been a day of raging rainstorms of the sort that caused this year's Fourth of July celebration to be washed out. (What if one of the Tall Ships had capsized? The metaphorists had already been busy enough with watery images picturing New York as foundering on fiscal shoals, reaching for a lifeline, and going down for the last time.) This year, the sun shone on the day of the big celebration when President Carter and numerous dignitaries came up from Washington to sign the loan-guarantee bill in front of City Hall. The weather was also sunny for the New York City Marathon, which could otherwise have been a wretched mess. As it was, the marathon, winding through all five boroughs, drew over eleven thousand entrants and two million spectators, in a demonstration that New York could boast of citizens who are as dedicated to physical fitness and the wholesome life as those in other towns. (*Mens sana in corpore sano*, although maybe not yet in *corpore sano fiscaliter*.) A few days earlier, the sun had also shone on the estimated two million New Yorkers (two million was the week's favorite estimate) who lined the route of the victory parade up Broadway from the Battery to City Hall as the Yankees returned here after their World Series triumph over the Los Angeles Dodgers. The crowd that squeezed into the small plaza in front of City Hall was no more than perhaps twenty thousand, but it was the largest mass of humanity anyone recalled seeing there. The crush was so great that it eventually threatened to bring down the wooden platform erected for the welcoming ceremony. On the platform and in the parade, the athletes were heavily outnumbered by New York politicians. Politicians are rarely active baseball fans; indeed, their line of work virtually precludes it. In an election year here (and it always seems to be an election year here), the political season extends almost without a break from the early spring through the major-party designating conventions in June and the September primaries to Election Day in November. Thus, except for the final few weeks, it almost exactly coincides with the baseball season. Traditionally, politicians turn up on opening day at the two local stadiums to have their pictures taken and are not seen there again unless the local teams make the playoffs or the Series. Certainly no New York politicians were publicly associating themselves with the Yankees in mid-July, when the team seemed hopelessly in the depths—fourteen games out of first place. At the City Hall victory ceremony, the threatened collapse of the platform left no time for the scheduled awarding of keys to the city to the Yankees' owner, George Steinbrenner, and the Series' Most Valuable Player, Bucky Dent. But there was time for New York's Governor Hugh Carey, then running for reëlection, to say a few words and for Mayor Koch to say a few more. "We're No. 1! We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" Koch shouted—indeed, almost screamed—over the noise of the big crowd. He pointedly associated the Yankees' triumph with his own political prospects, shouting, "The Yankees are going to win the Series for the next twelve years! Twelve years!" Twelve years is the length of time that Koch has said he intends to remain New York's mayor.



The city's spirits have also been buoyed recently—as, in the most high-minded of worlds, they should not have been—by news of the financial troubles of other cities. Local leaders have argued all along that New York's money crisis was not just the result of local mismanagement and improvidence but the inevitable consequence of the effort to balance heavy local responsibilities against a shrinking tax base—a dilemma now confronting most of the nation's older cities. When American Airlines announced the shifting of its headquarters from New York to Dallas-Fort Worth, news accounts from Texas reported that people there were especially "gleeful and joyful" that one more bad thing had happened to New York—an attitude of the sort that this city's officials, during their drive to get the loan guarantees from Washington, had often encountered among congressmen from other parts of the country. It was understandable that New York might indulge in a little *Schadenfreude* of its own at the news, for example, that this month Cleveland faced the possibility of being the first American city to go bankrupt since the Depression and that Detroit and, more recently, New Orleans had also developed severe financial problems. Early in the year, a Washington *Post* dispatch from Detroit reported a local bumper sticker that read "Will the Last Person to Leave Detroit Please Turn Out the Lights?" A few weeks ago, a *Times* account of how things were going in New Orleans mentioned a bumper sticker there that made the same plaintive request of the last person to leave that city. And in a speech on December 1st Felix Rohatyn, the retiring chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, who is credited by many with being the single most important figure in the so far successful effort to keep this city out of bankruptcy, suggested that the federal government itself was beginning to fight a war against problems not very different from those that had brought New York so low, and that in both cases wartime austerity measures were called for. "In the city, we fought against bankruptcy," he said. "In Washington, they are fighting against the same thing under different names: controlling inflation, protecting the dollar, avoiding a recession." And in Washington, as had been true in New York in the years before 1975, Rohatyn said, the government was relying too heavily on borrowed money and, year after year, was accumulating increasing deficits that were "papered over with accounting gimmicks to allow sidestepping politically difficult decisions."

A few weeks ago, Jimmy Carter, who as a Presidential candidate had described the nation's cities as "America's No. 1 economic problem," told the delegates at a convention of the National League of Cities that in order to "conserve the greatness of our cities" his government would first have to deal with the nation's "No. 1 economic problem, and that is inflation." Since most of the cuts in the federal budget which have been proposed in the war against inflation would fall most heavily on the urban poor, Vernon Jordan, the president of the National Urban League and the chairman of a group called the Black Leadership Forum, warned Carter a few days later that blacks and the poor were "becoming increasingly alienated from the political process" and that unless they received more help it would be "impossible to contain their despair or for them to sublimate their anger." It was back to the long-hot-summer threats of the nineteen-sixties. But how much attention would be paid to such threats in the late nineteen-seventies was not certain. In this city last June, a militant black Brooklyn minister, the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, led several hundred of his followers—members of a newly organized group called the Black United Front—across the East River to City Hall, which is conveniently situated just on the other side of the Brooklyn Bridge. There they warned the Koch administration that if it did not show greater responsiveness to the concerns of the city's black people, "you will not make it through the summer." Not long before that, other black leaders, arrested after an attempted sit-in at City Hall in a dispute over the number of summer jobs available for members of minority groups, had compared the Mayor to Bull Connor, the scourge of the Alabama civil-rights movement a decade earlier. Daughtry's demands of Koch included more jobs and more economic support for minority communities, but the immediate stimulus for his march on City Hall had been two mid-June events in the Crown Heights section of central Brooklyn. In that area, there has been increasingly bitter conflict between blacks and Chassidim, members of the ultra-orthodox Jewish sect whose adherents are distinguished by their long black coats, black fur hats, beards, and corkscrew sideburns. The Chassidim in the city, who may number as many as a hundred and fifty thousand, while the blacks and Hispanics number perhaps three million, vote in full force on Election Day, in contrast to members of other local minority groups. For this reason, among others, they wield great political power here (as was demonstrated later in the year). On June 14th, Arthur Miller, a black businessman and civic leader, had died of strangulation in Crown Heights while he was in police custody, and two days later, in the same neighborhood, a black teen-ager, Victor Rhodes, had been beaten into a coma—allegedly by Chassidim, because he had knocked the yarmulke off one of them. Blacks had questioned the thoroughness of the investigation in both cases, and had charged the police with being anti-black.

Several times during the next few months, Daughtry and his Black United Front members marched across the Brooklyn Bridge to City Hall or to the adjoining Wall Street area,

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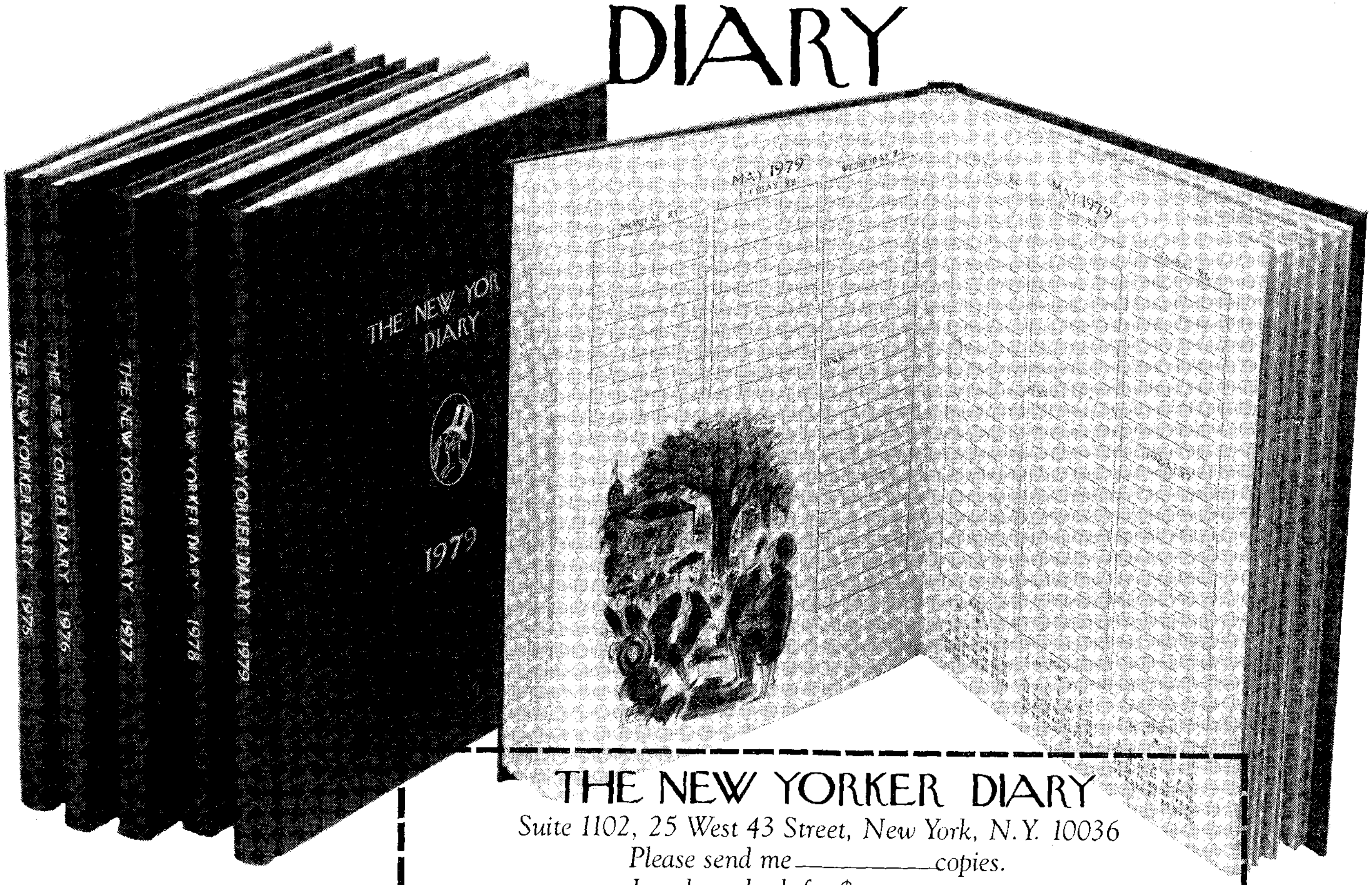
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wearing work shirts decorated with a picture of the late Arthur Miller. They appeared at the back of the crowd on the day of the City Hall ceremony for the signing of the loan-guarantee bill and tried to drown out President Carter's happy and congratulatory words, chanting their slogan "All Fired Up—Won't Take No More!" Koch kept repeating his statement that the era of confrontation politics was over and that he would not be intimidated. Eventually, Victor Rhodes emerged from his coma and recovered. A Brooklyn grand jury concluded that Arthur Miller's death while he was in the hands of the police had been "a tragic, unforseeable accident." The federal Department of Justice is now conducting its own investigation of the incident. Saying that there was no hope of getting just treatment from the city, Daughtry announced that he would take the case of the Koch administration's violation of black human rights before the United Nations. Meanwhile, the Mayor had paid no official attention to Daughtry's warning about the city's not making it through the summer—or, at any rate, had changed nothing because of it. It was not the nineteen-sixties but the year of the (largely white) citizens' great tax revolt. It was also clearly a time when local blacks, including New York's more prominent black leaders (many of whom consider Daughtry a noisy upstart opportunist), declined to get involved, even in order to protest their lack of involvement in the local decision-making process. The city in fact made it through the summer, and the fall as well, without any unusual disturbances in its ghetto areas.

The sense of powerlessness among New York blacks has not been just a reaction to the effect of changing priorities on the national level. Although blacks have increasing influence in other American cities, there is now no elected black official with any significant power in New York's municipal government. For the first time in twenty-four years, there is no black member of the Board of Estimate—the body responsible for much of the legislation that affects the lives of local minority groups. Last year, Percy Sutton, long the city's most prominent black political leader, gave up his post as borough president of Manhattan to run for mayor, came in fifth in a field of seven in the Democratic primary, and, openly embittered, left public life. His successor as borough president, Andrew Stein, is white. There is also no black member of the City Planning Commission, for the first time in a decade. Of the seven deputy mayors whom Koch appointed after his election, one, former State Senator Basil Paterson, was black. Paterson is now leaving for Albany to become Governor Carey's secretary of state. Koch has announced that Paterson's successor will also be black, but the position of deputy mayor—one of seven—has not proved to be a significant ethnic power center for blacks in the city under Koch, nor was it under Beame. They complain that relatively few other upper-level Koch staff members are black. And as Charles Rangel, whose congressional district includes Harlem, described it, "the blacks whom the Mayor has seen fit to appoint couldn't find their way to Harlem."

An event that many blacks had expected to be the year's most graphic demonstration of the treatment of minority groups in contrast to that of other groups in the city occurred in October. In November of 1975, as part of the retrenchment program dictated by the fiscal crisis, the city announced the removal of an engine company from a firehouse in the Northside section of Brooklyn—a largely white area. Residents close to the firehouse, charging that the move imperilled their homes, took over the building and refused to allow the equipment to be transferred. The vigil in what was soon being called the People's Firehouse continued for over a year. This spring, the city capitulated, and announced that the firehouse could have its engine company. Money for the additional unit was included in Koch's present budget, and he proudly referred to it at budget-passing time. In October of this year, a parallel situation occurred. The Fire Department announced the transfer of an engine company out of a largely black area in Crown Heights, in which the number of fires is about twice that of the average city fire district. A group of about thirty community leaders, most of them black, led by City Councilwoman Mary Pinkett, staged a peaceful sit-in at the firehouse, charging that the transfer imperilled neighborhood homes. After a few hours, Mrs. Pinkett and three of her allies were arrested for criminal trespass and obstruction of government administration, by what she described as "more cops than arrested Al Capone," and the shift of the engine company was made. The Mayor announced that he would not "tolerate people who seek to violate the law or to take the law into their own hands," and he went on to say, "I believe in a single standard of law. . . . You're not going to get your way by breaking in or sitting in."

A CONFRONTATION took place early this month which will undoubtedly have a permanent place in local rhetoric as proof that, although the Mayor has declared that the era of confrontation politics is over in the city and that he will not be intimidated, it may all depend on who is doing the intimidating. Shortly before one in the morning of December 2nd, Irving Sussman, a sixty-five-year-old resident of the Borough Park section of Brooklyn, was robbed and stabbed to death as he returned from a service in a nearby Chassidic synagogue. Sussman was not a Chassid, but he had been attending services at the synagogue for several weeks. Unlike nearby Crown Heights, Borough Park does not have a substantial black population. It is largely orthodox Jewish, and its next-largest ethnic group of residents is Italian-Americans. It is one of New York's low-crime areas; in fact, the felony rate went down almost fifteen per cent there this year, compared to a decrease of 8.6 per cent in the city as a whole. About nine and a half hours after the murder, a crowd of black-clad Chassidim that eventually grew to about three thousand massed in front of Borough Park's Sixty-sixth Precinct station house, demanding greater police protection for their community. Several hundred of them pushed their way inside the station, which was manned at the moment by only three officers, the rest being out on patrol. When police reinforcements arrived, one of them—ironically, a Yiddish-speaking policeman named Paul Fried, who on occasion had dressed up as a Chassid to trap criminals preying on members of the sect—described the scene outside the station as "a sea of screaming humanity." Inside, the Chassidim were "throwing typewriters and furniture at the officers," Fried said, adding, "They were just going wild." He was eventually taken to the hospital after one of the invaders split his head open with a brick. When the Chassidim inside the station were finally moved out, telephones had been ripped from the wall, teletype machines and the precinct's filing cabinets had been turned over, and the floor was ankle deep in police records. The police estimate put the damage at "more than ten thousand dollars." The official casualty list was sixty-eight injured policemen and eight injured civilians. One of the civilians was State Assemblyman Samuel Hirsch, who announced that "there is a virulent strain of anti-Semitism in the Police Department" and demanded that policemen who had injured any Chassidim be arrested and brought to trial. No policemen were arrested. Neither were any of the Chassidim. Two days later, although the Mayor had described the damage to the station by the rioters as "vile," he met for an hour with Jewish leaders. It was announced that, as the Chassidim had demanded, the number of policemen assigned to the low-crime Borough Park area would be increased, at least temporarily, from a hundred and forty to a hundred and eighty—an increase of thirty per cent. The contrast between the way the Chassidic incident was handled and what would have happened if three thousand—or, indeed, thirty—blacks had stormed a police station, ransacked it, and physically attacked police officers was stunning. It went without saying that there would have been a large number of arrests, and that in the course of things there could well have been injuries to those arrested, or, as the result of a tragic, unforeseeable accident, worse: Arthur Miller had been strangled while he was protesting his brother's arrest for a traffic violation. David Bryan, Jr., the executive secretary of the Metropolitan Council of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, immediately sent a letter to Koch charging his administration with condoning a dual system of justice in the city. In an interview, he warned that if it didn't change its ways "there is going to be a lot of chaos in this city which no one will be able to maintain."

The Mayor himself had been present at the Sixty-sixth Precinct station house on the day of the invasion, though he arrived several hours after the police had got the situation under control. Koch spoke to the relatively small crowd remaining, first in English and then in Yiddish. He defended his police force, and made his promise of added police protection. As he left the station, he waved at the crowd and asked his favorite question—"How'm I doin'?" According to Dena Kleiman, a *Times* reporter who was travelling with him, he didn't wait for an answer: as he reached his car, he called out, "How'm I doin'? Bye-bye." Once inside the Chrysler, he explained to those in the car why at the end he had treated the visit to the riot scene like a campaign appearance. "It's calming," he said. "You have to give them a little levity." On the way to the hospital to visit the injured, he began humming a tune. "It's a great life," he said.

Koch's insistence on bringing a little cheer to New Yorkers, even when the situation is a perilous one involving racial conflict or municipal finance, is not really alarming, since it is understood that he is basically an able and sensible man. When reporters ask him how he will deal with the city's projected giant budget gaps—the one for the coming fiscal year amounts to four hundred and thirty-nine million dollars—and he says, "How many times do I have to tell you that a budget gap does not mean an unbalanced budget? It means that by law the budget must be balanced, and I am going to do that, because I do not want to go to jail," he means this, and he may do it. So far, however, a large share of his energies in this direction seems to have been devoted not to deciding what his administration must do but to spreading the word that it is not his fault and that the problems would be pretty much resolved if the federal government would only live up to the promises it has made. By the federal government, Koch apparently means the executive branch, forgetting—a curious lapse on the part of a former member of the House of Representatives—that it is Congress that passes the laws, and forgetting also how often, as a member of that body, he failed to support legislation urged upon him by some President. Despite Carter's new priorities, it was not the President but the Ninety-fifth Congress that, in its last hours, killed the federal countercyclical program that provided special benefits for troubled cities and accounted for a hundred and five million dollars in the Mayor's original budget for the current fiscal year. Earlier this month, an anonymous federal official assigned to help New York work out its problems said of the Koch

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administration, "They're living in a dream world at City Hall," and added that, in their expectations of funds likely to flow to them from Washington, "they still think this is the nineteen-sixties." A few weeks ago, at the end of an editorial giving figures to demonstrate that bankruptcy is once again a strong possibility here if the city doesn't take stern measures, many of them very difficult politically, the *Times* noted, "Time is running, and the opportunity to escape bankruptcy is slipping away. There is no point in whining about how much more the Feds should have sent. The crucial moment for Mr. Koch's leadership is now."

Koch's unrelenting cheerfulness in the face of ominous realities invokes a spectre in the minds of some City Hall regulars with long memories—or not such long memories, really. Four years ago, as Mayor Beame completed his first year in office, he held a series of year-end interviews with local political reporters. Looking over a list of his accomplishments, Beame told one reporter that he was "surprised to see how much has been done." He was sorry that he had not been able to hire three thousand additional policemen, as he had promised during his campaign. There had been some temporary financial problems that were not his fault. "Along came the federal government, and they created the inflation and recession," he said. "The city didn't. I didn't." Meanwhile, he said, housing starts were up, labor productivity was up, and street crime and corruption in city government were down. It was noted by another reporter that the Mayor was "relaxed, cheerful, and optimistic" as he declared that the year 1975 looks like "a bright one for our city" and commented, "We have taken hard, strong steps to bring the city into sound fiscal order." Within a few months, no one would buy New York City securities at any price, and the bottom was falling out of everything. At the end of his fourth year in office, as he prepared to leave City Hall, Beame was asked if he had anything to say to his successor. "He'll learn a lot," said Beame.

—Andy Logan

• •

THE RUINS AT MONTE ALBÁN

From these hills high above Oaxaca
the Indians must have seen Cortes pass
through the valley thousands of feet below
and laughed, their gold and women safe, the cross,
two unrelated lengths of wood tilting
toward the temples of their dead. The landscape
arid, fury of sun on mountains.

This far south, five hundred years have not
changed much. From the great plaza, levelled
somehow by hand, the midday sun gleams
off the spires of Santo Domingo,
and the lovely villages, so small
they don't appear on maps, dot the valley,
perfect green fields sloping to brown mountains
and pine.

With the sun this high, the lone
Tule Tree withdraws its shadow
where I sit before the long walk
down the road lined with dusty children.
Their mothers kneel, shaded by cactus,
calling out numbers, "Thirty pesos, twenty,"
for carved replicas of Zapotec gods
arranged haphazardly in the dirt.

Always dust and sun, this road like so many
others, and always the insistent echo
of another kind of death, stilled now
by the hush of blood, the small winds circling.
In the central courtyard of the ruins
the buildings hold against a cloudless sky,
enormous steps climbing only toward air.

—Andrew Grossbardt

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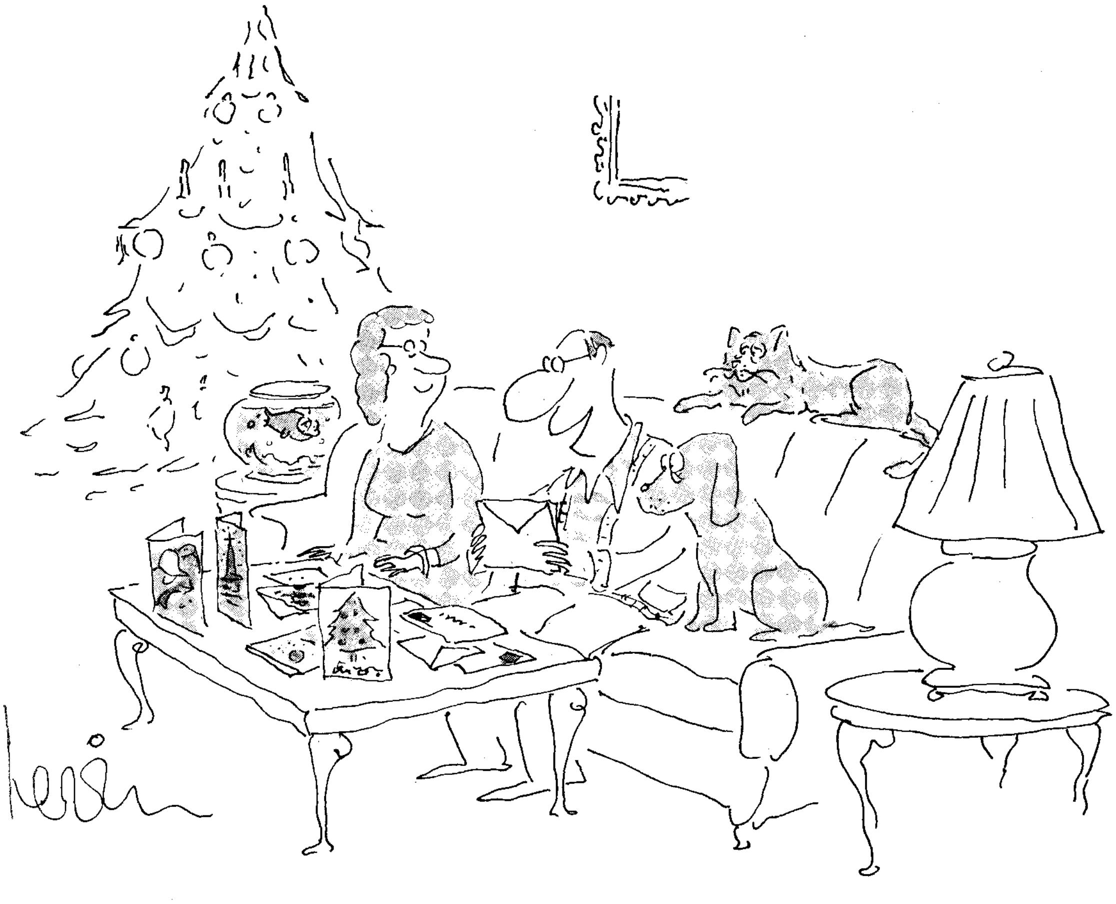
BOOKS

Updike Country

KUSH, an imagined sub-Saharan country in Africa, a poor peanut-producing territory once ruled by the French under the name of Noire, is the improbable setting for John Updike's uncharacteristic new novel, "The Coup" (Knopf; $8.95), and he has taken immense pains to make the territory tangible in some dazzling passages of physical description and re-creation. "The Coup" is really more fable than novel. At first reading, it seems to be a number of books in one, and veers abruptly from the lyrical to the intensely declarative to the hilarious, from character to caricature; but it has a high moral point of view, and some exotic set pieces, which contrive to move it toward the fabulous. Updike has become the most Nabokovian of writers—who else takes the trouble to make such beautifully modulated sentences, or gives prose in general the carefully observed attention more commonly given to poetry? "The Coup" purports to be the memoirs of Colonel Hakim Félix Ellelloû, the deposed President of Kush, written in exile in Nice—an account of the events leading to his fall, and sometimes a passionate, rueful tract on the post-revolutionary world. In Kush, the United States and the Soviet Union are avid presences, wooing the revolutionary government; but Ellelloû's Kush pretends to an indigenous Islamic Marxism, and would prefer, if Ellelloû had his way, which he does not, to remain gallantly and independently poor.

Translated by John Updike, Ellelloû's prose moves between the first and the third person—what he felt and what he did—almost imperceptibly. Ellelloû says early on, "A soldier's disciplined self-effacement, my Cartesian schooling, and the African's traditional abjuration of ego all constrain this account to keep to the third person. There are two selves: the one who acts, and the 'I' who experiences. This latter is passive even in a whirlwind of the former's making, passive and guiltless and astonished. . . . Ellelloû's body and career carried me here, there, and I never knew why, but submitted." Ellelloû is an Islamic fatalist, but, in Updike's hands, he does not always remain within the constraints of his own character—he himself is in the main humorless and wry, while the book is often uproariously funny. Ellelloû is a serious hero, his dedicated purism combining with an Islamic bending to the inevitable. Kush means profoundly more to him than it does to anyone else in the book. Black, an illegitimate peasant, he rose first through the ranks of the French colonial army, deserted at the time of the Algerian War, and eventually returned to become attaché to the puppet king Edumu IV, a whimsical and cynical presence, whom he later beheads in public for the cause of the revolution. Ellelloû played a leading, doctrinaire part in the revolution of 1968, when Kush was taken over by the Suprême Conseil Révolutionnaire et Militaire pour l'Émergence, and he soon became President, more through dedication than ambition. He has an intense love for the land of Kush, even in the form of his four disparate wives and his mistress, and it is his practice as President to travel in native costume to remote parts of his country, with his ears and his eyes open. But the single experience that keeps intruding itself on Ellelloû's consciousness, in long passages of memory, is the time he spent as a revolutionary deserter, from 1954 till 1958, at McCarthy College, in Franchise, Wisconsin—an experience that continues to trouble him in a variety of forms in the Kush he rules over.

"America, that fountainhead of obscenity and glut." Obsessively, Ellelloû worries away at his American experience. It has marked him indelibly, and he picks at the scab of it in wondering scorn and scathing fascination. His Kush—that is, the Kush he keeps as an ideal in his head—is both austere and devout in reaction. America is the infidel. In the dry bareness of his own landscape, Ellelloû has a vision of the overstuffed drugstore in Franchise as a kind of plague that seems bent on infesting Kush under the guise of aid. For the Soviet presence in Kush, he has only contempt; for the American, his contempt is tinged with fear of his own softness, a secret affection as an African for a way of life that seems impossibly childlike. In the intruding



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flashbacks to his life in Franchise, Ellelloû is on his guard, for, despairingly, he already feels America to be a creeping inevitability. In one of his bull sessions there, he turns up the book's pervasive theme: "I see two major motions in the world now. There is this seeping down and outwards of Euro-American consumerism. And there is this groping upwards of the dusky underdog. But a third motion encompasses both. As the poor man reaches upwards, the ground is sinking beneath his feet, he is sinking in the spreading poverty, the muchness of humanity divided into the same weary constant, the overused, overpopulated world." Through Ellelloû, Updike writes about America from the outside in. Kush is doomed to the intrusion of technology, of consumerism, whether it likes it or not. And, in the main, it does like it, in spite of Ellelloû. The old ways, still incarnate in the wife he married in his teens, Kadongolimi, die with her. The mistress he brings back from one of his forays, Kutunda, gradually transforms herself from an earth-smelling peasant into a lacquered executive before his eyes. "There is a kind of poisonous mush abroad in the planet," Ellelloû claims, "and the Muslims aren't quite wrong about its being devilish. It crowds out the good, it makes goodness impossible." Early in the novel, Ellelloû travels to the northwest frontier of his country and stumbles on a cardboard mountain of largesse: breakfast cereals and potato chips dumped across the border by a well-meaning American aide called Mr. Gibbs, who is ultimately immolated on a pyre of his own offerings—the event that, ironically, puts in train the American intrusion into Kush which eventually brings down Ellelloû as President and leads to the construction of an improbable Braille library, the Donald X. Gibbs Center for Trans-Visual Koranic Studies. Late in the book, Ellelloû stumbles on an oil town in the wilderness, called after him, its inhabitants already fallen into Western patterns of speech and behavior. He has stumbled into the future of his country, and he finds work in a luncheonette that is a poor relation of the brimming consumer mine in Franchise. Cast in the light of Ellelloû's gravity and eloquence, all the Americans and the Americanized in the book are tinged with ludicrousness, and touched by the insipid mush of practicality. Ellelloû is presented as the only one who struggles against its consequences, in Kush and in his own prim consciousness—in vain.

Updike most brilliantly contrives in

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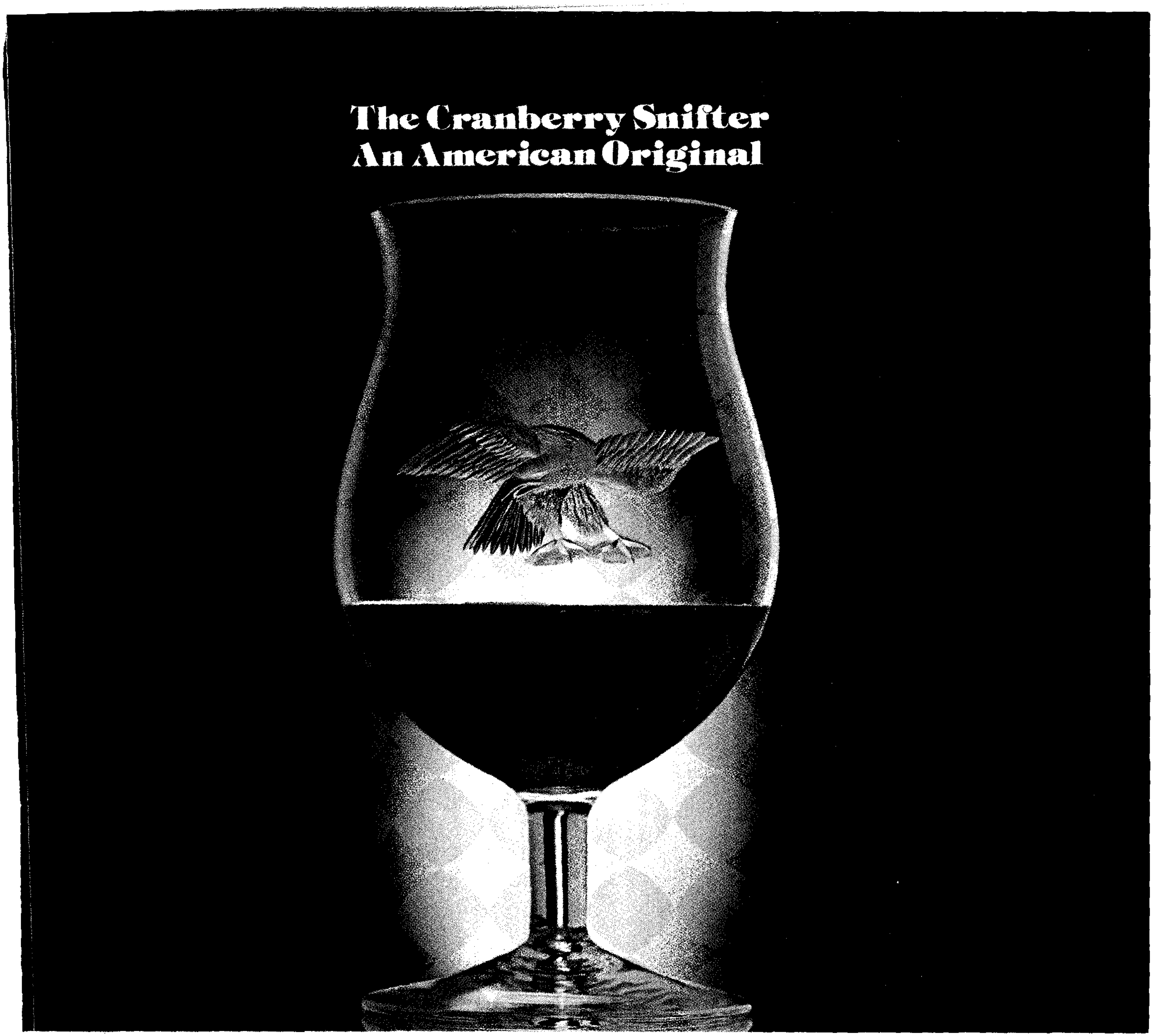

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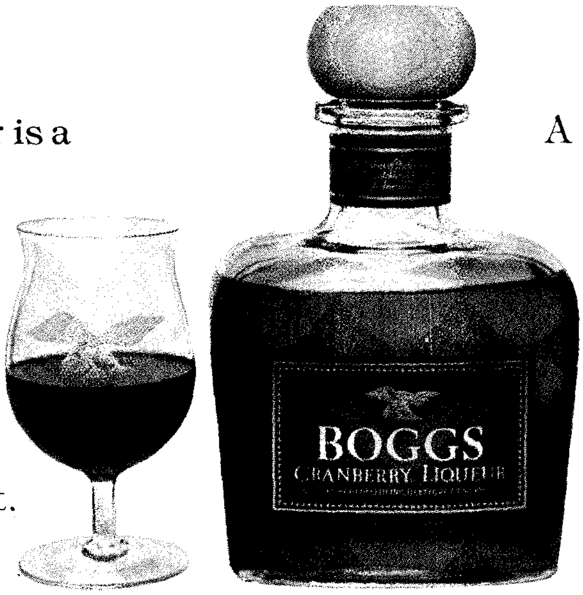

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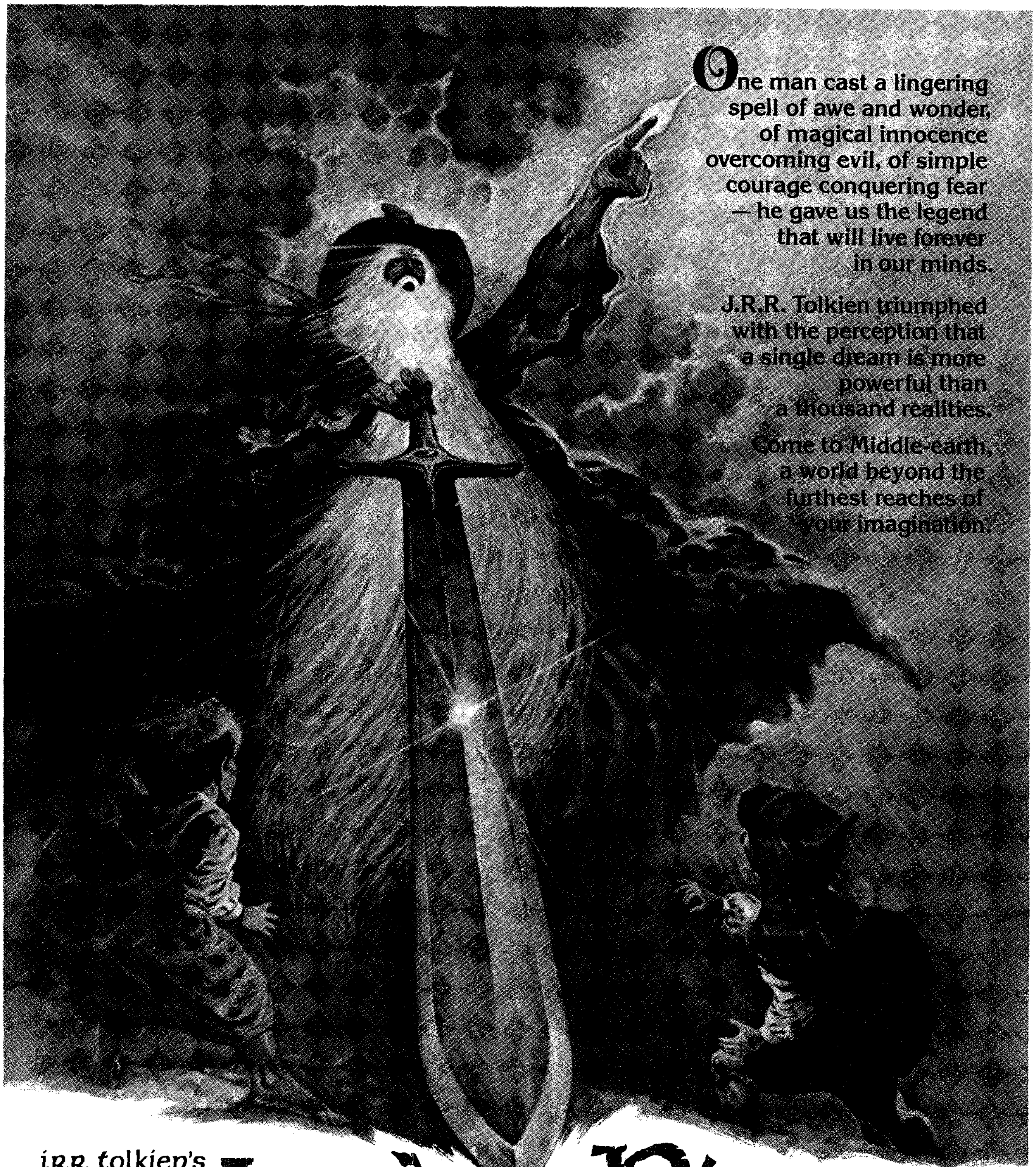
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ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON FANTASY RECORDS AND TAPES language this struggle going on in Ellelloû, so that the reader is constantly aware of it. In his rather pompous piety, Ellelloû cites verses from the Koran, graceful and measured in their phrasing and wisdom. When a flat American cadence intrudes into the text, as it does increasingly, the effect is like a blow. It is, plainly, the language of the infidel. When Ellelloû goes to call on his second wife, Candace, whom he brought back to Kush from Franchise, and she greets him with the phrase "Holy Christ, look who it isn't," we wince. It is in language that Updike most clearly dramatizes his worlds in collision—the wild, untouchable natural world of Kush and the banal know-how of its ultimate colonizers—and it is in language, his true province, that the book is made to happen. It would do no service to "The Coup" to enumerate Updike's rich cast of minor characters, or the dramatic events he sets up to revel in, for the book ought to stay as an astonishment to his readers. Memorably, Kush lives. Call "The Coup" a caper, an indulgence, a tract, a chronicle, a fable—and it is all these things at different times—the fact is that Updike's sentences can be read with the pleasure that poetry can, and the fingers are more than enough to count the novelists of whom such a thing can be said.

—ALASTAIR REID

BRIEFLY NOTED

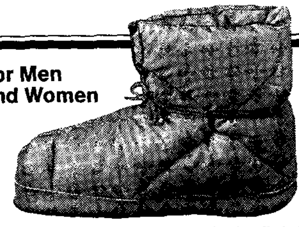
FICTION

THE LOVER, by A. B. Yehoshua, translated from the Hebrew by Philip Simpson (Doubleday; $10). The place is Haifa and the time is shortly before the Yom Kippur War. An Israeli returns after a long absence; he wants to claim the inheritance of his dying grandmother and leave, but she begins to recover and he is obliged to stay on. A troubled family befriends him (he becomes the wife's lover), but when the war breaks out he vanishes. For reasons too complex to go into here, his disappearance obsesses the family, and they take it upon themselves—and even hire an Arab boy to help—to find him and, meanwhile, to care for his grandmother. The story of the search has the elegant symmetry of a cut gem: there are six narrators (husband, wife, daughter, boy, grandmother, and lover), who take turns telling the story, often covering the same event. This repetition with variation is endlessly exciting; A. B. Yehoshua knows just when to move the plot forward, and Mr. Simpson's nimble translation of his lyrical and protean prose never falters.

THE UNMADE BED, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Abigail Israel (Delacorte; $9.95). A full-length love story set in the cafés and bedrooms of Paris and starring a beautiful, if slightly aging, actress and a somewhat younger, newly successful playwright. Five years before, this startling couple—Beatrice and Edouard—had had a brief sexual encounter, which ended with Edouard's dismissal. Now they have met again, and a new affair has bloomed. The trouble is, though, that Edouard *loves* Beatrice, while she is chiefly enamoured of his prowess in bed. But then Beatrice unexpectedly finds herself in *love* with Edouard. And Edouard, well . . . But the real trouble here is not the story that Miss Sagan has chosen to tell. It is her way of telling it. She seems to have given up both dialogue and action in favor of a plodding, almost nineteenth-century mastication ("To be sure, she'd always maintained that her passions were strictly provisional, but this idea had been no more than a flat and abstract judgment . . .") that is the death of narrative and of all intended irony.

GENERAL

E. M. FORSTER: A LIFE, by P. N. Furbank (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). Mr. Furbank is too modest: his book is almost certainly *the* life of Edward Morgan Forster (1879-1970). It is, indeed, something more than that; as biography, it is a work of the very first rank. The reasons for its excellence are many. Mr. Furbank, a former Cambridge don, knew Forster well during the last twenty-odd years of his long life, and was chosen by him as his official biographer. As such, he has had access to Forster's considerable body of extremely intimate papers—his lifelong detailed diaries, his reflective, journal-like Commonplace Book, his enormous correspondence with his devoted (and equally long-lived) mother and his several concentric circles of highly intelligent and highly articulate friends: Maynard Keynes, Siegfried Sassoon, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Forrest Reid, Christopher Isherwood, W. H. Auden, T. E. Lawrence, D. H. Lawrence, Gerald Heard, William Plomer, J. R. Ackerley. And to this abundance of



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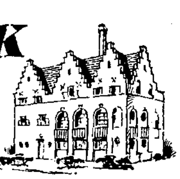

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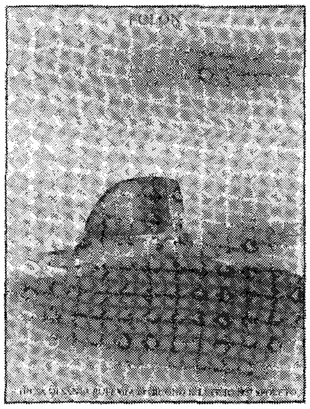

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material he has brought a sense of balance, a humane objectivity, an extraordinary thrust of narrative power (of almost novelistic movement), a seamless use of documentary material, and a great gift for writing in the precisely appropriate plain style. Mr. Furbank's achievement is to a large extent a tour de force. Forster's life was both tame and uneventful. There was a sissified childhood, a mother's-boyhood and -manhood (he lived with his mother the whole of her life), a happy stay at Cambridge, an early professional success (he published "Where Angels Fear to Tread" at twenty-six) and a lasting one (he published "A Passage to India," his fourth and last novel, at forty-five), a few trips to Italy, a few months of tutoring in Germany, two visits to India, a sojourn during the First World War in Egypt, teaching and meetings and causes, tea with Mother or friends, the quiet enjoyment of a constantly growing fame. But there was also, of course, his homosexuality. Mr. Furbank observes that Forster experienced two "emancipations"—the first from conventional Christianity, the second an escape, painful and troubled, into homosexuality. "I'm going to be a minority," he noted euphemistically in his diary in 1904. Mr. Furbank makes it implicitly clear that Forster's homosexuality was a fundamental force in both his life and his attitude toward life, and it would seem to explain his reverence for friendship, his espousal of unpopular ("minority") causes, and—since he found it increasingly difficult to write of heterosexual love—the early demise of his creative genius. Mr. Furbank gives Forster's homosexuality—his search for the "Ideal Friend," his "cruising" the London streets, his taste for working-class lovers, his often epicene wit—the importance it played in his life, but he handles it with a matter-of-factness that is wholly admirable, and the portrait he gives us is a full view of a gentle man and a gentleman, physically timid but morally courageous, generous, sensitive, free of envy and malice, and (to all who knew him) charming. "I think I do think little of myself," Forster reflected in his diary in 1905, "but then I think a good deal about it." Many photographs.

WHO FINANCED HITLER: THE SECRET FUNDING OF HITLER'S RISE TO POWER, 1919-33, by James Pool and Suzanne Pool (Dial; $10.95). One of the most useful and illuminating studies of Nazism, this book explains how, in a decade, the Nazi Party developed from a meagre collection of poor crackpots into a national organization. Hitler appears as one of the great demagogues of the twentieth century, with the ability to organize force and to wheel, deal, and cajole. He started out as an agitator with money from a mystical nationalist outfit called the Thule Society and from the German Army; the German Navy chipped in specifically to insure that Hitler's Munich-based party would continue to oppose Bavarian separatism. He got cash from a few rich Russian émigrés; and Baltic Germans—displaced members of a onetime upper crust—were also early helpers. In fact, non-Germans or atypical Germans provided most of his early funding. (The most famous foreign contributors were the American Henry Ford, the Italian Benito Mussolini, and the Anglo-Dutch oil magnate Henri Deterding.) Germany's rich gave Hitler rather little. The proprietors of the nation—the men who owned or managed German agriculture, heavy industry, and light industry—were at odds with one another, and Hitler's accession seems to have occurred in part because the German power élite was so divided. Few people in these categories were Nazis. Nazism's rise, in the end, was financed primarily by Nazis—an impoverished membership who gave and gave again. The Party's remorseless techniques for extracting every pfennig from its desperate followers suggest that Nazism of that period should be classified as a cult or a sect, not as a party.

UCKY EYES AND A HIGH HEART: THE LIFE OF MAUD GONNE, by Nancy Cardozo (Bobbs-Merrill; $15). This author has had the wit to allow the beautiful Irish nationalist (1866-1953) to star in her own biography instead of presenting Maud Gonne as a figure in the biography of Yeats. The poet is certainly given all the room he occupied in Maud's life, but the author's point is that Maud was more involved in politics than in romance, and that her efforts as a relief worker (evicted tenants, hungry schoolchildren), a humane protester (political prisoners), and, in the end, a revolutionary (Irish independence) absorbed more of her feelings than any man. The author shows that

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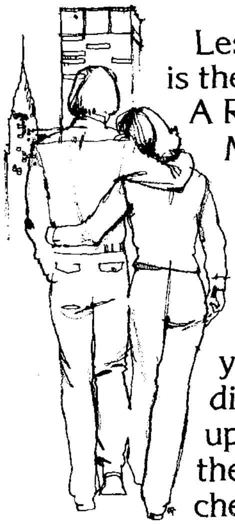

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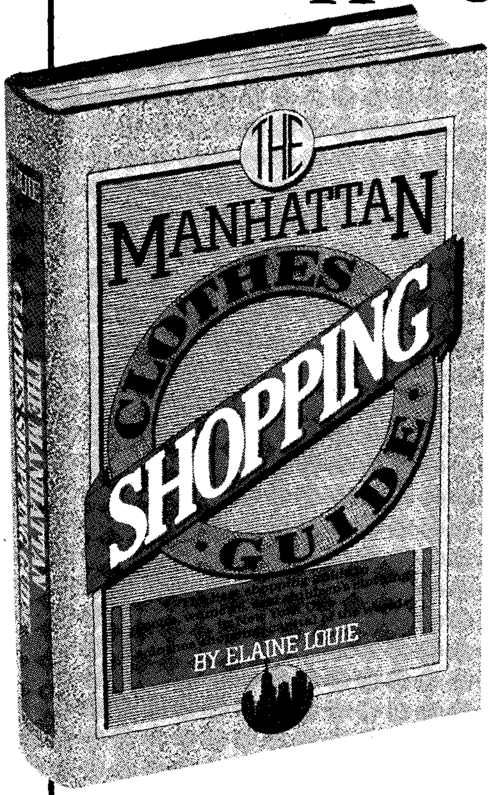

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Maud was a pioneer woman political activist, skilled in organization and leadership, who belongs where Nancy Cardozo has put her—in the annals of feminism rather than in the chronicles of poetry.

MY MOBY DICK, by William Humphrey (Doubleday; $6.95). "Call me Bill. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—I thought I would go fishing." Thus Mr. Humphrey in the opening lines of this part-parody, in minuscule, of the greatest of all fish stories. The setting, a long cast from Melville's Pacific, is a tiny stream in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, but the Moby Dick that Mr. Humphrey incredulously discovers lurking there is unmistakably a monster, a leviathan—a three-foot, thirty-pound trout with one eye. And it is his Ahabian obsession to catch it with a *dry* fly. However, as we are told, "there's more to fishing than catching fish," and so it is with this thoroughly enjoyable memoir of a man and his piscatorial passion.

AUDUBON, by John Chancellor (Viking; $17.95). This illustrated biography of the great ornithologica artist is remarkable in two respects One is for the richness of the pictures, their quality and variety—no only Audubon's own work, reproduced in black-and-white and in color, but also contemporary painting and drawings of relevant places anc people. The other is for the venon with which the author, an Englisl antiquarian bookseller, attacks hi subject for his vanity, his pretension to a patrician background, his "wantonly indiscriminate slaughter o birds." He even finds it possible t speak snidely of Audubon's work "The plates owed, in fact, almos as much to Joseph Mason as t Audubon, whose sullen refusal t accord his young pupil any form o acknowledgment is all the mor reprehensible." And, for good (o ill) measure, he offers a curiou version of the American Revolution: "The later American victor was largely due to the help give the rebels by the French."

•

Another uneducated guess comes fror Stanley A. Changnon Jr., head of atmospheric science for the Illinois Stat Water Survey. Changnon, also a professor of geography at the University o Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, hazard that the state will witness a winter because it hasn't seen three severe winter in a row in 90 years.—*Chicago Sun Times.*

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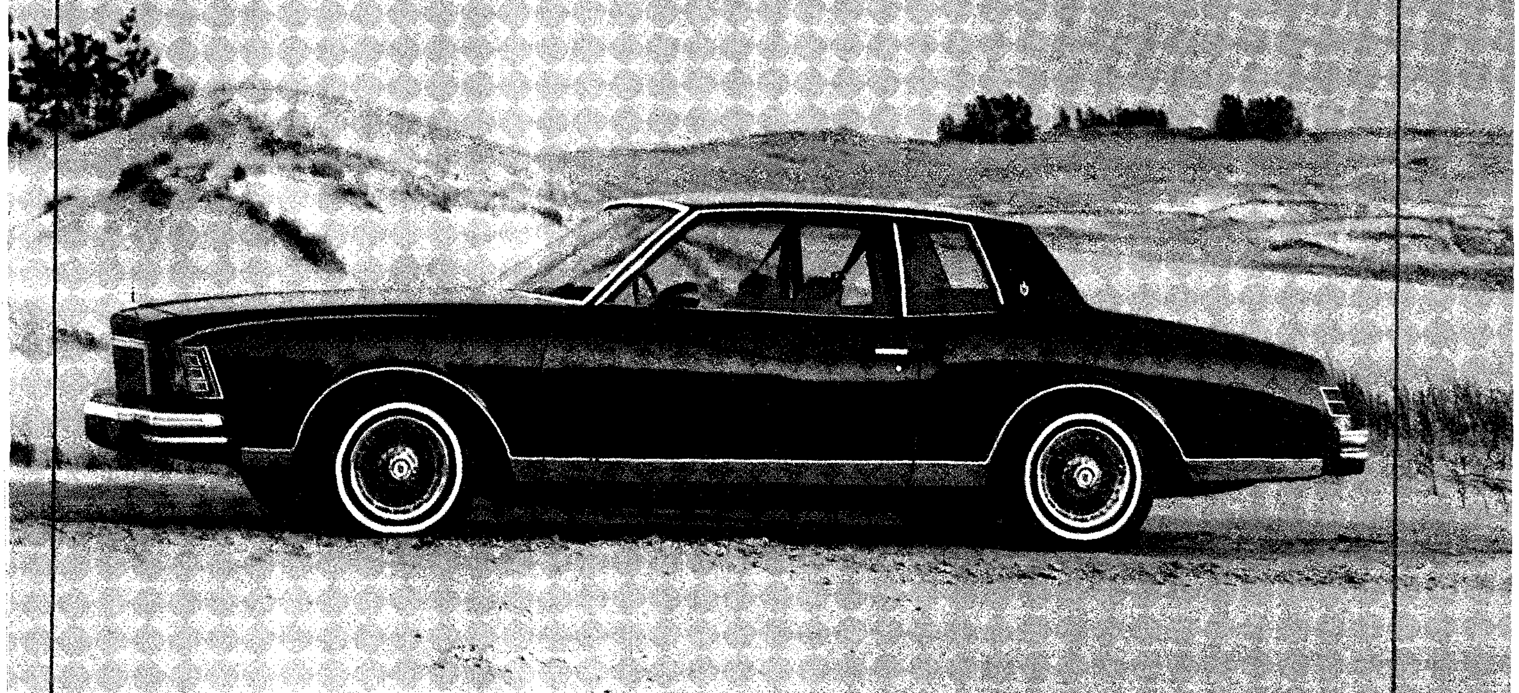

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